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THE
FAMILY AND HEIRS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

VOL. II.



Emery Walker Ph. Sc.

Sir Francis Drake
Third Baronet

from a miniature by Sir Peter Lely

E.A.R.C.

THE FAMILY AND HEIRS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

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BY

LADY ELIOTT-DRAKE

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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PART V

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, 3RD BARONET

1662–1717

PART V

CHAPTER I

As we pass from the life story of Sir Francis Drake, the ' Parliamentarian ' baronet, to that of his nephew and heir, Francis, only surviving son of Major Thomas Drake, we feel at first as though we were quitting old friends for the society of new and less interesting companions. The scene is the same, but we hardly notice it, so disconcerting is the almost complete change of persons who now occupy the foreground. Many who have lately engaged our attention henceforth disappear ; we may hear of them indirectly sometimes, but their doings have no further bearing on our story. Others, who have been waiting for notice, press forwards for a little while, then they also pass away and make place for an advancing younger generation, different in many ways from the preceding ones, born in more peaceful times—but not, for that reason, less worthy of commemoration in our family history. By degrees, too, as we proceed, and the ' old order ' of individuals changes, laws and customs likewise alter, slowly but surely bettering the condition of people in almost every rank of life.

Thus in 1662, minors who inherited real property were in a happier position than their ancestors in similar circumstances had been, because tenure in chivalry and all that it implied had been done away with by the Long Parliament, and the Convention had not revived it. Instead of the large but

uncertain profits which would have accrued by the re-establishment of the unpopular Court of Wards and Liveries, Parliament granted to the King a fixed revenue arising out of a tax on beer. Perhaps, as economists point out, the change was not an ideally just one, seeing that the incidence of taxation fell on a different class of persons from those who had previously borne it, but it is certain that landowners had been subjected to most intolerable grievances and that some measure of relief was due to them. Inquisitions and premier seizins—with which we, alas! are only too familiar in the guise of estate duty—were abolished; pardons for 'alienation' of land without permission had no more to be sued for; widows might bestow themselves and their estates on whom they would, without Royal interference or the infliction of a fine; and, above all, heirs and heiresses were no longer of necessity wards to the Crown, subject to the cruel fate of being sold to the highest bidder.

Young Sir Francis, therefore, suffered no loss through the accident of succeeding to his estates before he was of full age. On the contrary, his minority was advantageous, as it threw the management of his affairs into the hands of John Drake of Ivy Bridge, an upright, practical uncle who brought his ward's finances out of embarrassment into satisfactory order. Sir Francis had also, as guardians, his father's first cousins, Sir William Strode and William Davie, but they, recognising the sound judgment and authoritative position of John Drake, left all initiative to him, willingly agreeing that whatever he advised for his nephew's benefit should be done. The executors of the late baronet were, it must be remembered, in ignorance of the settlement made by him shortly before his death, so they were not restrained by its injunctions. Having proved their relative's will, their first care was for the payment of his debts and legacies, which together amounted to over two thousand pounds, and, as they presently discovered

that there was not sufficient money available to meet these charges, they lost no time in leasing what farms they could at moderate annual rentals combined with heavy immediately payable premiums. Part of the barton of Buckland—about three hundred acres—was let without premium at a rent of £250 per annum, but only for five years, less with a view to income than to ensure its good management during Sir Francis's minority.

The Buckland lease was carefully drawn up, and it is probably a typical one. Some of its provisions are just such as would be made now, others strike us as peculiar. The tenant, Michael Parnell, was to be permitted to occupy six rooms in the mansion house; he was to enjoy the use of the kitchen garden, the hop and the pear gardens. The number and nature of the crops to be taken off the land during the term are specified, and it is stipulated that upon every acre in tillage he will within two years deposit a hundred and fifty sacks of salt-water sea sand, each sack to contain sixteen gallons of such sand. The fishing in the Tavy is included in the lease, with the reservation, however, of Sir Francis's personal right to fish whenever he visited Buckland. The upper and lower stables, the flower-garden and the pigeon-house are expressly reserved. These conditions lead us to suppose that Mrs. Thomas Drake and her daughters, Mary and Joan, had come to reside at the Abbey, but that Sir Francis's presence there was to be expected only during his vacations. John Drake and the trustees were evidently more inclined to rely upon an ' orthodox schoolmaster ' than upon a ' pious tutor,' for bringing up the young baronet ' in good nurture and learning.' The boy's studies, however, were well directed, and he must have had good abilities, seeing that in the following year (June 1663) he matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, and six months later took his M.A. degree, at the early age of sixteen. How long he remained at

the University does not appear, probably his career there lasted about two years.

Macaulay tells us that country gentlemen in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were so extremely illiterate that many could scarcely write their own language correctly, far less read or converse in any foreign one, but although the handwriting of some of the Drake ladies is not above reproach, the historian's remarks are inapplicable to the men of the family in any of the generations we have been considering. The letters of the first Sir Francis Drake, for instance, are clear and well expressed, even picturesquely worded sometimes. Thomas Drake, his brother, wrote fluently and almost over abundantly, involved as he was in perpetual litigation. His son Francis, the first baronet, published 'The World Encompassed,' and his son again, the second baronet, whose life we have just read, esteemed learning and prized his French and Italian books so highly as to ordain that they were to come back to the family on the death of his wife, if she survived him, whereas the plate and jewels bequeathed to her were to be absolutely her own. Sir Francis's library included the works of Dante, Adriani, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Guicciardini's History, Orlando Furioso, two large, finely illustrated volumes descriptive of the Roman catacombs, 'Les sentimens d'un honneste Homme' (much read and curiously initialled in several places by its owner), as well as a good many Italian novelli and the interminable French romances of Mlle. de Scuderi. If Dorothea and her husband studied and enjoyed these books, they were cultured persons, and such, no doubt, the latter designed that his nephew and heir should become. He evidently intended that, upon leaving the University, the young man should travel for a year or two in France and Italy, where the polishing touches were to be put to his education under the guidance of a wise tutor, whose 'abomination' of errors and heresies might be relied upon

to counteract and unmask the wiles and fascinations of Rome. This carefully planned scheme was unexpectedly frustrated. Homme propose et femme dispose. The Jesuits never even had a chance, nor did the tutors and governors get their due.

One winter morning during the Short Vacation (February 6, 1664–5) Sir Francis, taking an episcopal licence in his pocket, slipped over to Beerferrers, and then and there married his cousin, Dorothy, sixth daughter of Sir John Bamfield of Poltimore.'[1] The young lady was nineteen, the bridegroom wanted three or four months of that age.

As far as Sir Francis was concerned the union was certainly clandestine, being without the knowledge and consent of his guardians, who were debarred by the terms of the trust from making any settlements or provision for his marriage until he attained the age of twenty-three years. Dorothy Bamfield's friends, however, may not have been so much in the dark, seeing that the licence was procured at Exeter a fortnight before the wedding. There are no grounds for supposing that they disapproved of the match, except, perhaps, on the score of youth and near relationship, the young couple being already cousins both on their fathers' and their mothers' sides. Dorothy's fortune was not large, her parents were dead, and, as her eldest brother was still single, she was, no doubt, much with her sisters, Lady Morris of Werrington, Lady Bastard of Gerston, and Lady Elwill, wife of a rich merchant who had a place near Exeter.[2] These dames must have desired that Dorothy should be well settled in a home of her own, and probably it was with their help that she and her fiancé arranged matters so secretly that neither John Drake, Sir William Strode, nor William Davie heard a word about the affair until the knot was tied. Local

[1] Dorothy Bamfield's great-aunt, Joan Copplestone, had married Mr. William Crymes of Crapstone, whose son, Elizeus, married Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Drake, 1st baronet. Elizeus Crymes's sister, Susan, married Major Thomas Drake.

[2] Polsloe House.

circumstances favoured the lovers' plans; Warleigh Barton, an Elizabethan mansion on the banks of the Tavy, belonged to Dorothy's brother, Sir Copplestone Bamfield. It was not his usual place of residence, but he may have gone there occasionally. He and his brothers and sisters must often have stayed there as children, during the life of their mother and of their grandmother, old Mrs. Copplestone, and may then have frequently been the playmates of their Drake and Crymes cousins. Warleigh is about six miles distant from Buckland Abbey, but at full tide it is easily reached by water. On the opposite side of the Tavy, almost facing Warleigh, is the little fishing village of Beerferrers, consisting of a few cottages clustered around a very interesting old church. Behind this, with a garden opening into the churchyard, stands Beer Barton, formerly Lord Mountjoy's, but in Charles II's time the property and occasional residence of Sir John Maynard. Sir Francis, no doubt, often visited his friends and kinsfolk there, and it was the simplest thing in the world for Dorothy to be rowed across the river and meet her intended bridegroom in the Church.

We are not told how the relations on both sides received the news; to Mary and Joan Drake, who were tenderly attached to their cousin, it could not have been unwelcome, but John Drake was a punctilious and unimpressionable guardian; business was business; whatever informal promises may have been made, he sanctioned no settlement upon Dorothy, either at that time or for long afterwards. Neither, apparently, did he allow the circumstance of his ward's marriage to interfere with the prosecution of his studies. We cannot find written evidence that Sir Francis became a member of one of the Inns of Court, but, as in later life he was appointed Recorder of Plymouth, it is to be presumed that he received a certain amount of professional training.

Not very long after their marriage this juvenile husband



DOROTHY, LADY DRAKE
(Daughter of Sir John Bamfield)
WIFE OF THIRD BARONET

and wife sat for their portraits. These canvases are still in good preservation, dated respectively 1666, aetatis suae 19 and aetatis suae 20. In their pictures the young couple have the air of being thoroughly well pleased with themselves. Sir Francis looks very boyish, his hair is long but uncurled, he wears no overcoat or waistcoat, only a finely plaited shirt with remarkably full surplice-like sleeves, and across one shoulder a bit of coloured drapery loosely thrown. Dorothy's attractions are more artistically portrayed. She has a pretty pink-and-white complexion, grey-blue eyes, rather full red lips and fair hair, drawn back in a modified Henrietta-Maria fashion, with fluffy curls over the forehead. Her extremely décolleté dove-coloured gown is held together by jewelled clasps both in front and on the sleeves ; around her neck is a row of pearls, and from each ear depends a large pear-shaped pearl, tied with a quaint little bow of very narrow black ribbon. Her costume may be presumed to be such as was ordinarily worn in the evening, but Sir Francis's was evidently merely an artistic arrangement, for at that time, as we learn from Evelyn's ' Memoirs,' gentlemen, when in full dress, appeared in ' richly embroidered most becoming vests.'

Dorothy's picture can hardly have left the painter's studio when her first child, named after herself, was born, and baptised at Buckland on February 1, 1666.

One of the interests of the young Lady Drake's early married life must undoubtedly have been the management of the little Alms House in Buckland village, then newly erected in compliance with the will of her husband's predecessor. The Gift House, as it is called, is a quaint two-storied building ; over the doorway is a shallow square recess, intended, apparently, for a coat-of-arms or an inscription, but there is none there now, nor are there any statues on either side of the entrance, in the niches which seem to have been provided expressly with a view to such adornment—possibly for

busts or statuettes of Charles II and his Queen, Catherine of Braganza. More than two hundred and forty years have elapsed since the foundation of this house, which, thanks to the fortunate circumstance that it has continued to be private property, is still used and occupied according to the wishes and intentions of the donor. Had the Gift House been bequeathed in trust to the vicar of the parish or to lay trustees, it might, if dissensions had arisen, long ago have been sold by order of the Charity Commissioners, who could have diverted the proceeds to quite different uses, perhaps to serviceable ones, perhaps only to promote some fashionable benevolent experiment, dependent for its success on the varying whims and politics of a parish council. It is not impossible that a time may come when by the operation of a system of voluntary insurance, there will be no more aged deserving poor, but until such an ideal state of society exists, it is to be hoped that the possessor of Buckland Abbey will nominate the inmates of the Gift House himself, and not permit its management to fall into the hands of any public body.

But to revert to our story. The chief event of family interest to be chronicled for the year 1667 is the death of Sir Francis's aunt, Sarah Trevelyan. She departed this life at the early age of thirty-seven, broken-hearted and worn out with grief for the death of her husband, Thomas Trevelyan, to whom she had been most happily united for about fourteen years.

Sir Samuel Somaster, in his MSS., says vaguely that the Trevelyans 'had children,' but we have only been able to trace the birth of a daughter, Joan, baptised at Buckland in the year following that of her parents' marriage. She and the other offspring—if such there were—must have died young, as Thomas Trevelyan's next brother became heir to Yarnscombe Court. Left thus a lonely widow, Sarah Trevelyan ceased to care for life, yet, although no children

of hers may have survived to mourn her, she was loved and honoured by her husband's relations, some of whom raised a handsome memorial to her in Carhampton parish church. The mural tablet in question is of black marble, with grey Doric pillars at the sides supporting a plinth, below which is a lozenge-shaped shield bearing the Trevelyan arms with those of Drake impaled. The Latin inscription in red letters may be thus translated:

To the Sacred Memory of
SARAH TREVELYAN OF KNOWLE,
The beloved widow of Thomas, eldest son of Hugh Trevelyan
of Yarnscombe in the County of Devon, Knight.
And descended from the famous family of the Drakes
of Buckland Monachorum in the said County.
And she, after her husband's death, lived or rather was in a dying state for three years and more: for she exchanged her former joy for grief: and then, overcome by sorrow and weeping, she exchanged her life for a pious death.

The twenty-sixth day of November. } In the year { Of her age the 37th. Of the Redemption of mankind, the 1667th.

Knowle, where Sarah was so blissful and later so miserable, is a pretty little estate in the neighbourhood of Dunster. It is still a gentleman's place, but a modern dwelling now stands on the site of the Jacobean one in which the Trevelyans lived and died.

For the next few years domestic events only have to be recorded in our annals. In February 1668 Joseph Drake, the youngest of the late Sir Francis's brothers, took to himself a wife. This unenterprising, stay-at-home young man did not court adventures in search of a bride, for he went no farther than to Blacklands, in the adjoining parish of Tamerton Foliot. Joseph's nuptials with Margaret Crymes have, in a recently published pedigree, been misrepresented as those of an uncle with his niece. Such things were done in

those days without—so it is averred—exciting the disgust that marriages within the prohibited degrees now inspire; yet, if there is little to be said in praise of Joseph, we can, at any rate, clear his reputation from an unmerited aspersion. The Margaret Crymes he married was not his sister's child, but the only daughter of Ludovic Crymes, a cousin of the Crymeses of Crapstone. In a small way Margaret was an heiress. This was lucky for Joseph, whose means, unsupplemented by any professional income, would have been insufficient for the support of a family. He was at one time lord of the manor of Buckland Monachorum, but after his wife's death he sold those rights to the Slannings of Maristow. The Joseph Drakes spent their uneventful lives at Upperton in Buckland, a small place long since converted into a farm. They had two sons, who will be noticed in due course. Little is known about this branch of the family; their descendants, it is said, went to America, and are either extinct or have been lost sight of.

In 1669 Sir Francis and Lady Drake's second daughter was born, and named Gertrude, in remembrance of her maternal grandmother, Lady Bamfield. About two years later a third little girl made her appearance, but she only lived a few months.

In 1671, upon Sir Francis's twenty-third birthday, he was freed from the control of the trustees and guardians who till then had charge of his estates. Being now completely his own master, he was in a position to make suitable provision for his wife, in case she survived him, but for one reason or another this paramount duty was for a long time delayed, and nearly three more years elapsed before Dorothy's settlements were signed. In consideration of her fortune of £1,500, it was stipulated on her behalf that, if she survived her husband, she was to have an allowance of £200 a year, and the use of Buckland Abbey, with the demesne

adjoining thereto, during widowhood. It was further agreed that for portioning daughters and younger children, a sum of £5,000 should be raised from the estate, and that this money should be divided between them in such proportions as their father might by will direct.

In 1671 Sir Francis's uncle, Sir Hugh Wyndham, died. Misfortunes and disappointments had preyed upon his spirits, but had not abated the tempestuous rashness of his character. One of the last things we hear about him is of his being bound over to appear in London, to answer for his hot words to the foreman of a grand jury, from whose opinion he had differed as to the death or murder of a child. The State Papers tell us that in the spring of 1671 Sir Hugh was so dangerously ill that the Knight Marshal was hurriedly summoned from Whitehall to Kentisford; but neither the presence of his father nor the devotion of his wife availed to cure Sir Hugh, or to dispel his profound melancholy. He lingered until July, when he was laid to rest in the family vault under the middle aisle of St. Decuman's Church, near Watchet in Somersetshire. Joan Wyndham, his widow, of greater fortitude or of more equable disposition, was left with a numerous family of children (seven daughters and one son) to provide for. She was her husband's administratrix, and was, therefore, we suppose, responsible for the doleful inscription upon his tombstone:

Here lyeth the body of Sir Hugh Wyndham of Kentisford Kt, who deceased the 20th day of July, 1671, in the 48 year of his age.

Here lies beneath this ragged stone
One more his Princes than his owne
And in his martyr'd father's wars
Lost fortune blood gained nought but Xarrs
And for his sufferings and rewarde
Had neither countenance nor regarde,
And earth affording no reliefe
Is gone to Heaven to ease his griefe.

After the year 1671 the Wyndhams are so rarely mentioned in our family papers that, although it is anticipating, it may be as well to set down now all that remains to be told about them. The old Knight Marshal lived in high honour and esteem at court until March 1681. When he died an extremely laudatory 'Heroic Elegy' was distributed. A copy thereof, in large type upon a great broad-sheet, is preserved in the British Museum. From it we have been able to gather a good deal of Sir Edmund's history.

The poet begins by inviting the Heavenly Host to wake the dead,

> And bid a welcome to a new come ghost,
> A Ghost of honour robed with Christian Grace
> Who now hath fought his fight and gained his Race
> Who hath passed bravely o'er this world's great Stage
> Adorn'd with crowns of honour and of Age
> He was a man of most accomplish't Parts
> The learned Master of both Arms and Arts.
> Doubly Palladian so he doth possess
> The Crowns of Honour and of Righteousness, &c.

A panegyric on Sir Edmund's loyal services follows, and the author winds up by informing us that 'honour'd Wyndham's course, like the sun, shines forth most glorious at its going down,' so we are led to hope that the influence and consideration the Knight Marshal enjoyed may have, to some extent, consoled him for his loss of fortune.

Christabella survived until after the accession of William and Mary. In 1690, when she must have been fully eighty-five years old, she petitioned for 'subsistence,' giving as reasons for the request, her services as nurse to Charles II and her poverty. Comparative poverty, surely, it must have been, because she had inherited the Cathanger estate, and it was not till she died that it passed to her grandson Edmund, only son of Sir Hugh and Joan. The latter, during her widowhood, continued to reside at Kentisford. She departed

this life, aged sixty-two, in May 1694, and was buried in St. Decuman's Church, between her husband and her father-in-law.

Joan Wyndham's will does not show clearly which, or if any, of her daughters married in her lifetime. One of her executors was Amias Bamfield, and in the inventory tacked to the will an apartment in the Manor House is described as 'Mr. Bamfield's Chamber,' so it is likely that he was then her son-in-law. Another room is called 'the Old Lady's Chamber,' and yet another the 'Young Lady's Chamber,' which inclines us to believe that the Dowager Lady Wyndham (Christabella) finished her life under her daughter-in-law's roof. It is said, indeed, how truly we do not know, that the ghostly presence of an aged lady haunts one of the rooms at Kentisford. Is it possible that this poor, restless spirit is that of the brilliant court beauty, Christabella Wyndham ?

After the death of Edmund Wyndham, who left a widow [1] but no issue, his lands passed to his seven sisters as co-heiresses. Cathanger was sold in 1697, and Sir Edmund Wyndham's suit of armour, which had long hung in the great hall there, was carried to Fivehead Church, where for many years it remained.

Cathanger, the long-forsaken home of the Pynes and Wyndhams, situated upon rising ground bordering upon Sedgmoor, was more than sixty years ago converted into a farmhouse, yet even now it presents remains of peculiar interest. The approach is through park-like fields, and the picturesque gatehouse of Ham Hill stone is still in perfect condition in the middle of the farmyard. On one side of this is the chapel, used as a wool house, on the other is the large hall or dining-room, described by Collinson as having been, in his time, ornamented with curious bas-reliefs representing a great ship at sea and the siege of a town. These

[1] Mary, daughter of Sir John Trevelyan of Nettlecombe.

have long since disappeared, although the handsome ceiling is intact.

It would be possible, no doubt, by diligent search among the Somersetshire registers, to find out what became of the seven Misses Wyndham, first cousins of the Drakes of Buckland in the generation of which we are writing, but as, with the exception of Gertrude's marriage with Amias Bamfield,[1] nothing indicates that their lives intermingled with those of their Devonshire relations, it appears uncalled for to follow up their histories. The political traditions and sympathies of the families were widely different, and that, perhaps, even more than distance of place, may have contributed towards a gradual drifting apart.

Politics and county business had, from the early years of his manhood, an especial attraction for Sir Francis, but he had no opportunity of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons until March 1673, when he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the representation of Tavistock, caused by the death of Mr. George Howard of Fitzford. Unfortunately, at the moment the costs of by-elections were unusually heavy, if we may believe contemporary memoirs, which tell us that 'in the spring of 1673, gentlemen bestirred themselves more than ordinary to be elected unto a seat in Parliament, and so great was the competition between Candidates that expenses ran up, even from one or two hundred to two thousand pounds.'[2]

The 'Pensioners Parliament,' the first convoked after the Restoration, was still in being, but time had altered its temper. At ebb now was that full tide of loyal enthusiasm upon which Charles was borne from exile to the throne of his ancestors. Never had prince a finer opportunity, never was one who less knew how to use it. Twelve years of his rule

[1] A younger brother of Lady Drake.
[2] Sir John Reresby's *Memoirs*, p. 13.

brought his country to a depth of degradation unparalleled in her history. A foreign fleet had ridden victoriously in the Medway in 1667. The revenue granted to Charles was three times larger than that hitherto enjoyed by any of his predecessors, yet the Exchequer was closed and the public faith dishonoured in 1671. England, overburdened and misgoverned at home, was regarded abroad as the vassal of France, and was of no account in the estimation of Europe. But a reaction was setting in. When the Houses met in 1673 they were no longer unreasoningly subservient to the royal will, nor was Charles credited with ideal virtues. The court was unpopular and the administration was detested. The nation disapproved of the war against the Dutch as an unnecessary attack upon a friendly power. Rightly or wrongly, people believed that the standing army the King was trying to raise would be used by him, not for any patriotic purpose, but to free himself from dependence upon Parliaments. The heavy taxes—shamefully squandered upon the court—'weighed upon the people and made them repine'; but above and beyond all these grievances and discontents was the ever-present fear of a return to popery and despotism.

In 1673 the secret had not leaked out that by the treaty of Dover, Charles, in return for a pension from France, had bound himself to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion in England, yet for a long time his true allegiance to the national Church had been doubted. He had, moreover, while Parliament was in recess, given strong colour to these doubts by issuing a Declaration of Indulgence which suspended the penal statutes in force against Nonconformists. Ostensibly, this stretch of prerogative was for the benefit of Protestant Dissenters, but the excuse was too plainly transparent. The country took alarm. If the King could at his own pleasure suspend or abrogate the laws, of what use was Parliament?

This was the question which agitated the nation and caused such keen competition at the by-elections in the winter of 1673. The Country party and the Court party began then to be known by these names. The first declared that they would protect the people from being overwhelmed in their estates and liberties as Englishmen, and that they would stand by religion and government as by law established. The others maintained that the nation could enjoy all the advantages of good government without very strictly defining and limiting the power of the Crown. In the Lower House, naturally, the Country party was the strongest, and, when Parliament met, the first act of the Commons was to compel Charles to cancel the Declaration of Indulgence; then, still possessed by the dread of Roman dominion, they passed the Test Act, which prevented any Roman Catholic from holding office under the Crown. Lastly, the Commons granted a supply, and were discussing a measure for the relief of Protestant Dissenters—to which all the more moderate men were well inclined—when, on Easter Eve, after a session of less than six weeks, the King adjourned Parliament to October 20 following. Thus ended this session, the first in which Sir Francis took part. There can be little doubt that the intensely Protestant feeling in the country and the debates at which he had assisted tended to fix in his mind the Whig principles to which thenceforth he constantly adhered.

On October 20 members reassembled at Westminster, but, as the country disliked the French alliance and disapproved of the war with Holland, the Commons refused to grant a supply, and voted that 'the standing army is a grievance.' At this point the King intervened and hurriedly prorogued Parliament.

On January 7, 1673–4, the Houses again met, and, if possible, in a still less accommodating mood than before. The Commons impeached two of the ministers and passed

the famous Habeas Corpus Bill; but, as no money could be got from them, Charles dismissed them on February 24, and, to the great joy of the nation, four days after the prorogation, peace with Holland was declared.

There was now a recess of fifteen months, during which period several domestic afflictions befell Sir Francis Drake. The first of these was the death of his youngest sister, Johanna. She died, probably, of consumption, and away, we suppose, from home, as she was not buried at Buckland. Nothing is known about her beyond what she tells us herself in her rather pathetic little will, made, only a few days before it was proved, at Exeter.

In the name of God Amen. I Johanna Drake of Buckland Monachorum in the County of Devon being weak of body but of sound and perfect memory, praised be God, doe here make and ordaine this my last will and testament the fifteenth day of March Anno Dom. 1673, in manner and form following. Imprimis I give and bequeath my soule unto Almighty God my Creator and my body to the earth from whence it was taken, to be buried in such decent manner as my Executor hereafter named shall think fitt. Item I give unto my Lady Drake my deare sister, twenty pounds to be bestowed on a ring, and to my sister Mary Drake an hundred pounds and my blew tabby petticoate. I give unto my cousin Dorothea Drake fifty pounds and all my worke. To my cousin Gertrude Drake fifty pounds and my white sarcinett petticoate. I give unto my cousin Susanna Gerry forty shillings and my black gowne and scarlett petticoate. I give unto Dorothy Jessey twenty shillings. I give unto Elizabeth May twenty shillings. I give unto Johan Hawkins twenty shillings. I give unto Ann Nute twenty shillings. I give unto Sarah Pearce twenty shillings. I give unto Margaret Winsor twenty shillings and an holland apron. I give unto Johan Winsor my bible and bodkin.[1] I give unto my nurse Elizabeth Winsor for my great affection ten pounds.

[1] In the inventories of the time, hairpins are termed bodkins. Among Queen Elizabeth's New Year's gifts are several of these richly decorated bodkins; thus 'a bodkynne of silver with a little ostridg of gold pendant.'—*Jewellery*, by Harold Clifford Smith, p. 232.

These my legacies to be paid at the end of two years. I make my Mother my whole and sole executor. This is my will.

JOHANNA DRAKE.

The signs of the
witnesses to this
my last will and testament.
Elizabeth Winsor.+
Elizabeth May.+

On the outside of the document is a memorandum in the handwriting of Sir Francis Drake, that 'the value of the wearing apparel and money in Johanna's purse was £15, and just debts due to the deceased £300.' She had, in fact, no fortune beyond the small sum bequeathed to her by her uncle, and as this money was out on loan, two years were allowed to the executrix for the payment of the legacies. The beneficiaries of twenty shillings each were probably household servants. Susan Gerry must have been connected with Johanna on her mother's side. Dorothy and Gertrude were her cousins, but also her nieces—the children of her brother. In those days, however, aunts and uncles most frequently spoke of their young nephews and nieces as 'cousins,' and it was by no means unusual for a nephew to begin a letter 'My dear uncle' and finish it 'Your affectionate cousin.'

Johanna's pitiful little bequest of 'all my worke' points her out as the contriver of the handsome pieces of ancient crewel embroidery which have long been attributed to 'a lady of the Drake family in the reign of Charles II.' The elaborately foliaged pattern, repeated again and again, with much variety of stitchery, represents a sportsman engaged in pheasant shooting, whilst an attendant blows a horn, and a lady looks out upon him from the window of a bower or hermitage. In 1870 these hangings, now at Nutwell Court, were still on the bed for which they were made. The wash and

wear of two centuries had mellowed the colours without spoiling them. Time, however, had dealt less kindly with the frame of the bed, which was falling to pieces and so utterly decayed, that the embroideries were then taken off and mounted in the way they now are, as a counterpane and a portière.

Short and simple as is Johanna's will, it nevertheless gives us some idea of her, and it excites our regret that of her gentle presence no other memorials can be found.

The bundle of family papers marked 1675 contains the last notice of Mary Drake, Sir Francis's only surviving sister—a bond for money borrowed by her brother, and playfully endorsed by Mary herself, 'Ye see I do not fear ye.' The paper is docketed by Mrs. Susan Drake, 'My daughter Mary's bond for ninety pounds,' which leads us to suppose that about this time Mary died, and before her mother.

Towards the end of 1675 Mrs. Susan Drake assigned to her son, Sir Francis, a house in Tavistock and certain leaseholds belonging to her; thenceforth no more is heard of her, nor is the place of her burial known.

On April 13 Parliament met again and, after a fruitless session of eight weeks, was prorogued to October 15. Other short sessions followed. Whenever Charles failed to get what he demanded, he fell back on prorogations and adjournments, expecting vainly that at the next meeting members would be more accommodating. In the spring of 1678 the nation was willing to raise a million, provided the King would assist Flanders by declaring war against France, but the Commons declined to grant him a permanent additional revenue of £300,000 per annum, lest he should thereby be rendered independent of Parliaments and summon no more. Charles II was quite as ready to enlarge his prerogative as his father had been, but he remembered the bitterness of exile, and was resolved that whatever befell he would not run the risk

of having 'to set out on his travels again.' Therefore, when his subjects made a determined stand, he usually gave way with a semblance of good grace; not so, however, if the maintenance of a standing army was in question. The Commons might vote it to be a grievance, might refuse supplies to pay for it, might name a day for its disbandment, but, with the aid of French gold, Charles invariably contrived to evade compliance. In spite of all remonstrances he kept his little army together and even gradually increased its numbers, although, thanks to the vigilance of Parliament, never to such an extent as to seriously menace English liberty.

The meagre reports of the parliamentary debates of those days briefly mention a few of Sir Francis's speeches—on a question of privilege, on refusing a grant of supply to make good anticipations of revenue, on the removal of evil counsellors, on an inquiry into the conduct of members accused of taking bribes—but he was chiefly on the alert when measures involving the security of the Established Church were discussed. On one occasion he proposed that 'a warrant be issued to seek for and apprehend all priests and Jesuits whatsoever.' On another he said, 'It would be well that care be taken of converts; he would step further, he had heard that a priest was arraigned, condemned and not exiled for perverting. He would have an address to the King that in future none such be pardoned.' Uncompromising opinions such as these were not peculiar to Sir Francis; indeed, they were gentle and mild as compared with the utterances of some members. When religion was concerned there were not two parties in the Commons; other differences stood over, and Court and Country members voted solidly together. The inherent, insuperable connexion between Protestantism and civil liberty, the foreboding that both would be attacked or undermined if the Duke of York came to the throne, kept the

nation in an attitude of nervous watchfulness so intense that toleration, as we understand it, was impossible. 'Arbitrary power and popery were apprehended as the scope of all the measures of the Court.'

After the discovery, in the autumn of 1678, of the so-called Popish Plot, which, though false, was implicitly believed in because it overlay the King's own very real plot for the ascendancy of Roman Catholicism in England, the alarm and panic spread rapidly. The secret of the King's dealings with France leaked out. Danby, who could not clear himself from complicity with his master, was driven from office, and would have been impeached had not Charles suddenly prorogued Parliament and finally dissolved it on January 24, 1678–9.

The 'Pensioners Parliament' had lasted through seventeen sessions, covering a period of as many years, but it had not done a commensurate amount of good work; nor was its disappearance regretted, unless by the 'Old Cavaliers' and the needy members who lived on the King's bounty, few of whom were likely to find seats in the future.

To Sir Francis personally, dismissal must at that moment have come as a relief. Dorothy, his charming, sprightly, cousin-wife, was at Buckland desperately ill, and every day increased the risk that she might not live to see him again. She was but thirty-three years old, yet she had been long an invalid. Her last days must have passed drearily, for her children were too young to be sympathetic companions, and Sir Francis could not have been often at home. We are led to believe that in solitude of spirit she turned to the contemplation of divine things for help and consolation. Four books which she especially valued have been preserved for her sake. The most interesting of these, a bound manuscript, is dedicated :

To the much honoured the Lady Dorothy Drake. The four sermons preached at Oxford upon Friday, Easter Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, 1674, and repeated the Monday following in the University Church, with an introductory sermon by,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful
humble servant and kinsman,
AMES CRYMES.

Dorothy seems to have been fond of sermons. These, composed and presented to her by her cousin, treat of Eternal Life. They may have been of special solace to her, because they were written just about the time when she, and perhaps Ames Crymes, too, was sorrowing for the loss of Johanna Drake. It may well be that, as her own bright hopes faded, she found comfort in reading this book again. The other volumes belonging to her, 'The Workes of the Famous and Worthy Minister of Christ, Mr. William Perkins,' are imperfect and almost worn out with use. They consist of sermons, commentaries, and thirty-four chapters on 'Cases of Conscience,' wherein a variety of difficult situations which might embarrass a Christian soul are imagined and described. This book was published long before Dorothy was born, possibly she inherited it from her mother, but she wrote her own name on the title-page and, apparently, frequently consulted it.

Dorothy's brief but useful life ended on January 30, 1678–9. She was buried at Buckland on February 9. The sermon at her funeral was preached by the vicar, in the presence of Sir Francis Drake, at whose request it was afterwards published.

The Reverend Joseph Rowe took for his subject 'Timely preparation for Death.' Towards the end of his very long discourse, the preacher said to the assembled congregation:

Your proficiency in this heavenly art of living and dying well was the hearty desire of that good lady whose Hearse

and Scutcheons,[1] as emblems of mortality, are before you; worke, worke, while it is day, the night cometh when no man may worke. Myselfe, in commenting upon the words, have been only God's and her Remembrancer of you in this waighty affaire. Now let the fear of the Lord be upon you and take heed and do it.

I have done with the text, and now do humbly desire the exercise of your patience a few minutes longer, that I may reflect a little upon the excellent person whose death gave life and birth to the present sermon.

Though funeral sermons are often abused by vaine flatteryes, and the prayses of such as are undeserving; yet, when such drop into the grave as excell in virtue and are useful in their generation, it is so farre from being a sin that 'tis in a sort necessary to embalm their names, and to give a due and sober testimony to the grace of God in them, that God may be honoured as the free and bountiful bestower of this grace, and surviving ones encouraged by such worthy presidents.

The honourable extraction of this virtuous Lady, her descent from an antient family, and from noble, generous and religious Parents, is so well knowne to all of you that I should wast tyme to act the part of an Herald in blazoning of it. Spiritual endowments are the things that commend us unto God in Jesus Christ, 'neither circumcision avayleth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature,' and such a one was the Lady deceased; she was borne again from above, a true disciple of Jesus Christ, an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile.

There were many things in her most worthy of notice and observance, which I shall omit; some few onely, most conspicuous and remarkable, I shall take the boldness to hint at and briefly to commend to your imitation.

I. She constantly attended upon the publique worship and ordinances of God, and with great devotion and frequency came to the Lord's Table. Nothing but sickness or something extraordinary detained her from waiting upon the posts of God's House and visiting his Temple. She loved the habitation of God's House and the place where his honour dwelleth. And,which is a more sure evidence of her sincerity,

II. She spent much tyme, day by day, in her closet

[1] A canopy placed over the bier.

devotion. Praying, reading of the Scriptures and other good bookes tooke up some houres of her tyme every day. Our Saviour did often pray apart; secret prayer was one of his usuall imployments; and as became a disciple of Christ, she did write after his copy. She knew closet prayer is as much a duty as Church prayer. Our God, who is a God hearing prayer, gives command for one as well as the other. Besides this, the trade of Godlynesse cannot be well managed unlesse private commerce with heaven be mainteyned. Moreover—

III. She was most careful and diligent to bring up both children and servants in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The lawes of God were written upon her own heart and she taught them diligently to her family, talking of them when she sate in the house and when she walked by the way, when she did ly downe and when she did rise up. She was religious throughout in her particular as well as general calling.

IV. In the next place her charity was large and extensive; she did do good to all, but most to those that best deserved it. The whole neighbourhood, as well as this parish, have been refreshed by her bounty. She usually visited the sicke and fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and as another Dorcas was full of good workes and almes deedes which she did. She sowed bountifully and she shall reap bountifully. To conclude all,—

V. She was a thorow paced and practical Christian. She was not like the Lawrell that makes a flourish, but beares no fruit; nor as 'tis said of the Nightingale, vox et praetera nihil, voice and nothing else. She lived up to her professions, and as she had received Christ she walked in him, practising in her owne person what she commanded to others and working for heaven while the day lasted. And during the tyme of her last sicknesse, which was long and tedious, she did with admired patience bear up under God's heavy hand, speaking good of him in her sorest paines, and comfortably of death, with breathings after Christ and heaven, dropping, as occasion offered, seasonable and saving advice to all that attended her, and this she continued to doe as her strength permitted, until she resigned up her soul to God and slept the sleepe of death, exchanging the crosse for a crowne, and rags of mortality for a Diademe of endless glory.

My dearly beloved, let me bespeak you as Jesus Christ doth the Lawyer, 'goe ye and do likewise!' Do ye follow her in all those things wherein she hath been a follower of Jesus Christ. Examples are instructions and God teacheth by them as well as by his word. Be ye instructed by the good examples ye have seen as well as by the good words you have heard. Learne, oh, learne to be religious; minde it in this your day least it be for ever hid from your eyes. Your lives are shortening; every day you live you come nearer toward your last day. Oh, let this prevail upon you to prepare yourselves every day more and more for that day. Put all things in readynesse for your last great change. Get oyle for your lamps that you may meet the Bridegroom when he cometh, and goe in with him to the marriage. God make you all wise to understand this and to consider your latter end. Even so be it, oh Lord, Amen and Amen.

So much has been said of Mr. Rowe and the friendship entertained for him by the Drake family, that the above quotation from his sermon will not be deemed uninteresting. He evidently had a sincere regard for Lady Drake, but his sorrow for the loss of so estimable a parishioner was, perhaps, mildly blended with satisfaction at the opportunity thus afforded him for improving the occasion in the presence of a more than ordinarily crowded and distinguished congregation. Yet, on the whole, Mr. Rowe had become more human, perhaps because he was past middle age, perhaps because he had a wife and children of his own now, and could better understand the griefs of others than he did when he rebuked Mary Crymes's family for so passionately bewailing their mother.

CHAPTER II

THERE can be little doubt that in one respect Sir Francis's marriage with Dorothy Bamfield had been a disappointment to him no less than to her—all their children were daughters. At the time of her death three survived : Dorothy, aged twelve, Gertrude, nine, and Frances, five years old. Such little girls could not be helpful to their father, nor could he, we imagine, have bestowed much attention upon them, for he was soon absorbed in the business of a general election, and in making sure of his return for Tavistock in the new Parliament which met at Westminster on March 6, 1678–9.

Although in these elections the Court contested every seat where success seemed in the least degree probable, the Country party came back in an almost overwhelming majority. They failed, however, to carry the Exclusion Bill, the object of which was to provide for the Protestant succession to the throne, by passing over the Duke of York in favour of his daughters, Mary and Anne. The Bill had been only read once when, on May 26, the King stopped progress by again dissolving Parliament.

The very active part which Sir Francis took in supporting this measure became, later on, dangerous to him, but in the second session of 1679 it is probable that personal, quite as much as national, affairs were claiming his attention. A curious, and somewhat unusual, occurrence led him to apply to Parliament for ' An Act to confirm certain leases made by

John Drake and others, and to enable Sir Francis Drake to make a joynture and raise portions for his daughters and younger children.'

It will be remembered that the second baronet left a will which empowered trustees to raise money from the Buckland estate for the payment of his debts and legacies, and to settle a jointure on any woman his successor might marry, also that portions for younger children were permitted to be charged on the property. Consequently, all these things had been done in due course by John Drake, Sir William Strode, and the other trustees, in the full belief that they were acting legally and in accordance with the wishes of the deceased. Eighteen years had gone by, when suddenly came a discovery of the deed of settlement executed by the last Sir Francis after the signature of his will. How such a document, made without any intention of secrecy, could have remained so long unknown is a puzzle. But so it was, and the trustees found themselves in an awkward predicament. The long leases for lives, by which they had raised money for the payment of the debts and legacies, were not good in law, neither was the settlement on Dorothy and her children valid. Under these circumstances, Sir Francis and the trustees came to the sensible conclusion that the best course was to obtain an Act of Parliament to legalise all that had been done in good faith. Sir Francis's lawyers, looking ahead, took advantage of the opportunity to have a clause inserted in the Act, enabling him to provide for any future wife or children he might have. It is to the credit of John Drake that he consented to this, for, if his nephew had died leaving only a widow and daughters, he, as the next baronet, would have been at the cost of their maintenance. But John Drake knew very well what he was about and that such a contingency was unlikely to happen. Sir Francis was of a lively, genial temperament, he was only thirty-two years old, his children were in the nursery and his house wanted a

mistress. That so young a man—wishing for an heir, too—should long continue to lead a solitary life was not to be expected. Yet, admitting all the force of these arguments in favour of remarriage, we feel that some additional motives are required to explain the haste with which the memory of poor Dorothy was set on one side, when only eighteen months of mourning had elapsed. Possibly, the well-being of her children demanded authoritative care.

Anne Boone, the lady Sir Francis chose for his second wife, was daughter of Thomas Boone, Esq., of Mount Boone near Dartmouth. Her mother's father was John Upton of Lupton,[1] and her grandmother was a Rouse of Halton, consequently she was already distantly connected with her future husband. The episcopal licence is dated October 21, 1680. Probably the wedding took place on the 25th, the day when the marriage articles were signed. Anne's fortune, one thousand pounds, was placed in the hands of her cousin, Richard Goodall, citizen of London, merchant, and Charles Boone, her brother. It was agreed that Sir Francis should enjoy the interest of her money during his life, but if Anne survived him, the principal sum was to be repaid to her at his death. The settlement made upon her has not been preserved; we may be sure, however, that it was for the full amount permitted by the private Act of Parliament he had obtained.

The Boones were not of old standing in the county of Devon, but they were respectably connected and very wealthy. The Tunstall estate was purchased by Thomas Boone or his father about the year 1630, since which time it has borne their name. Thomas Boone was M.P. for Dartmouth in 1646 to 1653, and he was afterwards re-elected to the Commonwealth Parliaments. Oliver Cromwell [2] had a very friendly regard for him and upon occasion consulted him. He, with the

[1] Now the seat of Lord Churston.

[2] Palmer's *Nonconformist Memorials*, ch. 9, p. 107.

Uptons of Lupton, owned vessels[1] which traded with Spain, and so uniformly successful were their ventures that supernatural aid of the wrong kind was popularly supposed to be at Thomas Boone's command. Their ships unloaded in the little creek just below his house, and to this day Dartmouth sailors will tell you that on a rough night the voice of 'old Boone' may be heard above the storm calling for 'more rope, more rope.' His reputation for wisdom stands, however, on a securer foundation than that of mere legend. He was one of the thirty members of Parliament nominated to sit as judges on the trial of Charles I, but (says the Somaster[2] MS.) 'though he had but one eye he saw more with it than all the rest of the judges with their eyes; hee saw danger and ill consequence of sitting in judgment, and soe avoyded it.' Oliver Cromwell sent him as ambassador to Russia; and, in 1659, he was appointed with Algernon Sydney and Sir Robert Honeywood to negotiate between Sweden and Norway respecting the free navigation of the Sound.

Mark Noble says that 'Thomas Boone, to conceal his obscure origin, pretended descent from the Earls of Hereford.' The arms he used do certainly resemble those of the great Bohuns, and the claim was, perhaps, not in reality ill-founded, for the transition from Bohun to Boone can be seen in the parish registers of Bishop-Teignton, Devon, and similarly of Mohun to Moon in the registers of St. Blazey, Cornwall.[3] Evelyn, who was afterwards connected by marriage with the family, always writes of them as Bohuns.

August 31, 1679. After service, to a neighbour, one Mr. Bohun, related to my son's late tutor of the name, a rich Spanish merchant living in a neete place which he has adorned

[1] *Commons' Journals*, Oct. 5, 1646.

[2] *Somaster MS.*, Harl., 6861.

[3] See note on the Boone family in Hasted's *History of Kent*. Bloone, in his *Brittaine's Gentry*, says that Thomas Boone 'raised a vast estate and at the Restoration met security and protection.'

with many curiosities. . . . July 30, 1682. Went to visit our good neighbour, Mr. Bohun, (at Lee) whose whole house is a cabinett of all elegancies, especially Indian; in the hall are contrivances of Japan skreens instead of wainscot, and there is an excellent pendule clock, inclosed in the curious flower work of Mr. Gibbons, in the middle of the vestibule. The landskips of the skreens represent the manner of living and country of the Chinese. But above all, his lady's cabinet is adorned on the fret, ceiling and chimney-piece with Mr. Gibbon's best carving. There are also some of Streeter's best paintings and many rich curiosities of gold and silver as growing in the mines. The gardens are exactly kept, and the whole place very agreeable and well watered. The owners are good neighbours, and Mr. Bohun has also built and endowed an hospital for eight poor people, with a pretty chapel, &c.

At the house near Blackheath thus described by Evelyn, he must, if he often visited his 'good neighbours,' have sometimes met Sir Francis and Lady Drake, for this Mr. Christopher Bohun or Boone, Anne's second cousin, was on affectionate terms with his Devonshire relations. Anne's brothers were handsomely remembered in his will, and to his 'cousin, Sir Francis Drake,' he bequeathed ten pounds for a ring. It is curious that we know, or could know, so much about the Boone family and yet can find out really nothing about Anne herself. Not a letter of hers remains; even of her handwriting we have but one example—a receipt acknowledging in her husband's absence that a barge load of sand had been delivered at Lopwell quay. An allegory this of her history, written as it were in sand and all effaced now! Yet at Buckland we are reminded of her daily as we mount the front staircase, for on one side hangs a large and remarkable picture which she must have brought to the Abbey. It was her share, perhaps, of family mementos given to her when her father died[1]

[1] A handsome marble monument in the chancel of Tunstall Church thus commemorates Thomas Boone:

'MS. Underneath lyeth interr'd ye bodies of Thomas Boone late of Mount

a few months before her marriage. This life-sized painting of Thomas Boone and Dorothy, his wife, is, if not beautiful, yet interesting historically. Mrs. Boone has brown eyes and a rather striking face. Her hair is arranged in small ringlets, and over her head is thrown a black lace scarf. She wears a rich satin gown, the skirt of which is deeply embroidered in gold, and she is presenting a bunch of grapes to her husband, who, standing, stretches out his hand to receive them. Thomas Boone is swarthy and of a foreign type of countenance. One eye is sewn down, no attempt being made to conceal the disfigurement. His dress is gorgeous but extraordinary, and, as he was not at all the sort of man to masquerade in fancy costume, we conclude that he chose to be portrayed in the garments designed for his official presentation at the Russian Court. He wears a richly embroidered vest, tight white breeches and high boots or buskins trimmed with gold lace and embroidery. These splendours are partly hidden by a very long scarlet cloak lined with white satin and trailing upon the ground. Around his neck is a broad double-linked gold chain, from which depends a jewel containing a miniature of the Protector. The background of the picture is chiefly composed of rolling clouds and a curtain, but in the middle distance, just behind the two figures, is a building representing Mount Boone as it was in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Allowing for the additions and alterations made by Anne's parents after the Civil War, its main

Boone within this parish Esqre and Dorothy his wife daughter of ye worshipful John Upton late of Lupton Esqre. He departed this life 26th Jan: 1679 in the 70th year of his age. Shee died ye 4th day of December 1667 in the 39 year of her age, after she had issue by him nine sonnes and seven daughters. At his death he left three sonnes and five daughters of whom John was ye eldest son and sole executor who erected this monument in commemoration of his deare Father in the yeare 1681.'

One of the above-mentioned daughters was married to Mr. Martyn of Cockington, Devon. The other married John Oldbury of London, merchant. Her two daughters, being co-heiresses, 'made great alliances.'

features resemble those shown in a very ancient picture in the possession of Sir Henry Seale. Owing to the commanding situation of Mount Boone, overlooking Dartmouth harbour, the Royalists seized the place at the beginning of the troubles, and their garrison was not dislodged until Colonel Pride stormed the house in January 1646.[1]

We have not been able to discover where, in the diocese of Exeter, Anne's marriage with Sir Francis was celebrated. It was not at Tunstall, her parish church, or the register would be found there. Probably, her own home being broken up, she was married from the house of one of her sisters, and in the quietest way possible, as she was still in mourning for her father. Almost immediately after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom must have travelled to London, in order that Sir Francis might take his seat for Tavistock in the newly elected Parliament which met on October 21.

The most important business of the session, the one purpose which the leaders of the Country party kept steadily in view, was to fix the succession to the throne on a securely Protestant foundation. So the Exclusion Bill was again brought in and read three times in the Commons. The King proposed several measures which, if faithfully adhered to, would have effectually protected the Established Church, but he very naturally and rightly refused to consider any bill for disinheriting his brother. The Commons, on the other hand, feared—and justly, as the event proved—that no pledges that could be given would bind such a bigot as James. They therefore persisted in forcing on the Exclusion Bill, declaring that until it was passed they would grant no more money.

[1] In 1895, when I visited Mount Boone, where the Naval College now stands, the house was in ruins, the roof was almost gone, the front had fallen off, and the inside was a wreck. None of the remains appeared to date from the time of King Charles I, excepting an old tower separated from the main building. In a picture of Mount Boone belonging to Sir Henry Seale, this tower is shown as existing in Tudor times.—E.F.E.D.

Whereupon the King cut the discussion short by dissolving Parliament (January 18, 1680–1) suddenly but not quite unexpectedly, for the citizens of London, guessing what might happen, petitioned against a dissolution, which action of theirs so offended Charles that he summoned the next Parliament to meet at Oxford. There, accordingly, on March 21, his fifth and last Parliament assembled.

The constituencies with scarcely an exception returned the same men as before—mostly Whigs—and these, expecting that some force would be put upon them, were escorted into the town by numbers of their tenants mounted and armed. The gathering, we are told, was more like a muster of the county militia than a peaceful meeting of Parliament. But neither the change of venue nor the fresh elections helped the Court. Until the Commons were satisfied about religion they would settle to no other business, and, seeing this to be so, Charles, although the session was but a week old, came hurriedly to the Senate House and dissolved Parliament. No prophetic spirit was needed to foresee that another revolution was looming in the distance, but the immediate danger passed away. Time was on the side of the King ; he was not greatly in want of money and he could afford to wait.

Baffled and disappointed at the result of their own uncompromising vehemence, the dismissed members returned disheartened to their constituencies, and soon further humiliation overtook them. The panic occasioned by the ' revelations ' of Oates and Bedloe had to a great extent subsided, when, not long after the dissolution, the villainy of these wretches became clearly manifest. The nation, horror-struck and repentant for the innocent blood that had been shed in reliance upon such testimony, demanded scapegoats for its infatuation. Public wrath fell upon the Whigs, who ingeniously had taken advantage of the panic to push on the Exclusion Bill, and from the height of favour they were

hurled into the depths of unpopularity. The Bill, hitherto so persistently clamoured for, was no longer thought of, so great was the reaction towards Toryism. The Court triumphed all along the line, and, in spite of the Test Act, the Duke of York resumed his seat upon the Council Board unopposed. His pernicious influence was soon apparent. The laws against Protestant Nonconformists, which had fallen into abeyance, were, by command of the Court, revived, with orders for their rigorous enforcement, and, as it was anticipated that the existing body of magistrates would not use their power with the cruel severity desired, 'there was a great change made in the Commission of the Peace all over England, none were left on the bench or in the militia that did not with zeal go into all the humours of the Court.'

It was during this period of adversity and mortification that an additional trouble befell Sir Francis in the loss of his excellent uncle and good friend, John Drake of Ivy Bridge, who died towards the end of 1681, aged fifty-seven years. He was buried on November 9, in the north aisle of Ermington Church.

Of the doings of John Drake's mature years we know but little. In politics, we suppose, he was a Whig. Throughout the Civil War his love of law and justice ranged him on the side of the Parliament; nevertheless, he was a staunch Churchman, devoid of sympathy either with Romish innovations or with the Pharisaical nonconformity prevalent during the latter years of the Commonwealth. He was an upright man, a wall of strength for his weaker relations to lean upon, but was withal perhaps a shade dictatorial in private life.

By his wife, Prudence Savery of Slade, who predeceased him, John Drake had four sons—William, his heir; John and Francis, who served in the Royal Navy and died without issue; Henry, of whom we shall have more to relate hereafter

—and four daughters, viz.: Prudence,[1] who in her father's lifetime married John Hele, Esq., of Little Stert, where her arms, impaled with those of her husband, may still be seen carved on the granite posts of the gates which lead to that interesting old manor house; Anne, who married Thomas Williams, Esq., of Stowford; Gertrude, who became Mrs. Cunningham, and Jane. The two last and all the sons were minors and unmarried when their father died.

John Drake's will is here given almost at full length. It throws light on the funeral customs of the time and shows how small was the amount of money which was considered sufficient for the maintenance and education of cadets in the Navy and of well-born young ladies. It will be noticed as characteristic that the testator omits the usual lengthy religious preamble and that he comes to business forthwith.

In the name of God Amen. I, John Drake of Ivy Bridge in the County of Devon, Esqre, being sick in body but of sound and disposing mind and memory doe make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following: I give to my son Francis £300 of lawful money of England, and to my son Henry £300, and I give to my daughter Gertrude £300, to be paid to them at their respective ages of twenty-one years, and until they shall attain that age my will is that they shall be yearly payed unto each of them for and toward their maintenance, twelve pounds out of the profits of my land or other estate, and I give unto my daughter Gertrude one piece of gold called a Spur Royal.[2] I give unto my daughter Jane fower hundred pounds if she marry or take to husband Mr. Arthur Rook of Totnes, to be paid to her within three months after her marriage. But if my said daughter Jane shall not marry him, then I give unto her three hundred pounds only, to be paid to her on her getting the age of twenty-one and until she marry Mr. Rook twelve

[1] Prudence Drake married secondly her cousin, William Savery of Slade, and thirdly Lieutenant Sassure, R.N. A mural tablet erected to her memory is in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth.

[2] A spur royal is a coin of the reign of Elizabeth; on the reverse side it has a star resembling the rowel of a spur. Value, according to Whitlock, fifteen shillings.

pounds yearly for her maintenance. To my son John one hundred and fifty pounds and six pounds yearly for his maintenance.[1] To my son William all my lands of inheritance . . . and I give unto him my jewel called the Star Jewel. And as to my funeral my will is that twelve gold rings of the value of six or seven pounds shall be given to those gentlemen that shall be my Bearers, that no pomp or great solemnity be used, that no gloves or ribbands be given to any person, and that I may be laid in the Church at Ermington by the side of my wife.

The executors were his brother-in-law, Mr. William Savery of Slade, and Thomas Williams of Stowford, his son-in-law. Rolled up with the will and tacked to it is a schedule of John Drake's furniture and effects. The books are valued at £2, his rings, plate and jewels at £100, his pewter at £13, the furniture of the various bedchambers in his house at £6 to £8 each. The whole value of his goods was estimated at £514.

It is interesting to find that the ' fower hundred pounds ' did not tempt ' my daughter Jane ' into marrying Mr. Rook, for about three months after her father's death she became the wife of Mr. Edmund Williams of Cornwood, a cousin, perhaps, of her sister Anne's husband.

The vicissitudes of the Star Jewel are remarkable. It seems to have been passed about in the Drake family as a security for money, and we next hear of it in the hands of Joseph, John Drake's youngest brother, from whom it happily came back into the possession of the head of the family.

By the death of his uncle, Sir Francis lost a cool-headed adviser at a time when wise counsels would have been increasingly useful to him. Although guiltless of plotting, he was not altogether prudent, and at the Court he was regarded as a dangerous person. Of this fact, however, he appears to have been in ignorance, receiving no hint of it except perhaps in his

[1] John Drake, junior, must at this time have just entered the Royal Navy, and was what would now be styled a naval cadet. He died Commander of H.M.S. *Seahorse* in 1697.

removal from the Bench, a distinction too largely shared with other Whigs to seem invidious.

The deposition of the Whig magistrates was preparatory to the stratagem by which the King hoped and intended gradually to get into his own hands the power of influencing future elections. The next care of the Administration was to make sure of the judges. Those whose subservience could not be relied upon were removed, and their places filled by others 'wholly for the Court.' Still, without complaisant juries, all these precautions would have been unavailing, and it was not easy to find means for ensuring the empanelling of men whose verdicts would uniformly be in favour of the Crown. Yet this, too, was at length accomplished, and in the following fashion.

In 1683 the boroughs, beginning with the City of London, were requested to surrender their ancient charters and invited to accept new modelled ones, in which, amongst other changes, the right to appoint the Sheriffs, whose business it was to nominate the juries, was reserved to the Crown. If a corporation refused, the Government issued a writ of *quo warranto* and, upon the pretext that some illegality had been committed, the charter was declared to be forfeited. These proceedings were continued until most of the boroughs, finding that legal resistance was unavailing, voluntarily or involuntarily delivered up their charters. Thus, gradually, the Duke of York was able to draw his net around those who, by their zeal for the Exclusion Bill, had shown themselves to be his enemies. Seeing then that the life of every Exclusionist was at the mercy of the Crown, and despairing of the future of English liberty if the Duke of York came to the throne, some of the more impatient Whigs began to combine. Shaftesbury's plans for an appeal to arms were simultaneously betrayed with the discovery of the Rye House Plot. This iniquity was not planned by the Whigs; the conspiracies had no connexion with one

another, nevertheless, by the contrivance of the Crown lawyers, they were blended into one. Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney were unjustly condemned to die; Monmouth fled to Holland. A series of prosecutions for treason, for libel, and for conspiracy then commenced. 'Actions were brought against persons who had defamed the Duke of York, and damages tantamount to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment were demanded by the Plaintiff and without difficulty obtained.' [1]

Sir Francis Drake was one of the persons most viciously attacked. Early in January 1683–4, suddenly, without a note of warning, the Duke of York ' fell upon him.' A friend of Sir Francis in London, hearing of the proceedings, lost not a moment in conveying to him the alarming intelligence that an action of *scandalum magnatum*—for words spoken four years before—had been commenced against him by the Duke; that damages were set at £100,000, and that a writ was coming down for his arrest. Bail for such a great sum was not to be had, nor could Sir Francis have entertained the faintest hope that, chosen as juries were then, he would upon a trial have any chance of winning a verdict against the Crown. Before the writ arrived, however, he managed, with the assistance of friends, to get his most valued possessions conveyed away and to have two deeds drawn up and executed, which for the moment secured his property from seizure.

In the first of these (dated January 16, 1683–4) Sir Francis made a settlement of his recently acquired manors of Ley and Hawcombe in Beerferrers, placing them in the custody of his neighbours, William Morris, John Copplestone, Francis Calmady, and Richard Doidge, for the use of and in trust for his three daughters, Dorothy, Gertrude, and Frances. By a second deed he conveyed all his entailed estates and property whatsoever for the space of one year to Sir John Davie of

[1] Macaulay's *History*.

Creedy. Then he made his escape; how, where, or with whose help is unstated.

Probably Sir Francis was concealed in or near London. He was undoubtedly in town a month later, when something happened which quickened his alarm and showed him that it was no longer safe for him to remain in England. On February 27 the above-mentioned settlements were hastily revoked, and Sir Francis mortgaged the whole of his estates of inheritance in Devon and Cornwall to his brother-in-law, Charles Boone,[1] to whom he also gave a bill of sale on all his household goods and farm stock, as by schedule annexed, for a consideration of £1,800; the arrangement to be null and void if the principal, with interest amounting to £99, were paid off at the end of a year. By another indenture, the lands previously settled upon his daughters were mortgaged to Charles Boone for the sum of £700, also to be repayable within one year, but with the further stipulation that, if the principal and interest were not so repaid, the mortgagee might hold the property for ninety-nine years for the benefit of Lady Drake.

Having thus 'disposed of his possessions and provided himself with ready money for a possibly prolonged absence, Sir Francis took ship and ' went beyond the seas, thinking it better to have his liberty in a foreign land than to be laid up in his own for £100,000.' [2] Whether Lady Drake accompanied her husband to the Continent, or at what place he took up his abode, we know not, but, if we may hazard a guess, we should say that he went to the Hague, for Holland seems to have been the rendezvous of all the disaffected Whigs.

The schedule annexed to the bill of sale delivered to

[1] There is presumptive evidence that this hastily drawn mortgage was signed in London. The familiar names of the Devonshire witnesses are absent, and in their place we have quite strange ones, including that of Anne's cousin, Richard Goodall, the merchant.

[2] Luttrell's *Relation of State Affairs*, p. 307.

Charles Boone is curious as showing what were the usual articles of furniture in a moderate-sized country mansion; but the inventory bears signs of having been very hurriedly made, for numberless things of absolute necessity in a household are unmentioned, whilst two kettles are put down as gravely as if they were treasures! The list is on parchment, and is thus headed in Sir Francis's handwriting:

This ye Acct of ye stock upon ye Barton of Buckland when ye Duke of York fell upon me, and was then assigned and taken by friends to preserve it.

One paire of silver fflagons.
One paire of silver candlesticks.
Eight silver platts.
Two silver stands with Cuppes and Covers.
Three lesser silver Cuppes.
Eighteen silver spoones.
One silver chafing dish.
Two silver sugar boxes.
Six silver fforks.
One silver mustard pott.
One silver pepper Box.
Three dozen of pewter dishes.
Twelve dozen of pewter plates.
Six crocks.
Six paire of brass candlesticks.
Twenty feather beds with their furniture.
Twenty table boards and cupboards.
One hundred and twenty Butts, Piles and Hogsheads and other such vessels.
Two kettles and two furnaces.
Twelve brass pans.
Fower dozen of chaires and stooles.
Ffive sets of Hangings.
All the Lynnen belonging to the Chambers and Nursery and other roomes belonging to the said Mansion House.

Thirty cowes and heifers of the large kind.
Two Bulls.
Thirty-eight young cattle all of ye same sort.

Twenty oxen and Yales.
One hundred and forty ewes and their lambs.
Ninety wethers.
Ninety-six young sheep and Ramms.
One Coach and horses.
Twenty-eight riding horses, labour horses, foaling mares and colts.
Two paires of great wheels with Butts and Wagons.
Two paires of lesser Wheels.
Thirty Hoggs.

It will be noticed that the Drake Jewel is not included, nor are the other personal relics of the great Sir Francis Drake on the list; these things, with the family pearls, pictures, further plate, china, glass and many precious objects which we know existed, were perhaps separately inventoried and consigned for safety to different friends.

The conclusion of the whole matter is unrecorded; most probably Sir Francis's enforced absence continued until Charles II's death, when the Duke of York's peaceable accession to the throne made it no longer worth his while to harry and imprison Exclusionists. Nothing is known of Sir Francis's doings during the next three years, during which time all Whigs who had been notorious Exclusionists were debarred from participation in public or county affairs. Indeed, their only safety lay in keeping in the background and withdrawing themselves as much as possible from observation.

Of 'the Lady Anne Drake,' as she is called, we hear but once again, simply to mention that she was buried at Buckland on December 22, 1685, in a newly made family vault then for the first time used. Her coffin, which is still in good order, is that of a tall woman. There is no inscription upon it, but we are assured that it is hers because on the marble slab, which covers the entrance to the vault, is a deeply carved coat-of-arms, Drake impaling Boone, and also because the other coffins deposited there all bear the names of more recently deceased members of the family.

A youthful figure, of whom we have heard but little, now also disappears. Dorothy, Sir Francis's eldest daughter, may have died whilst her parents were abroad—she is never named after this date. Nor are the Boone family again directly alluded to, but friendly relations appear to have been kept up with them, and many years afterwards Sir Francis obtained an excellent appointment for one of his sons, thanks, probably, to the influence of Charles Boone, who was a director of the East India Company.

Ann Boone's married life lasted a little more than five years. She left no children, yet she was mourned for longer than her predecessor. It is possible that she was more deeply lamented, but the times were exceptionally dangerous, and it may be that prudence, as well as regret, suggested to the widower that it would be best to wait awhile and look about him before embarking on a third matrimonial venture.

At the time when, as we suppose, Sir Francis deemed it safe to return from the Continent, James II had been but a few months at the helm, and already he was driving straight for the rocks upon which the Whigs had foreseen that his government would be wrecked. He had summoned a packed Parliament and had been granted the revenue he demanded. He had crushed Monmouth's rebellion, and in the 'bloody assize' that followed had exacted a vengeance which for sheer cruelty has never been equalled in English history.

Throughout the autumn of 1685, life in the western counties was made hideous by the sight of mouldering heads and quarters of rebels stuck upon poles by the wayside or at the gates of the principal towns, and when the havoc in the country was over the iniquitous trials in London began. The King revelled in his shocking revenge, while the Queen and her ladies enriched themselves out of the fines extorted from parents of children accused of treason, and by selling to slave merchants wretched peasants under sentence of transportation

—defenceless people whose crime was so little proved that even Jeffreys could not see his way to hang them.

The events of this notable year might well give pause to a thoughtful man. Fear had fallen upon the kingdom like a pall, opposition dared not stir. So thoroughly successful had James been, that he really believed the arbitrary power he longed for was almost within his grasp.

As sovereign of these realms and undisputed head of the Church in England, he was resolved to use his ecclesiastical supremacy to bring this country back to the Roman obedience. The first thing needful was to get rid of the Test Act. If that were repealed, and all the chief offices of State, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, could be bestowed on Roman Catholics, the rest, he thought, must follow as he desired.

Parliament was to meet in November, and James looked upon the House of Commons as his instrument. The greater number of the members (those sent up by the boroughs) had been elected under the recently granted charters which vested the right to elect, not in the inhabitants as formerly, but in the corporation, men who were themselves removable and removed at the pleasure of the Crown. The members so chosen were insignificant persons, of no estates or position in the country, but they were fervently loyal and had hitherto shown all the pliability expected of them. Through this packed Parliament, in its second session, James hoped to obtain the repeal of the Test and Habeas Corpus Acts, together with a sufficient grant of money to set up a standing army. To his surprise the Commons refused his demands, whereupon he prorogued Parliament and kept it prorogued for about a year and a half, when, seeing no immediate prospect of attaining his purpose by constitutional means, he, by a stretch of royal authority, issued a Declaration of Indulgence suspending the penal laws, and dissolved Parliament on July 2, 1687.

Towards the end of the year James hit upon a plan by means of which, in the event of his calling another Parliament, he hoped to make sure of a thoroughly obsequious House of Commons. Commissioners were directed to report confidentially as to the disposition of the borough electors and country gentlemen. The lists they sent in are preserved in the Bodleian Library, and are interesting to look through. The Earl of Bedford's influence was then, as now, paramount at Tavistock. Beeralston was reported to be 'at the devotion of Sergeant Maynard and Sir Francis Drake.' Almost all the country gentlemen whom we have had occasion to name in Devon, Somerset or Cornwall—even Edmund Wyndham, a Tory of Tories—would, the Commissioners declared, vote against the King's policy.

The Lord-Lieutenant of each county was at this time required to call before him every Deputy-Lieutenant and magistrate within his lieutenancy and ask each one of them separately three questions. 'First, whether, if he should be chosen to serve in the Parliament, he would vote for a bill framed on the principles of the Declaration of Indulgence. Secondly, whether as an elector he would support candidates who would engage to vote for such a bill, and thirdly, whether in his private capacity he would aid the King's benevolent designs by living in friendship with people of all religious persuasions.'

The Marquis of Bath, Lord-Lieutenant of Devon and Cornwall, reported that the Deputy-Lieutenants and justices of the peace within his lieutenancy were all willing to support the King's declaration of liberty of conscience, by living amicably with persons of other denominations, as good subjects of the same Prince ought to do. But none, he said, were for taking off the penal laws and tests. They declared that they would put life and property in jeopardy for the King, but that the Protestant religion was dearer to them than either life or property. 'And, Sir,' added Bath, 'if your

Majesty should dismiss all these gentlemen, their successors would give exactly the same answers.'

This is not the place to tell the story of James II's short and evil reign, of his brief triumph and his headlong fall, but the more one reads about him the more one wonders at his amazing stupidity. That any King of England should declare that he was above the law and would not be bound by it, and should then request his subjects to pull down the strongholds of their civil and religious liberty, and at the same time hand him the sword wherewith to smite them, seems incredible; yet in one way or another this was what James perpetually did.

The vacillation of his councils during the last weeks of his rule, his alternation between violence and conciliation, is curiously illustrated by the following letter, written just when the first suggestions of William of Orange's interposition began to be whispered about.

To the Rt. Worshipful
Sir Francis Drake Baronet.

Sir Francis Drake,

Having the honour to be on his Majestie's Commission for Enquiring into what money or goods hath been taken from Dissenters for matters relating to religion from 77 to 88, in which Commission your Worship makes an eminent Figure, we do by this messenger inform you that in persuance of such Commission we are now at Plymouth where we desire the honour of your company. If it were convenient, this day, else to-morrow; for that, except you afford us your company we cannot so conveniently proceed in the execution of the same, and may be prejudicial to the pursuing of the King's expectations. Sir, we shall defer opening the Commission till you come. We desire that at present only.

Your humble servant
Nat: Tyderleigh.[1]

Plymouth, Sept. 17, '88.

[1] Mr. Tyderleigh's letter is in the Bodleian Library with other papers of his, but there are no notes of any commission held at Plymouth; this rather points to the conclusion that Sir Francis contrived to avoid receiving the summons.

There can be no doubt that Sir Francis was selected to sit on this Commission mainly because of his known disapproval of the policy of persecuting Protestant Nonconformists. He was not one of those Devonshire justices who had found that the penal laws 'were too easy and gentle unless enlivened by a vigorous execution,' nor, though a busy man in county affairs and sedulous in his attendance at Quarter Sessions, had he ever been one of those magistrates who carried into court sums arising out of the fines levied on Dissenters.[1] No severities of his own could be brought forward, yet we much doubt whether Sir Francis obeyed Mr. Tyderleigh's persuasively worded summons. Its purport was too obvious.

These Commissions of Enquiry, supposed by Macaulay to have been instituted a year earlier than was actually the case, were James's last bid for the support of the Dissenters, but his attacks upon the Church of England had opened their eyes to the nature of his tenderness to themselves. From the day when the Seven Bishops were committed to the Tower, the Nonconformists resolved to make common cause with the Church of England and all Protestant bodies in this country, and that, if oppression there must be, it should not be a Romish oppression.

In a very short time (six weeks more) the measure of James's folly and perversity was full. Then came the Great Deliverance. William of Orange landed; James II fled, and with him arbitrary government vanished from England for ever.

Devonshire men will always gladly remember that—thanks to an accident of weather—William landed on their shores, and that their county was the first to openly declare

[1] £20 for preaching, £5 for attending a conventicle. All persons above the age of sixteen years were ordered to resort to their parish churches and there abide soberly and orderly during the whole time of divine service, under the penalty of 12*d.* for each neglect.

for him; rather tardily, however, the Prince thought, for it was not until he had been eight days at Exeter that the county magnates began to come in to his standard. Sir Francis was one of the first to arrive. But, all things considered, were the gentlemen so very slow? The landing took place in Torbay on November 5, and so atrocious was the state of the roads that the Prince and his army did not reach Exeter until November 8, although the distance to be covered was not quite thirty miles. 'Cette ville,' says a foreigner who took part in the invasion, 'est située dans un fort bon pays mais les chemins sont fort méchants. Il n'y a pas un seul chariot qui puisse aller du côté d'ou nous sommes venus, tout s'y portant par des chevaux, ce qui était la cause que nous fûmes obligée de rester quelques jours pour assembler des chevaux de charge de ce pays. . . .' Communications in other parts of the county were no easier or better, so that really authentic news of the Prince's invasion may not have penetrated to the more remote country seats for a couple of days. William's coming had not been expected in Devonshire, even by those who were aware of the conspiracy, and, therefore, no preparations had been made to have men, horses or arms in readiness to support him. Whig landowners who had well considered the matter, might be ready and willing at the first call to risk their lives and fortunes for 'the Protestant religion and the liberties of England,' but they naturally supposed that, to be of any practical use to the cause, they must persuade their tenants and dependants to arm and prepare to follow them. This could not be done in a moment. To rise in force against one's sovereign, even such a one as James, is no light matter, and plain men might be pardoned if they took a day or two to consider whether, at the request of their landlords, they would commit what might turn out to be a capital crime.

That a week was really none too much for all that had to be done is demonstrated by the case of Mr. Edward Russell—lately Sir Francis's colleague with representation of Tavistock. If anyone in Devonshire heartily concurred in the Whig invitation sent to William of Orange to invade this country, Mr. Russell must have done so. He was nephew of the Earl of Bedford, first cousin, therefore, to Lord Russell, who was unjustly put to death in 1682, and to Admiral Russell, one of the seven leading conspirators who landed with the Prince of Orange. Yet, deeply interested as he was in William's success, and with all the Bedford influence to back him, Mr. Russell was two days later in arriving at Exeter than other gentlemen who resided at a greater distance.

Something of the order in which our county came in may be gathered from a news-letter written, apparently, at intervals between November 16 and 18.

Here is daily lords and gentry and part of the King's army and officers, and whole troops coming far and near to the Prince. Here is about twenty lords; there is also come in to the Prince of our country gentlemen, Captain Burrington, Major Norcott, Mr. William Cary, Colonel John Pool, Sir William Drake, Sir Francis Drake, Francis Fulford of Fulford, Mr. Denys Rolle and others, and yesterday came in to the Prince Sir William Portman, Mr. Speaker Seymour, Colonel Luttrell and others. . . .

All these gentlemen and many more (Macaulay says that sixty were present) were on November 17 graciously received at the Deanery by the Prince of Orange. His Highness rebuked them gently for their tardiness in declaring themselves, but he accepted their services and explained to them the motives and purpose of his enterprise.

When the assembly was over, an 'old parliamentary hand,' Sir Edward Seymour, who had been several times Speaker, suggested that an association should be formed which all who came in to the Prince should sign. Till that

was done, he said, they were a rope of sand and under no tie to the Prince or to each other. Sir Edward's proposition was approved. A short declaration was forthwith engrossed upon parchment, and on the same day, in the cathedral, all the gentlemen affixed their names to it. They engaged 'to Almighty God, to his Highness the Prince of Orange and to one another, to stick firm in this cause and the defence of it, and never to depart from it, until our Religion, Laws and Liberties are so far secured to us in a free Parliament, that we shall be no more in danger of falling under Popery and Slavery.'

Thus was made the memorable Devonshire Association which, having been subscribed by the clergy and all persons 'of quality and sufficiency' in the county, was speedily signed in every other place where it was sent. Finally, though some weeks later, the same form was adopted in London when the members of both Houses of Parliament joined the Association.

On November 18, while the attention of the kingdom was especially directed towards Exeter, news was received there that the town of Plymouth and the Lord-Lieutenant (Marquis of Bath) had declared for the Prince of Orange. Assured thus that the danger of adverse action in his rear was past, the Prince, with his army and retinue, began next day to move forward *viâ* Sherborne, Axminster and Salisbury to London. Happily, thanks to his extraordinary wisdom and patience, the advance was so prudently conducted that none of the gentlemen of Devon and other counties who attended him to the capital were called upon to draw their swords. Their presence, however, was most useful in another way.

James II had departed, purposely leaving everything in confusion. He had thrown the Great Seal into the Thames, and had ordered his troops to be disbanded, retaining their arms but receiving no pay. In the absence of authority,

dangerous disorders seemed about to ensue when, at the request of the Prince of Orange, the peers who were in town and all members of King Charles's Parliaments (the last freely elected ones) were summoned to meet and deliberate upon the state of the kingdom and advise what should be done to provide for its government.

The Lords assembled first, the Commons a few days later, on December 26, in St. Stephen's Chapel. Both Houses agreed that two addresses should be presented to the Prince, one inviting him to take upon himself the executive power, the other advising him to dispatch circular letters to all the constituencies, summoning them to send representatives to a Convention to be held at Westminster on January 22, 1688–9. Thus authorised, William took up the reins of government. The Convention met on the appointed day, and amongst its newly elected members was Sir Francis Drake, who, as before, came in for Tavistock.

On February 6 the Lords and Commons declared the throne vacant. On February 13, the Declaration of Right having been first read, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of England. On February 23 the Convention was, with their assent, turned into a Parliament, and with that change the modern system of government began.

In a retrospection of this wonderful revolution we cannot but be interested at discovering how much, at every stage of its development, Devonshire men assisted in bringing about that happy settlement to which our country is indebted for the best practical government in the world. The eminent lawyers, Maynard, Pollexfen and Treby must not be forgotten, for they, with Sir John Holt—an Oxfordshire man, but member for a Devonshire borough—smoothed away the last great obstacle to the peaceable accession of William and Mary.

The Commons, being almost all Whigs, had found no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that, as James had

deserted the throne, it was in fact vacant, but this plain evidence did not suffice for the Peers, many of whom were Tories and believers in divine right. The question which perplexed them was whether it was possible that the Crown could be legally vacant. It was not until they had held repeated conferences with the ablest lawyers of the day that the doubts and scruples of the Lords were removed sufficiently to render a majority of the Upper House willing to concur with the Commons in their declaration on this essential point.

All the four lawyers consulted were connected in some way, more or less closely, with the Drake family.

Sir John Maynard was a kinsman of Sir Francis. He has been mentioned before as holding a long lease of Sherford Barton, the Drake property in the parish of Brixton, and as being likewise owner of Beer Barton and other lands in Beerferrers formerly possessed by Lord Mountjoy. Mr. Sergeant Maynard, as he is usually styled, was the old, old lawyer who, born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, lived with faculties unimpaired to assure William III that, 'but for his Majesty's coming, he would have survived even the law itself.'

Sir John Holt, sergeant-at-law—soon afterwards promoted to be Chief Justice of the King's Bench—owed his seat in Parliament as member for Beeralston to Sir John Maynard and Sir Francis Drake, the owners of that close borough.

Mr., afterwards Sir, George Treby of Plympton, then one of Sir Francis's especial friends and correspondents, soon became his cousin by marriage.

Sir Henry Pollexfen—we may as well call him so at once, as he was knighted at the beginning of the new reign—came of a time-honoured Devonshire family, at the head of which was Mr. Edmund Pollexfen of Kitley, barrister of the Inner Temple. Edmund was intimately acquainted with Sir Francis, and occasionally did business for him; indeed, there

is reason to believe that it was he who, in 1684, drafted the deed which saved the Buckland and Yarcombe properties from falling into the hands of the Duke of York. At that dangerous crisis, the best counsel's opinion obtainable in the neighbourhood must have been sought, and doubtless it was then that the foundation was laid of the close, long-standing friendship between the Drakes and the Pollexfens, which led, first, to Sir Francis's marriage with Sir Henry's eldest daughter, later, to two other unions between the families, and finally, to the addition of Nutwell Court to the Drake estates.

CHAPTER III

A SHORT account of Sir Henry Pollexfen's immediate ancestors is at this point unavoidable in order to make our story clear, but, fortunately, there is no need to weary the reader with a long resumé of ancient documents. It suffices to say that the family of Pollexfen was seated at Kitley[1] before the year 1551, and that, about half a century later, one Andrew, younger son of Mr. Pollexfen of Kitley, married a daughter of Walter Hele of Luston, and settled at Calliston [2] in the parish of Holbeton, about four miles from the parental home.

He had two sons. The elder of these, Henry, who resided at his manor of Woolston [3] in West Alvington, was possessed of other property in the adjacent parishes of Stokenham, Sherford, Southpoole, Stoke - Flemming, Staverton and Brixton.

The younger son, Andrew, was rich only in children. He is described as of Stancombe Dawney in the parish of Sherford. This place was not his own but was held by him on a long lease from his elder brother. Andrew married Joan, daughter of John Woolcombe, Esq., of Pitton, by whom he had seven daughters, one of whom became the wife of Mr. Richard Burdwood of West Alvington. He also had three sons :

1st. Henry (afterwards Lord Chief Justice), born at

[1] Kitley, now the seat of Mr. Pollexfen Bastard, is in the parish of Brixton.

[2] Calliston, now Caulston, has been converted into a farmhouse.

[3] Woolston is about four miles from Kingsbridge. It is now a farm, but there are still some remains of the old house.

Stancombe in 1632. He married, on September 27, 1664, Mary, daughter of George Duncomb, Esq., of Weston House, Shalford, in the county of Surrey.

2nd. John Pollexfen (of Wembury), born 1636. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Lawrence.

3rd. Nicholas Pollexfen, a wealthy merchant, whose widow, Elizabeth Read, married in 1689, as her third husband, Sir William Norris, Baronet.

Ten children was a more numerous family than Andrew could fitly provide for, but, fortunately, Henry Pollexfen of Woolston, being childless, was inclined to make his nephew Henry, then a barrister of the Inner Temple, his heir. He was willing also to bequeath small sums to Andrew's younger children, but only upon condition that his brother should surrender the long lease he held of Stancombe Dawney. Such a renunciation was supremely distasteful to Andrew, consequently, the matter stood over until the autumn of 1659, when Henry (the barrister) and his brother-in-law, Richard Burdwood, became afraid that if their uncle's offer were not soon accepted he would alter his kind intentions. In this dilemma they sought the assistance of their cousin, Edmund Pollexfen[1] of Kitley, familiarly called the 'Counsellor,' by whose subtle persuasions Andrew's objections were so far overcome that he was induced to visit Woolston and treat of the affair with his elder brother.

Mr. Pollexfen was not to be cajoled, but he was as good as his word. The lease of Stancombe having been surrendered, he immediately resettled his estates in trust for the benefit of his nephew Henry; only reserving to himself a life interest therein, the right whilst he lived to grant leases, and power to raise £500 upon the property if he so desired.

[1] Edmund Pollexfen of Kitley died in 1710. His sons having predeceased him, Kitley became the property of his daughter Anne, who married William Bastard of Gerston.

Andrew's personal enjoyment of Stancombe was respected, it being agreed by Edmund Pollexfen and Richard Burdwood, on behalf of Henry Pollexfen the younger, that he should grant to his father a life lease of his old home.

The claims of all parties having been thus amicably adjusted, Richard Burdwood wrote cheerfully to his brother-in-law as follows:

To Mr. Henry Pollexfen
of the Inner Temple
in London.

KIND BROTHER,

At last thy writings are sealed; they were suddenly drawn by father, therefore I thought it fitt to transmit them to you so that if any gross fault be found therein it might be amended. We had the assistance of Cousin Edmund, unto whom pray be thankful for his care and paynes in the accomplishing the business; he and I sealed and delivered your counterparts of the deeds and delivered for your use. I have the possession of your writings and shall carefully keep them for you. Pray faile not to write weekly in these troublous times. I am now going to Aunt Annye's burial who died Friday last in the barne with her having cropl'd.[1] Mr. Gilbert of Langbrook [2] died also yesterday.

R. B.

August 26th, 1659.

Edmund Pollexfen's account of the business done is more detailed, and part of it is worth quoting.

MY WORTHIE COUSIN,

Yrs of the 25th for which I thank you. Friday was sennight yr father and myself lay at Woolston where we received many civilities from your uncle, such I mean as did consist with his judgment. Saturday morning yr father and I set about our work of settlement, which I am almost ashamed to own, but I hope you will have me somewhat excused, having regard to the shortness of time, and also

[1] To cropple, is to die of apoplexy induced by too heavy or too indigestible a meal.

[2] Mr. Gilbert of Langbrook's eldest son had married one of Henry Pollexfen's sisters.

supposing it not convenient to find fault at formalities on small matters. I have requested your brother Burdwood to send you copies of the grant to us . . . as also yr father's assignment after his owne fancie, . . . I know that the power yr uncle hath to make leases may not comprehend all casualties within his intention, but your joining, if there be occasion, will solve all. As for the £500, his purpose is now to distribute it among your brothers and sisters, for he will be an uncle to them all; £100 to John, £100 to Nick, etc. . . . You must make assignment to your father; as you will perceive he saith you shall have Willoughby's lands, but that lease is not yet made. I am glad 'tis come to this pass. What mistakes you find if 't be, I will be instrumental to rectifie. Mrs. Annye Hele[1] of Fardel dyed suddenly and was buried Friday last. 190 horse at least attendance, a thing not usual in these parts. I hear that London L's[2] are in this house . . . our gentlemen are still in this town, we are all very quiet and my friends in health, wch that you may long enjoy is the hearty prayer of

Thy faithful servant
EDMUND POLLEXFEN.

My faithful service to my noble friends with you.

Plymouth, 29th August, 1659.

After this date no more is heard of Mr. Pollexfen of Woolston. Probably he did not long survive. Towards the end of his life he appears to have bestowed upon his brother a life lease of his estates; at least, we gather that this was so because, in 1666, Andrew made a curious arrangement with

[1] Mrs. Hele of Fardel, Richard Burdwood's aunt, was connected also with the Pollexfens. Fardel, in the parish of Cornwood, was for several centuries the home of the Devonshire Raleighs. Sir Walter's father left it and settled in a much smaller place, Hayes Barton in East Budleigh, but Fardel remained in the family for some years afterwards, and was subsequently sold by Sir Walter's brother, Carew Raleigh, to Walter Hele of Cornwood. It is an interesting old place approached by a drive through a wood. A chapel on one side of the court-yard is now used as an outhouse. Opposite to what was once a principal entrance, but separated from the enclosed garden by a private road, is the barn where Mrs. Hele died. After her dinner, she had evidently crossed the yard to give an order, when she was seized with heat apoplexy and suddenly expired.

[2] London lawyers staying at the same hostel on their way back from the assizes at Launceston.

his son, John Pollexfen. An agreement was entered into between the father and son, by which John was to pay his father a life annuity of £100 and was to give to his four spinster sisters [1] £500 each, upon their marrying or attaining the age of twenty-four years. Andrew on his part surrendered to his son John his lands, leases and terms of years in Southpool, Stokenham, Sherford, West Alvington, Newton Ferrers and Buckfastleigh, together with 'his Barke called the *Charles* and his sand barge and little boat, his house at Quarry and all that it contained, his bridles, saddles, coach, and iron to bind the wheels of the same, his wearing apparel, silver plate, books and all other his goods and chattles whatsoever'; even his bed clothes at Stancombe and the cider and tubs of butter in the house are enumerated, so that absolutely nothing was left to the old gentleman but his annuity. Had he survived ten years longer, John would have made a profitable bargain, which, no doubt, was what he hoped to do, but it turned out otherwise, for Andrew died in 1670, and thereupon the lands, both leasehold and freehold, passed at once to his son Henry.

John's speculation had failed, and, although no one was in fault, he imagined that he had been unjustly used. Many years afterwards he declared that 'he never had but £200 from his father.' Nevertheless, he became a distinguished merchant, a member of Parliament for Plympton, a director of the East India Company, and so rich a man that he was able to buy, not only Walbrook House, an old City mansion which had belonged to other members of his family, but Wembury House [2] also—then, according to Prince, one of the finest

[1] Ann, Jane, Judith, and Amy.

[2] 'This house was a sightly seat for shew, for receipt spacious, for cost sumptious, for situation salubrious, near upon the sea upon an advanced ground . . . having a delightsome prospect both of sea and land, round which lay a noble park well stocked with fallow deer,' &c. Nothing whatever remains of Wembury House now, but a water-colour drawing of it as it was in John Pollexfen's time is in the possession of Mr. Prideaux Brune of Prideaux Place, Cornwall.

places in Devonshire. Yet to the day of his death he never got over the bitter feelings of vexation and disappointment engendered by his too short tenure of the ancestral acres.

Henry Pollexfen, to whom these respectable though not large possessions fell, was, in 1674, made a bencher of his Inn, and his practice soon became extensive. Known as a prominent Whig, he was retained as counsel for the defence in most of the great State trials which occurred during the last years of Charles II and in the reign of James II. Consequently, says his biographer, 'his appearance as prosecutor for the Crown (on the nomination of Chief Justice Jeffreys) against Monmouth's followers and particularly against the Lady Alice Lisle, in 1685, caused some surprise and gained him much unpopularity.' [1]

Pollexfen's conduct, however, is easily explained. He was leader of the Western Circuit, and it would have been unusual, if not at that time positively dangerous, to incur suspicion by refusing the Crown briefs. It appears, moreover, from the reports of the trials,[2] that he confined himself to his usual duty of stating the case for the prosecution. Certainly he was in no way responsible for the barbarous sentence passed upon Alice Lisle.

The direction in which his personal sympathies lay can never have been really doubted, for, later in the same year, when he successfully defended Richard Baxter, Judge Jeffreys roared at him from the bench, 'Pollexfen, I know you well and I will set a mark on you, you are a patron of the faction.' But coarse abuse from the Chief Justice Jeffreys did not discompose Henry Pollexfen. He continued in his usual line of practice, and in June 1688 he was, with Somers as his junior, engaged as counsel for the defence at the memorable trial of the Seven Bishops. It is curious to

[1] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices of England.*
[2] *State Trials*, xi. p. 361.

learn that the fees he received for his services upon this occasion were ten guineas, twenty guineas, and five guineas twice; a scale of payment so unimportant as compared to the great sums demanded by first-rate counsel at the present day that, did we not know how very wealthy the bishops were, we might suppose that the amounts set down were merely nominal and that Pollexfen defended his reverend clients *con amore*.

But the truth is that, during the last two hundred years, the gains of special pleaders have appreciated to a degree quite out of proportion to the increased remuneration earned by the other professional classes.[1] Every allowance being made for the continued gradual fall in the value of money, which in 1688 was worth four and a half times more than it is now, we find that the clergy as a body are not much richer than they were in the reign of William and Mary; that military men, from rank and file to generals, are less well paid; that physicians, all things considered, receive about the same; but that the fees of the great lawyers have gone on steadily advancing.

Nevertheless, comparatively modest as in the seventeenth century their fees were, then, as now, barristers in repute made handsome fortunes, built up families and laid acre to acre. Henry Pollexfen was no exception. In 1685 he bought the manor of Nutwell, Coombe Farm, and other lands in the

[1] Barristers' fees are seldom known except to the clerk who fixes them, and it would be difficult to find any modern case quite on all fours with a State trial in the reign of James II, but compare Pollexfen's remuneration—say £200 in present value—with the following payments: To Sir Charles Russell as counsel for Mrs. Maybrick, a common murder case, 400 guineas. To Mr. Warmington, Q.C., for a Chancery case where a Rajah was the plaintiff, 750 guineas. To Mr. Pope, Q.C., 400 guineas, on a petition against the return of Sir J. Doxford as member for Sunderland. In the big common law suit, *Sampson Fox* v. *Jones*, the two leading Q.C.'s on one side received 500 and 375 guineas respectively, while as much as 1,500 guineas each was paid to the late Chief Justice Coleridge, then Attorney-General, and to Sir Henry James for appearing on behalf of *The Times* in the great Parnell case.

parish of Woodbury. These purchases were made less with the intention of acquiring a country residence—for he had one at Hampstead which he seems always to have preferred—than for the purpose of facilitating his parliamentary candidature at the next general election. In this project he was successful. When the Convention was summoned in February 1688–9 he was chosen as one of the members for Exeter, where, as leader of the Western Circuit, he had been well known as a Whig and a hearty supporter of the claims of the Prince of Orange.

Henry Pollexfen was, as we have said, one of the counsel who advised the Peers that as James II had deserted the throne it was legally vacant, consequently, when William and Mary were proclaimed Sovereigns, and the new appointments were made, he was given the Attorney-Generalship and was knighted. Three months later he was raised to the Bench as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

In the Convention Parliament Sir Henry Pollexfen spoke frequently; especially at the beginning of the session, when the House was occupied with measures concerning the settlement of the nation, the army, oaths of allegiance, and taxation.

Sir Francis Drake also took part in these debates, which are very meagrely reported. A short speech of his may be quoted here, because it shows that he was not one of those unreasonable, captious Whigs who, as William complained,' denied to a good King the income they had willingly granted to a bad one.'

> We are told (says Sir Francis) of a former excess of giving money. I was never for it because it was against the interest of the nation to stab our religion and laws. Thank God, we are delivered from these men. Now we are under a Prince who has deserved well of the nation by delivering us, and I would give him the best acknowledgment we can, but not to prejudice the people. . . . 'Tis proposed that you calculate what is necessary to support the honour and dignity of the Crown.

Similarity of political principles as well as old acquaintance tended, no doubt, to draw Sir Francis and the Chief Justice together; during this long session of Parliament, which lasted until August 20, it is probable that our baronet was occasionally a guest at Sir Henry and Lady Pollexfen's mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields. No doubt he also visited them at their suburban residence, a roomy country house at Hampstead, 'with large gardens and a little field adjoining.' By and by, either there or at Wembury in the autumn, Sir Francis's friendship with the Chief Justice's family grew into intimacy, and, notwithstanding his already varied matrimonial experiences, he soon began paying his addresses to one of Lady Pollexfen's four daughters. Elizabeth, the eldest, was quite a young girl, little more than nineteen. She had some present fortune of her own as well as good expectations from her parents. They, therefore, may very reasonably have demanded a few months' delay before sanctioning her engagement to a middle-aged widower with daughters, one of whom was as old as herself. But no dread of stepmotherly responsibilities seems to have discouraged Elizabeth. After Sir Francis's return to London for the winter session of Parliament, his wooing prospered, and the marriage was arranged to take place in February.

To choose a day for the wedding ceremony may not have been quite easy, because, in January, Parliament was somewhat unexpectedly prorogued. A dissolution followed on February 6, and soon the whole country was in the ferment of a general election.

Tories, as well as Whigs, had placed William on the throne, and at the beginning of his reign he tried to rule with the co-operation of both parties. But the inextinguishable animosities between them, the violence of the Whigs and the acrimony of the Tories—intent above and beyond all else upon ruining and crushing their opponents—frustrated

his plans and rendered good government impossible. Parliament neglected useful legislation, the war in Ireland was mismanaged, and every public department was in confusion. The blame for all this most unjustly fell upon the King, who, unsupported, had not the power to amend matters. He knew well enough that more than half the Tories were Jacobites, only waiting until they could safely betray him, and that the Whigs would not serve him heartily unless he passed all their vindictive measures and became their mere tool and slave. To a man of his uprightness and ability such a position was intolerable—even the Crown of England was not worth the humiliation. Disgusted with the untrustworthiness of English statesmen, and weary of the perpetual strife around him, he resolved to return to Holland and leave the government of this country to Queen Mary, who certainly understood better how to gain the confidence and affection of her own people.

Having made the necessary preparations, William announced his intentions to some members of his council, but the genuine consternation of his ministers, their prayers and entreaties, induced him to forgo the immediate execution of his design. Instead, he determined to dismiss the existing Parliament and call another, in which he hoped parties might be so well balanced that impolitic, revengeful measures would be checked. That done, and supplies granted, he would go himself to Ireland and, if possible, bring the war against his father-in-law to a successful conclusion.

The new elections were, on the whole, favourable to the Tories, but their majority was small, party spirit ran high, and few seats were uncontested. Sir Francis, however, retained his for Tavistock, and, in spite of the journeys and business consequent upon his candidature, he found time for his wedding.

The marriage settlements agreed upon between Sir Francis Drake and Elizabeth Pollexfen were signed on February 17, 1689–90.

The bridegroom settled upon his future wife an income of £200 a year—payable after his death—to be charged on the barton of Buckland. Sir Henry Pollexfen, on his part, undertook to give his daughter £5,000 for her portion, expressly stipulating that this sum should include a legacy due to Elizabeth under the will of her grandfather Duncomb. The amount of this bequest is unstated. Half of the £5,000 was to be placed forthwith in the hands of trustees for Sir Francis Drake, the remaining moiety was to be paid to them at the end of twelve months.

The trustees selected were John Pollexfen of Wembury, uncle of the bride, Josias Calmady [1] of Langdon, friend of both contracting parties, and Sir John Elwell of Polsloe, near Exeter, husband of Sir Francis's sister-in-law, Frances Bamfield.

On February 18 the wedding took place at the newly built, then fashionable, church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand. The episcopal licence describes the bride as 'about twenty,' and the bridegroom as 'about thirty-five.' Sir Francis was in reality forty-one, but, if his more youthful appearance favoured his courtship, it is not surprising that he permitted the mistake to pass uncorrected.

To judge from his miniature, painted by Lely, and by a three-quarter length portrait, taken in armour about the time of his third marriage, he was a good-looking man, tall, well-built, with blue eyes and a cheerful, humorous expression of countenance. In both his likenesses he wears a full-bottomed wig, and at the throat a becoming deep lace cravat.

[1] Josias Calmady of Langdon and Leawood had been High Sheriff of Devonshire in the previous year, at which time his son had married one of the Pollexfens of Kitley.

Of Elizabeth's appearance we know nothing for certain, but suppose that she was *petite*, because, in her husband's letters to familiar friends, he occasionally alludes to her as 'the little woman,' or as 'my dear little wife.'

On the day following his marriage Sir Francis signed a document giving a full discharge for the legacy due to his wife, but, although he put his name to the receipt, it is quite certain that no part of the £5,000 settled on Elizabeth was then paid to the trustees. Apparently, they merely had the Chief Justice's bond for the amount, and, as it bore interest at five per cent., they, no less than Sir Francis, were perfectly content.

Elizabeth Pollexfen seems to have been of a quiet disposition, well suited to be the wife of a man much older than herself. There is a quaint simplicity about her own notice of her wedding day, which is characteristic. 'February 18th, 1690, on a Tuesday, then came Sir Francis and myself together. I pray God send us many happy years together, for I really love, honour and esteem him with all sincerity, nor do I question but he has the same regard for me.'

Wedding tours were not yet in vogue, but the bride and bridegroom had many friends and relations residing near London, with whom they could, and probably did, spend part of their honeymoon. On her mother's side Elizabeth could boast of seven uncles, of whom four or five were certainly alive at this time. George—the eldest, we suppose—had inherited the paternal mansion, Weston House, in the parish of Albury in Surrey. Evelyn, who visited there and was interested in his friends' gardens, describes the place as 'standing environed by very sweet and quick streams.' The Reverend Thomas Duncomb held the living of Shere close by. His old house—no longer a rectory—may still be seen opposite the east end of the church.[1] Another clergyman

[1] *History of Surrey*, by Manning.

brother of Lady Pollexfen (according to Evelyn an indifferent parson and a dull preacher) was rector of Ashstead in Kent. All these places are in lovely country, within a day's pleasant drive from London. Of Sir William Duncomb, another of the brothers, we hear but little, but he appears to have been a well-to-do man, residing at his town house in Bloomsbury Square. Anthony, Elizabeth's youngest and favourite uncle, was a barrister of the Inner Temple. He acted as Marshal to the Chief Justice, and was consequently much with the Pollexfen family.

Thus surrounded by old friends and newly acquired relations, Sir Francis and Lady Drake spent the first four months of their married life in London,[1] happily, but, without doubt, also very anxiously. No public man who had taken an active part in promoting the revolution could feel at ease whilst James was still King in Ireland and at the head of a large army. If the Jacobite plots about which everyone talked were real, and a French invasion were actually imminent; if James proved victorious on the other side of the Channel, and, escorted by French soldiers, came back triumphantly to his throne, what horrors would then befall the nation? What proscriptions and punishments would be dealt out to those who had declared themselves against him?

The Whig faction was, in 1690, no longer jubilant. In the newly elected House of Commons, which met on March 21, their majority was gone; they could only snatch a rare victory. With dissatisfaction they saw that vacant places in the Administration were bestowed upon their opponents; with real alarm they noted the great change that was made in the Commission of the Peace, and that many Tories, traitors or Jacobites at heart, were appointed to be Deputy-Lieutenants of counties. William's intended absence when an

[1] Sir Francis's town house, upon which he was taxed from April 1690 to July 1699, was in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, Holborn End Division.—Sir Francis Drake's Discharge from the Exchequer.

invasion was probable, and the risks to which he would be exposed in campaigning, filled them with the gravest apprehensions. Yet, although irritated and displeased, the Whigs were loyal, and, as the King insisted upon commanding the army in person, they concurred in voting him the supplies he wanted.

On May 23 Parliament was adjourned, nominally, only until July 7, but, in his speech to the Houses, the King told them that, as his departure for Ireland could no longer be delayed, they would not be required to do business until the winter. In the meantime he recommended the members so to discharge their duties in their respective counties, that the peace of the kingdom might be secured by their care and vigilance.

On June 4 William set out. Most members of Parliament had already left town, but Sir Francis was in no hurry to sever his wife from her family. Whilst he tarried, as week followed week, it became known that dangerous plots were brewing. Jacobite messengers were captured, and soon the Government had evidence that, not only was an invasion in preparation, but that the enemies from without expected to be assisted by malcontents from within.

Sir Francis was a Deputy-Lieutenant and lieutenant-colonel of militia in his county; he might be wanted there at any moment, and when business had to be done he never failed. Home, therefore, he decided to go, although it cost his wife some tears.

Elizabeth's youth had been a particularly happy one; her mother was always most tenderly devoted to her, and her father must have appreciated her, for he gave her a larger fortune than that he bequeathed to either of her sisters. She had affectionate relations, a good position in society, with no lack of means, and she had enjoyed plenty of change and variety. Now she was going to settle far from her own people, in close companionship with two step-daughters who

might or might not be friendly. It is no wonder that for a moment her courage sank. She thus records the day in her memoranda : 'Monday, June 16th, 1691. Then we set out for Devonshire and a dismal parting it was.' Upon reaching home, however, she must promptly have admitted that her husband was right and that the journey had been undertaken none too soon.

On June 20 a French fleet was espied off Plymouth, where for six or seven hours it lay becalmed. When the wind stirred, the foreign men-of-war proceeded along the coast, but our squadron, which they hoped to surprise at anchor and burn, having meanwhile been warned, had weighed and got to sea. The immediate danger was removed to the Isle of Wight. Days passed, and people waited in almost breathless suspense expecting to hear of an engagement. Then came tidings of the disastrous battle of Beachy Head, lost through the pusillanimity of Lord Torrington, the English Admiral. Shame and consternation filled every honest heart. But the indomitable spirit of the nation was aroused ; citizens offered money, the militia was embodied, regiments were raised, and private people furbished up their arms. Very soon, however, comforting intelligence arrived from another quarter, and all but the Jacobites raised their heads. William, so the express said, had won the decisive battle of the Boyne, and James had returned to France, carrying with him such a reputation for military incapacity that Louis XIV would, it was believed, never again lend him an army.

Nevertheless, the French fleet still hovered about our coasts. De Tourville had not abandoned his intention to effect a landing, although for a month he tossed aimlessly up and down the Channel, wasting his opportunities and keeping the southern counties in a state of perpetual apprehension. On July 21 the enemy's ships were seen off Portland. The next morning fourteen French galleys anchored in Torbay.

Then, as Macaulay tells us,

the beacons were kindled and soon all the hill tops of the West were on fire. Messengers were riding hard all night from Deputy Lieutenant to Deputy Lieutenant. Early the next morning, without chief, without summons, five hundred gentlemen and yeomen had assembled on the summit of Haldon Hill. In twenty-four hours all Devonshire was up. Every road in the county from sea to sea was covered by multitudes of fighting men, all with their faces set towards Torbay. The lords of a hundred manors, proud of their long pedigrees and old coats of arms, took the field at the head of their tenantry; Drakes, Prideaux, and Rolles, Fowel of Fowelscombe and Fulford of Fulford, Sir Boucher Wray of Tawstock Park and Sir William Courtenay of Powderham Castle.

All these and many more joined in forming a camp of observation at Torbay, where, on July 25, Lord Lansdowne, the Lord-Lieutenant, came to take command. But early on the morrow the French galleys were found to have gone away towards Teignmouth. As they neared that harbour they 'fired many great guns towards the shore,' which so alarmed all the people that were about the place that they fled in alarm into the country.[1]

The enemy then landed unopposed, killed the only man they met, burnt nine small trading vessels, and set fire to the little town; finally, having torn up the prayer-books in the church and stolen the chalice, they re-embarked, 'and the wind coming westerly they returned to Torbay.' For ten days or more the French fleet continued plying near the Start Point, between Plymouth and Dartmouth, 'the country continuing in arms with all cheerfulness to oppose them,' but no further landing was attempted. 'On August the 4th in the evening they sailed from Torbay—next morning were seen off Plymouth, and were soon out of sight.'[2]

We must not, however, suppose that de Tourville's

[1] Letter from J. E[lwell] to Sir George Treby, July 28, 1690. [2] Luttrell's *Diary*.

departure was due to his fear of the Devonshire militia and the raw, undisciplined volunteers who confronted him. He went away because he had convinced himself that the concerted rising he looked for was an illusion; not even a Devonshire Jacobite would side with the French in a fight against his own countrymen.

So the western counties settled down again.[1] The reapers returned to their fields, the tradesmen to their shops, and the country gentlemen to their seats. The Queen thanked the Deputy-Lieutenants of Devonshire 'for their proceedings,' and the Deputy-Lieutenants praised 'the resolution and unanimity of the people,' but private advices show that, for want of the assistance of regular troops and 'some brave horse commander to visit these parts,' the gentlemen had been more uneasy than they cared to admit.

Nevertheless, 'a quelque chose malheur est bon.' The remembrance of a common peril may draw together those who, without this bond of union, might pass their lives side by side and yet be strangers to the end. When alarming contingencies occur, we are enabled to discern in some of those around us qualities which win for their owners our sincere and lasting regard; and this, we believe, is what happened between Elizabeth and her elder step-daughter during the great invasion scare.

It would be unreasonable to suppose that Gertrude Drake, aged twenty, used to being at the head of her father's establishment and, judging by the accounts she kept, very capable of managing it, could have liked to abdicate her position. She must have looked forward to the arrival of the young Lady Drake with pain, if not with dislike, and yet—to the credit of both women—they became fast friends.

[1] The remembrance of this time lingered long in the West. A legend obtains that forty years afterwards, when there was again a scare of a French invasion, a large monkey, which had escaped from a travelling menagerie, so terrified the country people that they fled before him, believing him to be a French spy.

Of Elizabeth's relations with her younger step-daughter we cannot speak so positively. There are indications that Frances preferred to lean upon her sister rather than upon her step-mother, but there are none that Elizabeth was not always kind. Frances was only fifteen; she could have remembered her own mother but vaguely; probably, she was quite happy in the anticipation of pleasures which could not have been hers but for her father's third marriage. More interesting and lively society for all at home there could scarcely fail to be, whilst for Gertrude especially there was the cheerful prospect of joining in the annual migration to London, during a part, if not the whole, of the parliamentary season.

This usually began in November and lasted until May, but, in the autumn of 1690, Parliament opened earlier than usual (October 22), because the King was on the point of setting out for Holland, to assist at the Congress of Protestant Sovereigns which was about to assemble at the Hague.

Measures for the safety of the kingdom, supply for that and for the vigorous prosecution of the war with France, were the chief business of this session—the quietest and least contentious within the memory of any living member of Parliament.

The Houses were prorogued on January 5, 1691, and shortly afterwards the Drake family returned to Buckland. We are inclined to think that Elizabeth's sisters accompanied them, and that it was during this visit to the Abbey that Mary Pollexfen made the acquaintance of Mr. John Buller, eldest son of Mr. Buller of Shillingham and of Morval in the county of Cornwall. The young man was twenty-four, Mary was nineteen. A liking sprang up between them, and their engagement, which soon followed, was well pleasing to both families.

Mr. Buller promised his son a fair allowance; Mrs. Buller, John's step-mother, permitted her own charming old manor

house, Keverall,[1] to be named as the future residence of the young people; the Chief Justice agreed to give his daughter £4,000 down, and, to supplement all, Lady Pollexfen took care that Mary should be provided with a costly trousseau. She was herself just going out of London, but, before leaving, she ordered lace, silks, mantuas, scarves, petticoats, ribbons, fans and hoods for the bride elect.[2] At the same time, she did not omit to purchase a silk gown and a fine head-dress for herself, as well as a new one for her daughter Anne. Thus equipped and provided, Lady Pollexfen travelled to Devonshire, and, as in that winter an extraordinary number of burglaries and highway robberies[3] were committed, she must have been thankful to reach her journey's end without misadventures.

With especial pride and delight Elizabeth notes in her memoranda the time of her mother's first visit to her. 'March, 1691, I was blessed with my mother's company at Buckland and in a few days with my father's and brother's also.' Sir Henry Pollexfen, after his promotion to the Bench, usually rode the Northern Circuit. His journeys to Devonshire now were solely on private affairs, to visit his daughter, see his brother at Wembury or his relations in the South Hams, and look after his property there and at Woodbury. He had lost his seat for Exeter at the last general election, and this was, perhaps, the reason why, although he kept his home farm in hand, he did not furnish Nutwell Court or care to use it as a residence. Sir Henry was too busy a man to indulge in

[1] Keverall is about five miles from Morval. It is a very pretty place in a valley, with woods sloping down to the sea, but the old house is now only used as a farm.

[2] Pollexfen account books.

[3] Luttrell's *Diary* abounds in notices of highway robberies and the punishments inflicted on the gentlemen of the road. In February 1690–1 he says, 'most part of this winter have been so many burglaries committed in this town and the adjacent parts of it and robberies of persons in the evening as they walked in the streets, of their hats, periwigs and swords, as was never known in the memory of any man living.'

unprofitable holidays; his stay at the Abbey could only have been a short one, chiefly to meet Mr. Buller and arrange the details of Mary's settlement, of which Sir Francis Drake, John Pollexfen, Sir John Molesworth, and Sir John Carew consented to be nominated trustees. After Sir Henry's departure for town, Lady Pollexfen remained with her daughter, in view, no doubt, of the interesting domestic event which Elizabeth records in her memoranda. 'Thursday, May 14th, 1691. Then was born my poor little Boy with great pains and difficulty, and called Francis.'

The young mother, however, made a good recovery, and Sir Francis was enchanted. At last, after twenty years of longing and disappointment, he had obtained his heart's desire—a son to inherit his name and estates.

In the plenitude of their joy, he and Lady Drake hospitably arranged that her sister Mary's wedding should take place at Buckland. The Abbey contained more rooms then than it does now, but it was filled to overflowing.[1] Besides the large family party already assembled, which included Anthony Duncombe, there were Drake, Pollexfen, and Buller relations, as well as other friends and connexions in the two counties, who expected to be invited and entertained.

On June 9 Mary's nuptials with John Buller were celebrated at the parish church of Buckland Monachorum. What festivities ensued we know not, but some there were, and the Chief Justice, who was not a young man, overexerted himself. The consequences might have been trifling if he had remained quietly at the Abbey, but on the morrow of the wedding professional engagements compelled him to return to London. The three days' journey, the heat and the fatigue were too much for him, and upon his arrival at his lodgings he was taken ill. A blood-vessel burst, the

[1] The resources of the Drake establishment being found inadequate, Lady Pollexfen sent for her own housekeeper, Mrs. Margaret Wheeler, to assist.

hemorrhage could not be stopped, and in a few hours all hope of his recovery was abandoned.

An express was dispatched in all haste to summon Lady Pollexfen, but the message seems to have been nearly three days upon the road. Before it reached Buckland Abbey other sorrowful tidings had preceded it, and already the gladness of the past week had been turned into mourning. The first shock came from Warleigh, where Sir Francis's nephew, Colonel Bamfield, resided.

'Tuesday 16th, 1691,' says Lady Drake in her memoranda, 'poor Colonel Bamfield,[1] by an unfortunate fall from his horse, occasioned by riding violently down a steep hill, broke his neck and immediately died, and, I hear, never spoke again. He has left a wife and her small children. Immediately following this dreadful news, we received an express from London of my dear father's desperate illness.' Further intelligence must have been awaited at Buckland with miserable anxiety, but none came on the Wednesday, and thus, unaware that even then she was a widow, Lady Pollexfen, assisted by her brother Anthony, prepared to depart. Elizabeth continues her sad account: 'Thursday, June 18th, 1691. My dear mother left us and began her melancholy journey to London.[2] I pray God send us a joyful meeting.' The next entry is, 'She found my poor father dead, he died June 15th, 1691, about seven in the evening. The best Father, the best Friend. He made an extraordinary good end, looking death in the face with great resolution.'

The sole relation present with Sir Henry during his last illness appears to have been his sister-in-law, Elizabeth

[1] Colonel Bamfield was the eldest son of Sir Coppleston Bamfield, brother of Sir Francis's first wife. He met with this fatal accident as he was returning from Cornwall, where he had been present at the nuptials of a friend. His father, Sir Coppleston, died at Warleigh in the same year when on a visit to his daughter-in-law.

[2] Lady Pollexfen must have travelled slowly in her own carriage. Post horses to draw carriages were not kept till half a century later.

Norris. His brother John was sent for, but he only arrived from Devonshire in time to make the funeral arrangements. Sir Henry Pollexfen's remains were first enclosed in a leaden coffin, and then in an outer one covered with velvet. After lying in state—we suppose because he was Chief Justice—in a room draped with black cloth, 'with escutcheons and other heraldry,' the body was at immense expense taken down to Nutwell Court, under the charge of Mr. Joseph Haynes, the deceased's confidential clerk. On July 3, with much funeral pomp and ceremony, Sir Henry was interred in a vault beneath the altar at Woodbury Church.

A memorial stone which marked the site of the vault was placed by his family within the rails, and there it remained until the year 1857, when, during some alterations, the then vicar, who preferred the uniformity of new red and yellow tiles to an interesting old monument, had the stone taken up and relaid where it now is, between the desks just inside the chancel screen, where the deceased does *not* lie!

The slab, which is handsomely carved with the Pollexfen arms enclosed within an oval, bears this inscription:

Underneath
Lyes the dust of Sir Henry
Pollexfen Kt, Lord Chief
Justice of ye Comon Pleas
Who for his exemplary
Integrity & eminent knowledge
of ye Learning of ye Laws,
Liv'd highly esteemed and
Dy'd greatly Lamented.
Being a Real Ornament to
the Court wherein he sate,
to his Country and ye Age
he liv'd in. He departed
this life ye 15 day of June
1691, in ye 59 year
of his age.



SIR HENRY POLLEXFEN

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas

Sir Henry was admittedly an upright judge, but his claim to posthumous fame is founded rather upon his ability as an advocate than upon his judgments.[1] Nevertheless, his death was a recognised loss to the Whig party, and for a year his place was not filled up.[2]

His will, shorn of technicalities, provides as follows:

Sir Henry requests, in the first instance, that Lady Pollexfen will give up all rights belonging to her by her marriage settlement, and that she will accept in lieu thereof a rent charge of £200 a year for life, to be charged on his property in the parish of Woodbury. He bequeaths to her a legacy of £200, his clothes, coach, horses and harness, and 'all the furniture, beds and bedding of those two chambers we used to lodge in in Hampstead and in Lincoln's Inn Fields,' and the use of all his plate during her widowhood.

To his daughters, Mary, Anne, and Jane, £4,000 each for their respective fortunes, to be paid to them at their age of twenty-one or on their marriage, whichever should first happen. For the maintenance of his children until their majority, he appoints that each unmarried daughter up to the age of seventeen shall have £70 a year allowed for her, and after that age £80 a year until she receives her portion. For his son Henry, the sum of £60 per annum is to be allowed by the executors until he is seventeen, when it is to be increased to £100 a year, until his age of twenty-three years. The executors are, however, permitted to allow him more 'if they see it for his good, not otherwise.' If Henry marries before the age of twenty-three, with the consent of his mother and the executors, or the greater part of them, the latter are directed to make on his behalf 'such marriage settlements as they would consider right if he were their own son.' Sir Henry directs that his books and manuscripts are to be

[1] Burnet sums him up as 'an honest but perplexed lawyer.'

[2] Newsletter in Lord Denbigh's collection.

sealed up in boxes [1] at the time of his decease and that an inventory shall be taken of all his effects, all of which, including 'one hundred and fifty broad pieces of gold,' are to be placed in Lady Pollexfen's care, to be given to Henry on his attaining the age of twenty-three years. The Chief Justice desires further that his son shall apply himself 'to some good and useful study that may be helpful and serviceable to him when he comes of riper years, and thinks the study of the common law of his country the best for him, and that he should make it his profession.' The house at Hampstead and a mansion in Pall Mall,[2] which he had bought of the Countess of Thanet, are, he says, to be sold, but his landed property in Woodbury, as also 'the lands he had from his ancestors,' are to devolve on his son Henry. If the latter should die a minor or intestate, the Woodbury property is to be sold for the benefit of his sisters, Elizabeth, Mary, Anne, and Jane, who are in this case to have a joint life interest in the 'ancestral lands,' with power to grant leases of whatever length they please. Upon their deaths, he directs that the fee-simple of these lands shall revert to John Pollexfen and his heirs for ever.

Such are the main provisions of Sir Henry Pollexfen's will. Beyond this there are a few legacies: to Sir Francis and Lady Drake and to John Buller and his wife, twenty pounds each, 'to buy them mourning,' [3] ten pounds for the same purpose to Sir Henry's unmarried sisters; bequests to

[1] One of these old iron chests with a most remarkable padlock still exists at Nutwell Court.

[2] This house, which had a frontage also in St. James's Square, was eventually sold to the Duke of St. Albans.

[3] It was the custom then for the bereaved family to present mourning even to their quite wealthy relations. In the Memorials of the Verney family there is a letter from Lady Essex to Ralph Verney, begging him 'not to send ye blackes,' because she knew he was hard pressed for money, and as she was then at Cassiobury and her lord sick of the gout, the want of them would not be noticed!

servants and gifts to the poor of the parishes of Woodbury and Sherford.

The executors first appointed are John Pollexfen, Sir Francis Drake, and Mr. Sergeant Tremayne, but, by a codicil made on June 14, the day before his death, Sir Henry says that 'whereas he has lately preferred his daughter Mary in marriage with John Buller of Keverall, Esq., he appoints him to be his executor in place of Mr. Sergeant Tremayne, because, as his children have now friends and relations of their own, they should not be a trouble to strangers.'

When this will and its codicil were read, trouble and dissension began. John Pollexfen had, it seems, at one time or another borrowed £350 from trust money in his hands belonging to Mrs. Nicholas Pollexfen (now Morris), and with her consent had lent it to his brother, which loan, he said, had never been repaid. Upon the discovery that no mention was made of that sum as owing to him, John Pollexfen gave way to some very angry expressions, and declined to act as executor, or take any steps to obtain probate, grounding his refusal upon his desire to keep himself free to proceed against his brother's estate for the recovery of the debt. But the other executors were clearly under the impression that Sir Henry had in his lifetime repaid what he owed, and they opined that John Pollexfen only put forward this claim in order to evade the obligation of administering a will which dashed his hopes of being ever in possession of 'the ancestral lands.' So furious was his passion that, to soften matters and prevent the scandal of a lawsuit between near relations, Sir Francis made several conciliatory propositions. One of these was that he should give a hundred guineas of his own towards compromising the affair. But this well-meant offer was refused.

Nevertheless, John Pollexfen did not neglect to thoroughly acquaint himself with the extent of his brother's possessions

and the precise state of his affairs. He saw Sir Henry's books and manuscripts locked up in chests, he made inventories of what was to be sold and, somewhat over-ostentatiously, of the things that were to remain in Lady Pollexfen's care. His busy inquisitiveness annoyed his sister-in-law, but it may have led to a discovery that was made of thirteen hundred and eighty guineas and some louis d'or, tied up in bags and hidden under the floor of Sir Henry's chambers in the Temple. John Pollexfen finished his labours by directing that thirty-three mourning rings should be sent as mementos to the late Chief Justice's personal and professional friends.[1] Having thus completed all that he regarded as absolutely incumbent on him, he departed in dudgeon to Wembury. Shortly afterwards, the Norrises instituted proceedings for the recovery from John Pollexfen of the £350; but he maintained that the debt was not to be satisfied by him but by Sir Henry's executors, and he gained his point because, whilst he could prove delivery to his brother, the only evidence they could produce in support of the contended reimbursement was that of certain memoranda written by Sir Henry on the back of an almanack book, together with testimony of his having declared when on his deathbed that his brother John had been repaid. This was not accepted by the Court as legal proof, although apparently it was sufficiently convincing to the family. Accordingly, the executors had to make over to John Pollexfen (for Lady Norris) a sum amounting to nearly six hundred pounds for principal and interest.

[1] The rings, value £1 each, were 'had of Sir Francis Child,' who, besides being a baronet, a banker, and director of the old East India Company, was also a goldsmith. The recipients were the ten judges, Sir Anthony Keck (lately a Commissioner of the Great Seal), Mr. Sergeant Tremayne, Sir George Treby, Sir John Somers (afterwards Lord Chancellor Somers), Mr. Ryder, Mr. Dolben, Mr. Edmund Pollexfen, Mr. Granger, Mr. Halse, Mr. Dotrin, Mr. Haynes, Mr. Hayman, Sir William Duncomb, Mr. Mills, John Pollexfen, junr., Sir William Norris, and Lady Norris, John Buller, senior, Parson Duncomb, Mr. Norton, minister of Hampstead, and 'a friend of my lady's.'

But thenceforth the intercourse between his sister-in-law and himself, and with his nephews and nieces, became of a merely formal character. Lady Norris resided in London, and she it was who deposed to the fact that in her presence, and that of two witnesses, Sir Henry had spoken of this debt as a settled matter.[1]

The executors were soon involved in other difficulties, caused by the wording of Sir Henry's will in respect to the provision to be made for his widow. It is presumable that Lady Pollexfen possessed means of her own, for, after her husband's death, when their home at Hampstead was broken up, she and her children removed to the house which Sir Henry had bought a few years previously in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The locality was one of the most expensive and fashionable in London. A few great noblemen still retained their hereditary mansions in the Strand, but 'the favourite places of residence were the stately dwellings on the South and West sides of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Piazza at Covent Garden and Bloomsbury Square.'

Lady Pollexfen could not have been poorly off if she could afford to live in this aristocratic quarter and enjoy the use of the family coach and the five horses her husband had bequeathed to her. Yet it is certain that her jointure of £200 a year would not have sufficed to place her in such easy circumstances, even whilst she was temporarily in receipt of an additional £200 per annum for her children's maintenance. During her husband's lifetime she had been used to affluence,[2] therefore, it came upon her as a very

[1] Whether it was through vindictiveness or because contention was the salt of life to John Pollexfen one cannot say, but not long afterwards he refused (as trustee) to make a sufficient allowance to Lady Norris and her husband for the maintenance of young Nicholas Pollexfen, and Chancery proceedings were taken in consequence. The bill and answer are curious, as showing the expenses of an Eton boy in minute detail.

[2] A newsletter in the Earl of Denbigh's collections says of the late Lord Chief Justice, 'sa place valoit cinq mille piéces de Revenu.'

great shock when the executors told her that the rack and conventionary rents of the Woodbury property brought in only £150 a year. Her sons-in-law wished to obtain an order from the Court of Chancery permitting them to defray her annuity out of the revenue of Sir Henry's personal estate, which, amounting as it did to nigh £44,000, remuneratively invested, was more than enough to meet so small a charge. But Lady Pollexfen, either from a nervous dislike to having her affairs made public or because she feared her brother-in-law's factious opposition, so impressed the executors with her distress at the application that, to avoid paining her, they withdrew the petition, and Sir Francis took upon himself the sole responsibility of making up her allowance in the manner suggested, but without obtaining the sanction of the Court. Although the justice of such a course was undeniable, John Pollexfen objected to the expedient because it was not in strict accordance with the letter of the trust. But, as he had shielded himself, and had from the first refused to incur any liability in connexion with his brother's affairs, his attempt to interfere now was quietly disregarded, a mortification to his scheming, meddlesome temper for which, as will be seen in the sequel, he never wholly forgave Sir Francis.

To poor Lady Pollexfen, whose pecuniary troubles were the least of her woes, the presence and sympathy of Elizabeth and Sir Francis, when they were in London for the Parliamentary season, must have been a help and a solace.

Shortly after her husband's death, the shocking discovery was made that their son Henry, then aged fifteen, was suffering from epilepsy. Lady Drake's diary thus mentions this fresh calamity: 'My brother the August following [the sad events previously narrated] was discerned to have them unhappy fitts he has ever since laboured under.'

All unaware of his son's infirmity, the late Chief Justice

had decided that Henry should go to the Bar, and he had bought chambers in the Temple, adjacent to his own in Fig Tree Court, where he hoped by and by to establish him. Meanwhile, the boy was being educated for his profession at the school of a Mr. John Donhault, and for one term after his father's death his commons in the Temple were paid for.

But by degrees this pleasing vista of usefulness and prosperity faded away. Henry had to be brought back from Mr. Donhault's to be put under medical treatment, and when the skill of one physician failed, another, and yet another, was consulted. Many sorts of 'convulsion powders,' plaisters, 'gold leaf and pulvis galparum,' asses' milk and bitter wine were prescribed for him, but, as remedies, all were equally valueless.[1]

It was, perhaps, in order to give the poor boy a rest from such perpetual dosing that, at Whitsuntide in 1692, Sir Francis and Anthony Duncomb kindly took him with them to Gloucestershire, to view a property of his father's which had fallen into hand. The trip must have been beneficial, for a little later a 'salt water voyage' was recommended, and Henry was sent away under the care of Mr. Joseph Haynes, his late father's clerk. Where he went to is not stated, but he appears for the moment to have been strengthened by the change.

A pathetic entry in the old account book belonging to this period tells us that £5 15*s.* was paid 'for a large Bible with cutts, ordered by my Lady Pollexfen for her son Henry.'

[1] Drs. Hobbs, Howe, Meritt, and Sinkler were always paid in gold—a guinea a visit. Guineas had to be bought especially for the purpose at rates varying from £1 2*s.* 9*d.* to £1 10*s.* apiece.

The horrible concoctions of the regular practitioners were quite as strange as those of the quacks, judging from a prescription 'For Falling Sickness' extracted from the published works of a physician of good repute:

'℞ of Raven's flesh in powder ℥iij, viper powder ℥j, native cinnamon ℥j add ℥ss, mix and make a subtile powder for two doses to be given at night going to bed.'—Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.*

The unhappy mother hoped, no doubt, to encourage and comfort her boy, whilst he was absent, by leading him to dwell upon the miraculous cures recorded in the Scriptures, trusting that by God's blessing he, too, might be made whole; to which end also, every human means suggested either by the faculty or by empirics was tried, but always in vain.

It is noticeable that each short absence from his medical tormentors was followed by a slight improvement in his condition. Thus, in June, on his return from the sea, Henry was well enough to be sent to the school of a Mr. Painter at Wooton in Northamptonshire; but his stay there did not last long. Next we find him 'at Madam Cufaud's near Basingstoke, for the cure of his convulsion fitts.' Here the companionship of a live fox appears to have been recommended as beneficial, and accordingly one was purchased for him.

After about ten months at Cufaud House, the poor boy again fell into the hands of Dr. Hobbs, who made two issues in his back. This cruel experiment producing no good results, Anthony Duncomb carried Henry off to Somersetshire, where 'Parson Richards' took charge of him for three months and tried *his* system of treatment upon the invalid. Three weeks at Bath under the care of his mother and uncle finished this course.

Schooling had now to be given up as impracticable, but Henry received instruction of some kind from a Mr. Baxter, and by and by a resident tutor was engaged, who, with two servants, accompanied him to Tunbridge Wells and other places as ordered by the physicians.

'Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa' sorrows fell to Lady Pollexfen's lot, yet some satisfactions were not withheld from her. She lived to welcome the arrival of two little Buller grandchildren, and of three or four Drake infants, whose births are thus chronicled by their mother:

Thursday, April 21st, 1692, at half past ten at night then was born my second child, called Elizabeth the Great; God bless her long to us.

Saturday, March 28th, 1693, was born my third child, and called Francis Henry. I pray God bless him longer to us than my first, who was taken from us Febry, Sunday the 5th, 1692–3, about twelve o'clock at night, myself then as big as ever I could be of my 2nd son.

An unfinished portrait of a lively, handsome baby hangs in the corridor at Buckland Abbey. The head and shoulders are nicely drawn and coloured, but the lower limbs are merely blocked in. High up in a corner, amongst the clouds which form the background of the picture, a heavenly crown is indicated, suggesting that the little sitter had passed away before the painter could complete his work.

Welcome to their parents as the births of these children were, so rapidly filling a nursery caused Sir Francis some perplexities. Even for grown-up people, travelling was both tedious and difficult, and it was no light matter then to take a youthful family to London for five or six months in every year, nor, apparently, was Lady Drake inclined to be long parted from her infants. Nevertheless, it comes upon us as a surprise to find that Sir Francis, who from his youth had taken an active part in politics and who all his life was keenly interested in them, should, when he was no more than forty-seven years of age, have seriously contemplated giving up his seat in Parliament. We can only attribute this intention to the influence of his wife. Home and family life were always uppermost in Elizabeth's thoughts and desires; she cared little for London, and probably still less about the strife of political parties. It must have been for her sake that Sir Francis wrote on the subject of retirement to his friend and connexion, Sir George Treby, M.P. for Plympton, and now also Chief Justice.

August 31st, 1693. Buckland.

I pray for your advice as to a fit person in my place in case of a new election at Tavistock. It is mightily inconvenient to me to serve again, and the air of the Town is very prejudicial to me.

For the present the High Tories and Jacobites of this town[1] are mostly at Mr. Mannington's devotion. But I am told that his party is not so considerable as it was. That he lives in this neighbourhood is an advantage to him, and I doubt not it will be somewhat difficult to carry the seat when I lay it down, unless some pretty considerable person is brought forward. My Lord of Bedford's interest will be needful. I have not yet mentioned my intentions to that family. Meanwhile I will sound the family at Ford.

But Mr. Richard Reynell, the owner of Ford House, the same who had entertained the Prince of Orange after his landing at Brixham, had another constituency in view and never contested Tavistock. No general election, however, took place for two years, and in the meantime the question of Sir Francis's retirement stood over.

[1] Tavistock.

CHAPTER IV

In preceding pages allusion has been made to Sir George Treby as a correspondent of Sir Francis Drake. They had been friends for many years [1] when, by Sir Francis's marriage with Elizabeth Pollexfen, they became cousins. Unfortunately, only a few of the letters which passed between them have been preserved. These treat chiefly of party politics in their own county, respecting which Sir George, as member for Plympton, found it useful to be well informed. Both he and Sir Francis were genuine Whigs, unwavering supporters of the Revolution Settlement, clearly apprehending that the happiness of this country, then and later, depended on the security of King William's person and government. The Tories who served him did so, on the contrary, half-heartedly, regarding his reign as a merely temporary expedient. Seeing, therefore, how great was the vigilance required to baffle the continual plottings of the Court of St. Germains, the appointment of Whig magistrates likely to act vigorously in the event of a Jacobite rising was an object of lively concern to both correspondents.

Writing from Exeter to Sir George on September 9,

[1] As far back certainly as 1677. See M. Ryder to George Treby, *Hist. MSS. Com. Thirteenth Report*, Appendix vi. p. 7.

Joan and Phillippa, daughters of William Woollcombe of Pitton, married respectively Andrew Pollexfen and Henry Treby. Elizabeth Pollexfen (Lady Drake) was Joan's granddaughter; Sir George Treby was Phillippa's grandson; hence the relationship was that of second cousins.

1693, after a meeting of the Grand Jury, Sir Francis says:

We 'll give some account of the Assizes. Mr. Abraham Trout, who has been added to the Commission of the Peace, is zealous for the Government, and has always been an opponent of the Tories. His estate is some £500 a year, but from want of quality or other reasons, his appointment is grievously stomached by many of the gentry, and they have complained to Lord Rooksby; their chief dependence for redress is upon Sir Edward Seymour who is very obliging to all and looks so extremely brisk and prosperous as if none of our misfortunes could ever affect him. Probably the attack will prevail, for while his enemies are bitter his friends are lukewarm. I write thus early that you and the Lord Keeper may know what is designed and something about the man.[1]

How human it all is, and how easily we can picture to ourselves the scene at Rougemont Castle two hundred years ago! The men of business in their small tied wigs, and the gentlemen on the bench in long full ones. Foremost amongst all, Sir Edward Seymour, the acknowledged leader of the Tory party in Devonshire, affable enough in his own county and borough, however tiresome and punctilious he was elsewhere. We see him kindly sympathising with the prejudices of his country friends, even offering to assist them, although in reality caring for no interests but his own. We can see, too, the genial, if somewhat exclusive county gentlemen, delighted to meet each other, at variance about politics, but upon one point heartily agreed that, as far as was courteously possible, they would avoid associating with clever, pushing Mr. Abraham Trout, whose solid, serviceable qualities and want of refinement are so impartially set forth in Sir Francis's letter to the Lord Chief Justice.

This unpopular Mr. Trout was, if we mistake not, a

[1] *Hist. MSS. Com. Thirteenth Report*, Appendix vi. p. 34. Sir Henry Rooksby, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, died in the year 1700.

merchant doing business as a banker, for amongst the old Pollexfen accounts we find frequent entries of 'bills' on persons in London 'paid through Mr. Abraham Trout.' Useful he undoubtedly was, and apparently successful, too. All considerations well weighed, the scales turned slowly in his favour. He kept his footing on the first rung of the social ladder and gradually mounted higher. We hear of him once again after the lapse of some years, when his society had evidently become less unwelcome to his neighbours.

The good offices customarily rendered to each other by the Whig gentlemen of Devon are touched upon in some interesting letters which at about this time passed between Sir Francis Drake and Mr. Christopher Savery of Shilston.

In November, 1693, Sir Francis had just gone up to London for the meeting of Parliament, when, hearing that his friend's name had been pricked for the shrievalty, he wrote thus to congratulate him:[1]

For Christopher Savery Esq.
with my heartiest service.

Dear Sir,

I heartily wish you joy of ye honour his Majesty hath conferred on you and shall with all sincerity make it my business to do you all ye service I am able in this and in all other matters, to the very best of my power I am yr true friend and servant.

That which is the first thing you are to consider of, and indeed the chiefest, is the choice of an honest as well as an able under-sheriff. One of your own inclination towards the Government is truly the most proper, and as I think absolutely necessary at this time. If ye under-sheriff should be of another kidney, if anything of difficulty should happen—which God prevent, 'twill be very easy for him to do what you and all your friends will be heartily sorry for. If it were only to assist in a bad cause to ye prejudice of a friend, I know 'twould be a great affliction to so good a man as you are.

[1] No date, but probably November 17.

I did t' other day propose Tom Ford to Mr. Hodder. I never had any conversation or transaction with him of ye least consequence to myself during my life, and so can have no end in it, but he has ye opinion of an honest man and for that reason only I recommended him. 'Tis such an one I would have you engage with (be the man who he will) so as he be a good man and well inclined to the Government. If you have any inclination towards Tom Ford and you would have me discourse with him, or if there be any other thing wherein I can serve you, please to command me freely, for

I am,
Most sincerely your friend
and humble servant
FFRANCIS DRAKE.

My little woman as well as myself is yrs and yr good lady's most faithful servant.

Mr. Savery, who seems to have felt that he was being treated rather too much *de haut en bas,* concurrently with this epistle, received one on the same business from Mr. Duke of Otterton. It was worded with less polite circumlocution and irritated him greatly. He replied testily to Sir Francis that he had as good as promised the under-shrievalty to Mr. Bowditch, and even if the latter did not accept it, he ' was utterly against Mr. Ford, having no mind to be governed by him as Sir John Davie was in his elections for members of Parliament, neither could he submit to Mr. Ford's terms, it would be £100 out of his way ' ; then he went on to complain of Mr. Duke's ' scurrilous letter,' ending with an appeal to Sir Francis to vindicate his integrity to the Government, and declaring that ' what was wanting in his power and splendor should be made up in his faithful services to his beloved King and Country.'

Sir Francis lost no time in endeavouring to appease his old friend.

November 23rd, 1693.

DEAR SIR (he says),

Had I known how far you had proceeded with Mr. Bowdage I should not have written so freely on that subject as I did, but what I wrote being kindly intended for you as well as ye public service, hope may easily obtain your pardon : and for what was mentioned in favour of Mr. Ford, it was upon no other account but the fair character he had, and as I thought deserved, but since you are of another opinion, can very easily submit thereto and wish had not written to advise his addressing himself to you ; the not more early doing it being as I apprehended (from Mr. Hodder's discourse when here) the greatest objection against him ; soe if I have brought any trouble upon you upon that account, hope you will pardon that likewise.

The plain designs now on foot against the Government may perhaps have transported me into an unnecessary tenderness. I call it soe because express'd in advising a person of soe great virtue and judgment. Since you have thought me out in it, please command me to make amends for it in somewhat else, and you shall always find me sincerely in your interest, and what becomes, Sir,

Your very true hearted friend
and Servant
FFRANCIS DRAKE.

'Flattery,' says a shrewd observer, 'is the food of Fools, yet now and then your Men of Wit will condescend to take a bit' ; and so it was with poor Mr. Savery : his indignation abated.

HONOURED SIR (he replied to Sir Francis),

Amongst many vexations I have your most comfortable letter, for which I most heartily thank you and shall ever acknowledge it, and had not things gone so far, a hint from you should have been punctually observed. I have no wish to disoblige any gentleman. . . . If you would honour me so far as to get me a good sword and belt, one that you think fit, I shall thankfully repay it to you either here or by a bill. Dr. Vincent desires me to recommend to you one

Captain John Earle, that so bravely fought ye French privateer, to be preferred to be a Captain of a man of war; and although ye owner's wife and child were aboard this vessel and desired him to yield, yet he would not, but brought off his ship with three others that he had taken. And, if you will please accept it, Dr. Vinson will send you a diary of ye whole action . . . &c., &c.

Another letter, of which no copy has been kept, followed, and Sir Francis wrote again:

December 12, 1693.

Honour'd Sir,

I have received yours with the enclosed. . . . We must not let this matter run into a quarrel, we have always been friends and must continue to be soe. The interest we are engaged in is the same, our enemies are also the same, and I wish I could say they were more reconcileable to us; I have done you justice and now let us have no more words about it; since you can soe confidently undertake for the undersheriff, methinks I can too and hope all will be well:

Sir William Young,[1] Mr. Bear,[2] Mr. Pollexfen,[3] Mr. Champneys,[4] Mr. Duke,[5] Hugh Fortescue[6] and myself are engaged now to send you a livery, and I have written into ye country to others to do the like; for I would faine have such an agreement amongst us as was in ye late King Charles ye Second's time, to make it easy not only to you but to yr honest successors. But it being your opinion to have cloaks, yr friends here are willing to know what other habitts they are to provide? They doe a little suppose the charge will be increased beyond yr designe. Sir William Bastard, Tom Reynell and Dick Duke's were only coats, they say, and the charge of that livery did not exceed above five or six pounds; I will take care of ye sword and belt and hope 'twill be to yr content. If you think good of ffringe gloves shall buy them alsoe, they will cost about £4 10*s*. 0*d*. or so. I think truly you had best burn Dick Duke's letter, he is a very

[1] M.P. for Honiton.
[2] M.P. for Tiverton.
[3] M.P. for Plympton.
[4] M.P. for Barnstaple.
[5] M.P. for Ashburton.
[6] M.P. for Tregony.

indiscreet man, and inexcusably soe; however, he means well and we must forgive one another.

I am yrs and yr good lady's and family's most affectionate Servt.

FF. D.

These for Christopher Savery Esq.
High Sheriffe of Devon
at his house near
Modbury
in Devon.

In Mr. Savery's handwriting this letter is endorsed 'Sir Francis Drake's, M.P. friendly and kind letter to Christr Savery Esq.'

The plain designs against the Government, to which Sir Francis significantly alluded, were no figment of his own imagination. In 1693 the executive was kept constantly on the alert by a recrudescence of activity amongst the Jacobites. Invasion by a foreign force having proved abortive, other ways were now to be tried. James took fresh advice. He issued a manifesto offering pardons to those whom he had lately threatened with the gallows, private printing presses were set up, and innumerable pamphlets, inciting to sedition and insurrection, were mysteriously distributed. The anonymous author of some of these papers went so far as to hint suggestively that mischief might even befall King William himself.

From small, unnoticed beginnings irreparable misfortunes have not unfrequently arisen, therefore it was but reasonable that Sir Francis should view with apprehension the possible combination of a weak Sheriff, a dubiously loyal Undersheriff and a Jacobite Mayor of Exeter. The last, perhaps, was not a very dangerous gentleman. He was one of those who, when silently drinking a toast, affected to limp and take a few steps forward, intimating in this way, as openly as he dared, that he was wishing success to Louis XIV, James II,

Mary of Modena, and the Prince of Wales. Esoteric observances may not be of much consequence, but, on the other hand, as fools do more harm in the world than the absolutely wicked, their follies cannot with safety be wholly disregarded.

The autumn session of Parliament, which Sir Francis had erroneously supposed would be the last to find him at Westminster, was—from the modern point of view—the most interesting of the many in which he sat.

The long-drawn constitutional battle between the Crown and the rights of the people had been fought to the finish. It was not the question of how to gain power, but how to use the power confirmed in them, which now occasioned the liveliest debates and the clash of parties in the House of Commons. The scope of parliamentary business was yearly widening and changing, but to what far-reaching and largely beneficent results their labours conduced could not possibly have been foreseen by those engaged in legislation in 1693–94.

The creation of the Bank of England and of the Public Funds would alone be sufficient to illustrate one session, but in the same spring the Censorship of the Press was abolished, and the liberty which all British subjects enjoy, to trade freely with any country willing to receive their wares, was also definitely established. To this last desirable consummation the efforts of Gilbert Heathcote, a great merchant of the City of London, contributed more, perhaps, at that time, than those of any other person. We mention the fact here because Samuel Heathcote of Hursley, father of the next Lady Drake, was of the same family as the aforesaid Gilbert Heathcote. Any connexion with English history, says Macaulay, is better than none, and here is an honourable link which we may well regard with satisfaction.

The year 1694 was not marked by the occurrence of any private event of notable moment to Sir Francis, unless the

birth at Buckland of another child may be so regarded. Lady Drake's memorandum says :

'Febry 1st, 1693–4. Then was born Pollexfen, between two or three o'clock on Thursday morning, my 3rd son.'

In May of the same year, Sir Francis's aunt Joan, widow of Sir Hugh Wyndham, died at her manor house of Kentisford. She left a son and a large family of daughters but slenderly provided for.

On November 12 Parliament reassembled, but Sir Francis appears to have come home about Christmas time, no doubt, to be with his wife when the accustomed annual addition to the nursery took place.

'Janry 10th, 1694–5. Then was born little Duncomb, 4th son.' Lady Drake had scarcely recovered from this confinement when Sir Francis was informed by Anthony Duncomb that Lady Pollexfen, who had been ill for several weeks, was now in the last extremity of sickness. He entreated Sir Francis to come to town as quickly as possible. Henry and his sisters, he said, were in a deplorable condition 'for want of someone that had the authority of a guardian to take care of them.' This letter was almost immediately followed by another,[1] addressed for the reasons therein stated to

Mrs. Gertrude Drake
at Buckland Abbey.

Lincoln's Inn Fields,
Feb. 5, 1694–5.

MADAM,

Thursday last I wrote to Sir Francis, and in that letter told him of the dying condition of my Lady Pollexfen, and that there was little hope of her over-living that night, and indeed at the turn thereof, about twelve, it pleased God to remove her, no doubt to a better being. I send you now, Madam, and that in a hand not usual with me (lest Sir Francis should be upon the road to London and so the fatal news be first carried to my Lady, whose condition may not be fit for

[1] *Family of Sir Francis Drake* (by Rev. Thomas Hervey), p. 63.

the surprise of afflictions of this nature. If the hand of the letter had been known this might have been the consequence, this the unhappiness). If Sir Francis be still in the country pray give him this letter; but if coming towards us I need not prompt your discretion to conceal it, and leave the part of breaking it by letter to Sir Francis, who may take that course if he thinks fit, or if it can be, to keep the knowledge of the matter from my Lady till she be well over her lying in, or he be returned to her again.

I told Sir Francis, too, when I wrote how necessary his presence would be here, and that as soon as might be. We shall be in great want of him, and this is not my thoughts alone.

On Tuesday we shall carry the dear dead body to Shalford to be buried there, as the will appoints; there she was born, there she has of late always desired to be buried. She has left to my Lady Drake a very good legacy, and has carried on her love for her even to the grave; the like she has done as far as she could to her other children too, and expressed the tenderest care and wisdom towards them in her last life, which she shewed them all along in her best health. She expressed great desire to die, and thought the journey tedious, as she often said; and after having done all the duties of a good Christian, rendered up her soul with great ease; none that were about her knowing when she passed away. She retained her senses to the last breath of her life, and employed every little puncto of time to the benefit of her soul, which I have all the just reason in the world to believe and pronounce, happy: and were it not for that, the loss of her would be hardly tolerable, but this change must have made her advantage greater than it has made our loss, which is the comfort and support of my afflicted mind, since the good she has is far transcending any good she could have met with here and any evil (tho' never so great) that we can sustain thereby.

For my part, the remembrance of her goodness and virtues will never be cancelled in me but when my life is extinguished too; and I do value my life the less, since she has left me. She was the best child, the best wife, the best mother, and the best sister that in my observance I have ever known; all these I have seen myself in her, and all these are ceased at once, as to us; but as to herself they have followed to her place of rest, and given her a more advanced happiness in

heaven, whither she said to me she was going, and where, said she, since we cannot stay longer together here, we must meet hereafter; it dissolves me when I say these things, but yet it eases me too. Excuse me, Madam, these infirmities. I cannot help them I vow to you. She was all this and more, and I protest I could write and speak hours upon this beloved sister, this best friend, this blessed woman, now to be seen to be had no more in this world. Well, I will endeavour to live like her, and then like her, too, I trust I may die, and like her be happy when that hour is at hand. Had we lived less with her we had lamented her less; or had she at all times done less for us, we had missed and sorrowed less for her now; so that the joys we had in her then, do but make us more inwardly touched and imbittered now.

You must pardon me, Madam, this unconnected letter, it is the product of a grief that conquers me perhaps too much, I may own it, but cannot at present help it; but under it all I must remember to subscribe myself, Madam, your most obliged Kinsman

And Servant
ANT: DUNCOMB.[1]

When this letter was delivered, Sir Francis was apparently already on his way to London, but Lady Drake did not move for another three months; then she travelled more rapidly than was her wont, taking seven days upon the journey instead of ten. Her sister, Mary Buller, had like herself been deprived of the melancholy satisfaction of bidding a last farewell to their good and tender mother. Anne and Jane Pollexfen, no doubt, did their best, but, distracted with grief and absorbed in the duties of nursing, they had no leisure to devote to their brother, nor could they prevent him

[1] Anthony Duncomb erected a white marble monument to the memory of his sister. It is on the south side of the chancel in Shalford Church. Beneath the Latin inscription are the following lines:

'Virtue like burnished gold contracts no rust
But keeps its beauty buried in the dust
Thus cover'd o'er with ashes lives the spark
And thus the taper burns bright in the dark.'

from wandering unattended about the streets, liable to epileptic seizures at any moment, and 'subjecting himself to all danger and as much contempt as the son of so eminently deserving a father could possibly fall into.'

John Pollexfen was in London all this time, but as long as Lady Pollexfen lived he took no trouble whatever about his nephew and nieces.

When all was over and the uncles and brothers-in-law had consulted together, it was decided that the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields should be let to Sir Thomas Trevor,[1] and then came the question, what home was to be provided for the young people? There seems to have been no difficulty in arranging for the girls. They went, we think, to their Duncomb relations, and, having good fortunes, were no burden to anyone.

Within a few months of her mother's death, Anne Pollexfen was married at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, to her cousin, George Duncomb. They were a very youthful couple —she twenty-two, he only twenty—but probably the wedding was hastened in order to give her a home of her own where she might receive her sister Jane. Meanwhile, the latter may have resided temporarily with the family of her uncle, Sir William Duncomb, in Bloomsbury Square. She did not go to the Drakes or to the Bullers, nor to her uncle, John Pollexfen, who, true to his usual practice of giving everybody admirable advice but little help, hurried out of town when he found that he might be expected to take upon his shoulders some of the family burdens.

It is, however, characteristically recorded of him that, before he went, he took part with Sir Francis Drake and John Buller in bargaining with a German doctor, who asserted that he could cure Henry Pollexfen's epilepsy. The ultimate agreement made was that Sir Francis and Mr. Buller, as

[1] A judge, brother of Sir J. Trevor, Master of the Rolls.

guardians, bound themselves to pay £100 a year to this German, provided his treatment was successful. Needless to say, he signally failed, and no more was heard of him.

Winter and spring passed away, Parliament was prorogued, and Sir Francis wished to go home; but still the question remained, what was to become of the unfortunate youth whose condition rendered him so undesirable an inmate for any family that none of his relations were willing to receive him? As something immediate had to be settled, Sir Francis and Lady Drake proposed that he should return with them to Buckland—an offer which poor Henry most thankfully accepted. He stayed about a month at the Abbey and then went to his sister at Keverall, but at the end of ten weeks he was sent back to Sir Francis. Even though as much as £200 per annum (equal to £600 now) was offered for his maintenance, it did not tempt the Bullers; the tie and responsibility of his presence were felt to be too great.

Soon after this, John Pollexfen invited Henry to Wembury, but the visit had only lasted a few days when it was brought to a close by reason of his fits, which his uncle thought 'might turn to his lady's or children's prejudice.'

The conclusion of the whole matter was that, pained at finding himself everywhere unwelcome, and weary of being tossed from pillar to post, Henry earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain at Buckland, to which, out of pity to him and in tenderness to Lady Drake, Sir Francis reluctantly consented.

A resident tutor, Monsieur Boni de Cantanilhes, was engaged for Henry, and it was arranged that he should have his own servants, carriage and horses. Everything that could be devised to lighten his affliction was done. But all this entailed sacrifices on other members of the family, and on none more than Gertrude and Frances Drake. It was natural, of course, that Elizabeth should wish to befriend her brother,

yet certainly it was hard on her step-daughters, then twenty-six and twenty-one years of age, to have perpetually thrust upon them the company of an epileptic youth, who was no relation of their own. Nevertheless, they were very good to him, and, thanks to their kindness, the years Henry spent at the Abbey were the happiest he had known since his childhood.

Sir Francis experienced the inconveniences connected with his guardianship in other ways. The addition to his fireside of a semi-invalid, who could not be comfortably taken to London, nor with propriety left behind when he and his wife were away, largely increased the difficulties he had alluded to when writing to Sir George Treby, and still further confirmed him in his determination to retire from Parliament at the next dissolution. This event was now not much longer delayed.

In October 1695 King William returned from the Netherlands after a really brilliant campaign, in which he had retaken Namur, wrested from the allies three years before, and since then made by Vauban into one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. This heavy blow to the power of the French monarch was expected to bring the longed-for end of hostilities within a more measurable distance ; consequently, William was received with ovations, rejoicings, and such lively demonstrations of satisfaction, that he quickly resolved to turn the opportunity to good account.

Seeing that, in accordance with the terms of the Triennial Bill, he would be compelled to dissolve Parliament in the following year, he decided to do so immediately, hoping by this means to secure the return of a House of Commons which would co-operate with him in the prosecution of the war for three years more, if need be.

The elections were, on the whole, favourable to the Government. At Tavistock, as Sir Francis did not present himself

for re-election, both Lord Robert and Lord James Russell were returned, but on the petition of Mr. Ambrose Manaton,[1] the local Tory candidate, Lord James, was unseated. Such a real vexation must have very much damped Sir Francis's satisfaction in his own personal freedom, and when, on November 22, the new Parliament met for business, he was probably not quite so well pleased to be out of it as he had anticipated.

As will be seen in the sequel, however, his abstention was not for long, and in the meantime local and county business kept him usefully employed; indeed, it is probable that during the session he spent in the country he did as much good work for the Government as he could have done had he been at Westminster.

The first and most important measure recommended by the King to the consideration of Parliament was the necessity for a reform of the state of the currency. Owing to a variety of causes, needless to mention here, but of which a most interesting account is to be found in Macaulay's 'History,' there was scarcely any undefaced or unclipped coin left in the country.

The distress and dislocation of trade caused by this deplorable state of affairs had, in 1695–6, brought matters to an acute crisis. After much anxious debate, a Bill was brought in in the Commons and passed by both Houses, providing for the recoinage of all the specie in the kingdom, and fixing May 4, 1696, as the date after which no clipped money was to pass, except in payments to the Government. The loss consequent on this operation was to fall upon the public, not on individuals. But as economic and financial questions were then, even more than they are now, beyond the comprehension of the masses, it was difficult to make the

[1] Of Kilworthy, near Tavistock, an ancient seat of the Glanvilles. The manor passed to Mr. Manaton by marriage with the heiress of Glanville.

small tradesmen and daily labourers understand that they were simply about to receive good money in exchange for bad. They imagined that they were to be defrauded. Consequently, some disturbances took place in a few of the large towns, and the ministers feared that, fostered by the enemies of the Government, these disorders might spread.

Any national misfortunes and mishaps which imperilled the popularity of the King, any commotions under cover of which an insurrection could have been started, were welcome to the Jacobites, and most especially so at this moment. Their plots in the two previous years had been discovered and frustrated, but now they had a much larger one, or rather two simultaneously, on hand—one for the assassination of King William as he returned from hunting at Richmond, the other for the invasion of England by a French army, which, as soon as William was disposed of, was to bring back James II and replace him on the throne.

The French transports were riding at anchor, ten thousand men were waiting to embark, James had come from St. Germains to Calais, and all that they delayed for was a signal fire on the Kentish cliffs.

The secret had been so well kept that nothing alarming transpired until the day before the murder was to have been committed—then one man's conscience misgave him. At first, William would not believe in the reality of the plot; nevertheless, although nothing was made public, he allowed his hunting party to be put off for a week, and an unsuspicious-looking pretext was found for a further short postponement. By that time he knew enough and was ready with defensive measures. The conspirators were arrested, and on February 24 the King told his Parliament of the great danger the nation had been, and was still, in, and how narrowly he had escaped assassination.

A cry of horror went up from the whole kingdom. Habeas

corpus was suspended, the fleet was put in commission, and the militia in the maritime counties was called out. Execrations were heaped upon the Jacobites, but William was lifted on a tide of enthusiasm to a higher degree of popularity than he had hitherto enjoyed.

In the House of Commons, Sir Rowland Gwynne [1] proposed that the members should enter into an association for the defence of the sovereign and the nation. The instrument was forthwith drawn up, and with loyal ardour signed by all except a few Tories, who, although they had taken the oath of allegiance to William and served him as King *de facto*, could not get over their objection to the words 'rightful and lawful.'

The text of the Association, which was accepted all over the kingdom, was as follows:

Whereas there has been a horrid and detestable conspiracy formed and carried on by Papists and other wicked and traitorous persons for Assassinating his Majesty's Royal Person, in order to encourage an invasion from France to subvert our Religion, Laws and Liberty: We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do heartily, sincerely and solemnly profess, testify and declare, that his present Majesty, King William, is rightful and lawful King of these Realms; And we do mutually promise and engage to stand by and assist each other to the utmost of our power in the support and defence of his Majesty's most sacred Person and Government against the late King James and all his Adherents. And in case his Majesty come to any violent or untimely death (which God forbid) we do hereby further freely and unanimously oblige ourselves to unite, associate, and stand by each other in revenging the same upon his Enemies and their Adherents, and in supporting and defending the Succession of the Crown

[1] Sir Rowland Gwynne represented Beeralston in two Parliaments; in 1701 he was again elected for this borough as well as for Brecon county, and chose to sit for the latter, which he did until the death of King William. He was chairman of the committee of elections in several Parliaments. He enthusiastically supported the claims of the House of Hanover, and died while on a visit to that court in 1708.

according to an Act made in the first year of the Reign of King William and Queen Mary, entitled an Act for declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and settling the Succession of the Crown.

Seeing that thousands and tens of thousands of names in every part of the country were voluntarily appended to this declaration, and seeing that it formed an admirably effective test whereby the Government could distinguish between staunch supporters and timorous friends who could not quite shake off a superstitious belief in the divine right of kings, however bad, the judges then going on the spring circuit were instructed to offer the Association for signature in each county: first to the high sheriff, then to the under-sheriff, the juries and the magistrates.

How this was done at Exeter, and the state of things generally in the county of Devon, is told in a letter from Baron Powys to Sir George Treby, Lord Chief Justice.

1696, April 5. Exeter. We have been so full of business this circuit that I have hardly had time to eat or sleep. But this your county of Devon does vastly surpass the rest in business and I do not think it possible to go hence before next Friday, though I came here yesterday week.

Great numbers of clippers and coiners are for trial. But I shall be very careful not to charge the King with more rewards than needs must. In all my charges I have asserted the present Government with much boldness, and with, I think, good results, as I gather from their looks and the numbers who signed the Association, and the loyal party in every county have thanked me. I wrote to the Lord Keeper about Cornwall, how untoward I found it, but I brought them to a somewhat better pass before I had done with them. I also find the county of Devon, as you said, not one jot better than it should be.

I have here also promoted the House of Commons Address, and the High Sheriff, most of the Grand Jury and many of the Justices of the Peace have signed it. But Sir George Chidley, Sir Peter Prideaux, Sir John Pool, and some others

are forming a different thing, a kind of an empty Address without an Association. They shewed it to Sir Francis Drake, (who has signed the other) and he unhappily shewed them the great absurdities and defects of theirs, whereupon they have somewhat amended it. I chid him, and he is sorry for it, for the worse the better. Yet it continues but a very indifferent business, and I, having declared that I would not meddle with any but what was the same as the House of Commons', I hear they intend to have it presented by my Lord of Bath.

I got Sir Francis Drake and Colonel Waldron [1] to sit with me for an hour this evening, and I discussed with them fully about this county.

They tell me I have done a great deal of good both in this county and city, and have put spirit into King William's friends, by my zeal and resolution. I have ordered two indictments to be drawn against one Henry Legasick, a known Jacobite, and an attorney of great business, especially among the Jacobites, for threatening those who would not drink King James's health. The Grand Jury found against him, though he had four counsel and some others that spake in his behalf. I persisted and declared that I would commit the greatest man in the County of whom I should have a like suspicion of being concerned in the late plot. This has startled the Jacobites hereabouts and made much noise. But the more noise the better, and I therefore did it the more publicly. I have also had indicted some strangers who have spoken disrespectfully of the King, and I intend when I sit again in the City on Tuesday next, to sentence them both to stand in the pillory in this city and be fined and imprisoned. When I pronounce the sentence I will descant upon the necessity of the words 'Rightful and Lawful' in the Association.

I have some matters of weight to be imparted to his Majesty but not fit for a letter, relating to some things much amiss in the Counties of Devon and Cornwall. I will tell them to you and to the Lord Keeper. I have taken great care in all my charges to point out how careful the King and Parliament have been to establish a good coinage, which has been

[1] The family of Waldron possessed a property called Madford, in the parish of Hemyock, until 1773.

destroyed to such a degree by clippers and coiners, as to be more injurious to us than the French war. That quantities of milled money are recoined every week, and that the worst is passed. None of the money is here yet, but it will be dispersed gradually, and they must have patience and stretch their credits for a short time.

Yet really God grant there be not some mischief with the common people, especially in these remote parts soon after the 4th of May; and pray speak that some courses be speedily taken, if possible, to disperse the new money, for I doubt the old milled money and clipped sixpences, and punched money, will not be sufficient to furnish for common necessaries, and people will not starve, &c., &c.

A letter from Sir Francis Drake to Chief Justice Treby supplements that of the Judge.

1696, April 6. Exeter.

When first I came here I supposed we should have made more of the Association, there seemed to be an almost universal inclination for it. But one night we lost many, having notions put into them that Harrow on the Hill stood in a bottom,[1] for that the word 'Rightful' was to break the Act of Settlement. Moreover, they could not consent to the word 'revenge.' So nice are some of us grown since we hunted the poor fellows that followed the Duke of Monmouth, after the whole of the design was wholly defeated.

This defection is owing to some of our leading churchmen. But we owe a million of thanks to those who recommended our Judge to this station. By his brave resolution he has done much to save our credit. The life of what we have done is mostly owing to him.

There was a most abominable Grand Jury provided. In it many nonjurors, which the Judge having notice of discouraged that panel, and we had a new one.

Sir William Courtenay has subscribed. But really the zeal and arguments of the Judge have had the greatest effect, and I guess the disaffected party will rule their tongues a little better for the future.

We have among our refusing Deputy-Lieutenants, honest

[1] Illogical notions.

gentlemen. It is absolutely necessary there should be a new Commission. I shall not be sorry if the report that we are to have a new Lord-Lieutenant is confirmed. This is a conjuncture such as cannot he hoped for again and I hope it will be duly improved.

I am almost ashamed to speak of the condition of our militia. The commissions to the Colonels came last week, and they, under the impression of what may happen upon their not signing the Association, are not likely to be very effective in settling their regiments.

We are in but an indifferent condition to withstand any attempt, if one should be made. The Sheriff, too, being such a contemptible old woofe,[1] and the Under Sheriff no better affected than he ought. I hate, my Lord, so much to complain and now to be an accuser, but really we are too much out of order to be altogether silent.

Loyal men ought to be supported, but the majority of the commissions go to those who hesitate to sign the Association.[2]

This was the gist of the whole matter. What the Judge hinted at darkly, Sir Francis wrote plainly—that the Earl of Bath, Lord-Lieutenant for the counties of Devon and Cornwall, was not, and never had been, a friend to King William's Government, and that now was the time to supersede him. The gentlemen he had nominated to be on the Commission of the Peace were, like himself, more Jacobite than Williamite in their sympathies, and the same might be said of the officers he had appointed to commissions in the Devon and Cornwall militia regiments. How serious the consequences might be in the event of a Jacobite rising, those in authority well knew.

These representations, coupled with those of Baron Powys, supported, no doubt, by similar advices from other quarters, had the desired effect. Ten days later the Earl of Bath was 'removed,' and in his stead the Earl of Stamford, a Whig, was gazetted Lord-Lieutenant of Devon and Cornwall.

[1] John Doble, Esq.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Com. Thirteenth Report*, part vi. p. 39.

On April 7 both Houses of Parliament passed a Bill making it compulsory on all persons who held any office, civil or military, to sign the Association. Thus was the chaff winnowed from the wheat. For Devonshire, a fresh Commission of the Peace was issued, from which a good many gentlemen who had formerly been magistrates now, through their own fault, found themselves excluded. Such a tightening of the reins of authority was not, however, effected without grumblings and some disturbance of the harmony usual at quarter sessions. Writing to Sir George Treby on July 22, Sir John Elwell says:

A great deal of sourness was shown by some of our neighbours the last sessions week, on the occasion of leaving out of the lieutenancy some of their friends. Sir Peter Prideaux, Sir John Pole, Sir William Drake[1] and Sir Henry Acland were the murmurers, and concluded with a motion to Sir Francis Drake, Sir William Davie, myself, and others, to join in a letter to our Lord-Lieutenant setting forth the work of the gentlemen left out, and desiring his Lordship to put them into the Commission. The managers were Sir William Drake and Sir Henry Acland, the rest supplied fuel to maintain the flame. . . .

A heated discussion ensued; finally, 'Sir Francis Drake, to whom the motions were directed, . . . told Sir John Pole that he never would write in favour of such as dissuaded him and Sir Peter Prideaux from signing the Association at

[1] Sir William Drake of Shardeloes (Bucks) died unmarried in 1669. He bequeathed his property, with certain limitations, to his nephew, the above-mentioned Sir William, only son of Francis Drake of Amersham (formerly of Esher). See vol. i. p. 118. In case of the extinction of his brother's descendants, he appointed Sir Francis Drake of Buckland to be the ultimate heir of his estate, and also to be one of his executors. When the will was proved, a very friendly, courteous correspondence took place between Sir William Drake (the heir) and Sir Francis. Unfortunately, somewhat later, the executors were compelled to differ from Sir William and take the opinion of the Court of Chancery on legal matters connected with the will. This, as well as their opposition in politics, caused a coldness to arise between the two baronets.

the Assizes. Whereupon Sir John Pole said, I see we cannot agree, let us have a couple of bottles to reconcile all. Which diverted the discourse and opened a way for us to separate. Afterwards there were some hot words between Sir Francis Drake on the Bench at the Castle and Sir William Drake. In the end each held their own ground. Some men will go *driven* who cannot be *led*. The Lord-Lieutenant has a handle to manage all the Tantivy men, by empowering some, and neglecting others who have most scandalously refused to give a necessary security to the Government in the day of distress. They may fret and foam,' concludes Sir John Elwell, 'until they see the little good they do thereby, in a short time they will compound and be as flexible as any.' [1] Which prophecy was well inspired, for, before the Michaelmas Sessions came round, the gentlemen who had been left out in the cold overcame their scruples about the words 'rightful and lawful,' declared themselves willing to sign the obnoxious document, and asked to be reinstated on the Bench. As King William's government was never vindictive, their desires were, no doubt, in due season gratified.

We have dwelt at some length on the history of the Association of 1696 because, through the clever management of the Whigs, it became a potent weapon for the defence of the Act of Settlement, as well as for the person of William III, against the Jacobites; and although, unlike the first Association (1688), it was not 'made in Devonshire,' yet its author, Sir Rowland Gwynne, was member for the small close borough of Beeralston in this county, and, curiously enough, was indebted to Sir Francis Drake for his seat in this and two successive Parliaments.

Beeralston, a borough by prescription, was in the seventeenth century a very poor little place, remarkable only for its privilege of sending two members to Parliament. The

[1] *Hist. MSS. Com. Thirteenth Report*, Appendix, part vi. p. 40.

village consisted of a few cob cottages, a market-house, and a poor-house, which had formerly been a chapel dedicated to the Holy Trinity; this was quite an unimposing building, probably little superior to the surrounding cottages, and not originally erected because a chapel was required there, but for the reason that, in ancient days, no place could be made a borough unless it possessed a church or chapel where divine service was celebrated.

Towards the end of the street, well out in the open and encircled by stone steps, stood a tree which may very likely have been planted on the site of an ancient village cross. Here the members chosen for Parliament were publicly declared to be elected. The returning officer was the port-reeve; the electors were the residents within the borough who paid scot and lot and a yearly acknowledgment to the lord of the manor.

In James II's time, more than two-thirds [1] of the parliamentary interest in Beeralston was divided between Sir John Maynard and Sir Francis Drake, whose political views were the same; but Sir John was the predominant partner. The balance would probably have continued undisturbed, had not Joseph Maynard died in his father's lifetime, leaving two young daughters. This circumstance and a relationship between them may have made Sir John the more willing to grant to Sir Francis long leases of some mills and other property in Beeralston, which leaseholds, in addition to his own freeholds and further leases granted him by Lord Stamford (husband of Joseph Maynard's eldest daughter), gave Sir Francis the largely preponderating influence in the borough which he possessed until his death, and which remained with the Drake family for many years after that.

[1] The freehold of the remaining third was in the possession of the rector for the time being (appointed by Sir John Maynard or his successors), a Mr. Jope (a Whig), and a few owners of very small tenements.

The command of a close borough was a very useful and desirable possession, but it was not to be enjoyed altogether free of pains or cost. *Noblesse oblige.* To keep up the prestige of the 'lords,' trouble had to be taken to make things comfortable for the burgage holders, and money must sometimes be judiciously laid out in their interests, as well as in the purchase, when possible, of small freeholds which had in previous years been alienated.[1]

Lord Stamford, who had no direct heirs of his own, was disinclined and perhaps really unable to assist in either direction, whereas Sir Francis was disposed to exert himself and spend all that might be necessary to maintain the influence of the 'lord,' if, at the same time, he could consolidate his own interest in the borough as occasion offered.

Old letters [2] which treat of Beeralston affairs show that in a friendly spirit a compact of some kind was made between them, but what it was exactly does not appear. There seems, at any rate, to have been a distinct understanding that, while the arrangement lasted, Lord Stamford was not to alter the 'balance' either by the creation of fresh burgage tenures or by splitting existing ones, neither, we suppose, was Sir Francis to make faggot votes by subdividing his own freeholds. It is further abundantly evident that whatever money was laid out for political reasons upon the borough —and it amounted to a good deal in the long run—was, and was expected to be, Sir Francis's money, not Lord Stamford's. The latter, indeed, until his appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of Devon, for which he was indebted to his Whig principles and his wife's property, took little interest in the affairs of a county where, having no home, he rarely came and never resided.

[1] The number of voters at this time appears not to have exceeded eighteen persons.

[2] Correspondence of Sir Francis Drake with Sir Peter King.

In 1696 the settlement of the militia, badly tainted with Jacobitism owing to Lord Bath's remissness, was the most immediately urgent business requiring the attention of the new Lord-Lieutenant, and for his success in this matter he was largely indebted to the knowledge and experience of Sir Francis Drake, who, by going purposely to London, 'did it,' he says, 'at the expense of a great sum of money besides paines, but with that reputation to him [Lord Stamford] as got him his places.' [1]

That Sir Francis may have slightly over-estimated the value of his services to the latter is possible, but it is evident that his claim to ask favours from the Government was recognised, partly, it may be, owing to his friendship with the Lord Chief Justice, but chiefly because his influence at Beeralston, which now afforded uncontested seats to Mr. James Montague—brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and to Sir Rowland Gwynne, could at a pinch be so very useful to his party.

It must have been Sir Francis's known position in this respect, as well as his hereditary interest in the town of Plymouth, which at this time led the corporation—Tory almost to a man—to turn to him, a Whig, for assistance in a matter they had greatly at heart, viz. the restoration of their old charter. Other towns which had been compelled to surrender theirs had long since recovered their rights, but although Plymouth had petitioned and had spent money in the endeavour, the Government hitherto had refused to entertain the application.[2]

[1] Lord Stamford was a prisoner in the Tower in the reign of Charles II, and continued in disgrace from the Court all the reign of King James. He was very active for the Revolution, and was made by King William Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

[2] On the ground that the surrender of 36 Charles II had been duly enrolled, and a new charter granted by that King, the borough of Plymouth was expressly excepted out of James II's Proclamation for the Restoration of Charters.

Sir Francis's letters show that he took pleasure in helping corporations to regain their ancient liberties of election. In the case of Plymouth, he applied himself to the business with so much tact and zeal that, although the old charter was not restored, he obtained for the town a new one, dated December 8, 1696, which reaffirmed and confirmed all rights and privileges formerly appertaining to the borough.

Great was the jubilation at Plymouth when Sir Francis brought in the new charter, attended by two hundred horse and trained bands. The municipal accounts tell of the bonfires, bell-ringing and feasting with which the occasion was celebrated.

As an acknowledgment of the town's obligations to Sir Francis, he was nominated first Recorder for life. The office was not then, and is not now, one of emolument, but it conferred upon its holder a certain amount of influence which, when elections were in progress, might be useful to his party, hence by some Sir Francis was called the Regulator.

Edmund Pollexfen of Kitley was appointed town clerk for life, and a goodly number of county gentlemen, tradesmen and others were made free of the borough. Amongst many familiar names on the roster we find those of Sir George Treby (Lord Chief Justice), Sir William Davie of Creedy and Cannonteign, Sir Walter Young of Collaton, Sir John Elwell of Polsloe, Martin Ryder of the Inner Temple,[1] Josias Calmady of Leawood and Langdon, John Arscott of Tetcott, William Harris of Hayne—all sturdy Whigs, and close friends or connexions of Sir Francis.

This new leaven would, it was hoped, quickly reanimate the deeply depressed, almost extinct Whigism of the borough electors, but neither at first nor for a great while were its supporters in sufficient strength to fulfil even half of Sir Francis's expectations. Plymouth's politics were, indeed,

[1] Martin Ryder, Esq., buried in 1723 at Churchstow, near Kingsbridge.

ever more or less of a disappointment and a puzzle to him. The town had received an inestimable benefit from a Whig government; why, then, should it be so ungrateful as to send any Tory member to Parliament ?

Sir Francis could turn with more thorough approval and satisfaction to the borough of Tavistock—uniformly faithful to the Russells and well affected towards himself, always ready to re-elect him as long as he cared for a seat in the House of Commons. Although so lately bent upon retirement, his zest for parliamentary life was not so extinct as he had supposed. In the autumn of 1696, his own inclination, or the persuasions of his friends, induced him to stand again at the by-election consequent on the death of Mr. Ambrose Manaton, and, being returned, he took part in the session which lasted from October 20 to April 1697.

Whilst Sir Francis was engaged in his duties at Westminster, Lady Drake at Buckland added to her family—and to her memoranda.

1696. Thursday 9 o'clock in the morning, November 26, then was born George my 5th son. It has pleased God to bless me with a brave stock of sons. I earnestly pray Him to give me Grace and ability to train them in His Law and Commandments.

Henry Pollexfen was godfather to this baby, who, for the time being, completed the family circle. After a long interval, two more little boys made their appearance, but George was the last one accounted important enough to be honoured with an especial paragraph in his mother's handwriting.

The future prospects of his numerous children were, it appears, already becoming a source of anxiety to Sir Francis. A little later, we find him writing to his ' Worthy Friend ' and trustee, Mr. Josias Calmady, about devising a means of getting more interest ' for so much of the portion of his dear

little wife as had up to that time been received by him.' Sir Francis was 'satisfied of the necessity of it, and he and his dear wife were willing to give up a year's interest if a good arrangement could be made, so that the money should be put to the best improvement, in order to the portioning of their little ones.'

A most desirable investment for the purpose was, luckily, soon found in the purchase of the old manor house at Meavy, with the lands belonging thereto. It was then called the High House, and had in Queen Elizabeth's reign been the property of Sir Francis Drake's especial friend and trustee, Sir William Strode of Newnham. From him it had passed to his grandson, William Strode, 'the Parliament driver,' brother of Joan, Lady Drake; so that, independently of its actual attractions as an occasional residence, the acquisition was one of great interest to the family.

During the earlier years of Lady Drake's married life, under the first note she had made on her wedding-day, that she 'really loved, honoured and esteemed her husband with all sincerity,' she had jotted down, as each anniversary recurred, a few words testifying to the continuance of her satisfaction in the choice she had made.[1]

1691. I am yet of the same mind.
1692. And I am yet of the same mind.
1693. Thanks be to God I am still the same.
1694. The same blessing is increased to me by his extraordinary love and affection.

But after her mother's death, Elizabeth made no more such entries. For whom now should she write? Friends would not care about her concerns, and those of her own household could see for themselves that her cup of happiness was full. It was not of a rare order, nor in measure capacious, but for her it sufficed. A kind husband, a comfortable home, children

[1] *Family of Sir Francis Drake* (by Rev. Thomas Hervey), p. 60.

at her desire ; these were the gifts she asked of fortune, and, possessing them, she was satisfied.

With a wife who was so easily contented, Sir Francis could not reasonably have been less so ; moreover, a wider, more stimulating life was always within his reach. But it was otherwise with Gertrude and Frances Drake, whose interests, as a matter of course, were brushed on one side. If, at the time of their father's marriage, they had indulged in visions of winters in town, pleasant society or gaieties, these alluring dreams had long since been dispelled by shocks of repeated disappointments.

A town house during the London season, which began then in October and ended with April, was by no means an unusual or extravagant luxury for the families of men in Parliament. ' Well furnished residences with three rooms to a floor,' in such convenient and fashionable localities as Lincoln's Inn Fields, Long Acre, Covent Garden, or Drury Lane were to be rented at ' about £4 a week, linen and pewter being supplied.'[1] The price was certainly not prohibitive ; year by year, however, as the parliamentary season came round, Elizabeth's delicate condition made her either unwilling or unable to leave home.

If she gave up pleasures, she had what she valued more, but for her step-daughters there were no adequate compensations. During the dreary winter months at Buckland, they must often have longed for additional and more interesting companionship than that of their Drake and Crymes cousins who resided in the neighbourhood, and although, after the birth of the baby George, Gertrude and Frances may have been refreshed by occasional change of scene and amusement, by that time their youth was gone, wasted away as irretrievably as the ' snows of yester year.'

[1] Letters of Philip Edgcumbe, Esq., to his brother, Sir Richard Edgcumbe, in the collection of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

CHAPTER V

When Parliament opened in November 1698, London was *en fête*. The streets and squares were gay with processions and illuminations, and, as Sir Francis had then a town house 'in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Holborne End,'[1] we may conclude that his wife and daughters were in London with him and had some part in the festivities. Everyone rejoiced at the declaration of the Peace of Ryswick. This treaty, which put an end to the long war with France, was hailed by all classes of people with a profound sense of relief. During nine years the nation had patiently borne an immense burden of taxation in order to check the encroachments of France and prevent her from making Great Britain and other Protestant countries her mere vassals and dependencies. These objects had now been attained. Louis engaged to restore Luxembourg and the Netherlands to Spain. He had to treat with William III as King of England and to promise that he would neither aid nor countenance further Jacobite plots and schemes.

Yet in a few months the very greatness of William's success cost him the little popularity he enjoyed. He wished to establish peace by continuing to be prepared for war, but the nation, not really understanding the King's consummate statesmanship or the intricacies of foreign politics, and forgetful of all it owed to the 'Deliverer,' was possessed with

[1] *Pipe Roll*, 9th year of W. 3. Sir Francis Drake's Discharge from ye Exchequer.

the superstitious fear that a standing army in this country would be fatal to public liberty, and Parliament, to William's deep mortification, insisted that the fine body of troops he had collected must be disbanded. What number might be retained on a peace establishment was in part an open question when, on July 5, 1698, the dissolution required by the Triennial Act sent the members to their homes.

The six months' interval of repose which elapsed before a new Parliament met was not so much a period of rest as of activity for certain members who desired to be re-elected, but who were out of favour with their constituents.

Sir Francis Drake, being himself happily circumstanced in this respect, was able, through his influence at Beeralston, to assist his friends and party by finding a seat for Mr. William Cowper (afterwards Earl Cowper and Lord Chancellor), a barrister already very eminent in his profession and reputed to be one of the best speakers in the House on the Whig side.

Mr. Cowper had, for the last three years, been one of the members for Hertford, where his candidature had been warmly supported by a rich Quaker, named Stout. This man had a daughter Sarah, a young woman of a romantic and melancholy disposition. As ill-luck would have it, she fell desperately in love with Spencer Cowper, who, being a barrister going the same circuit with his elder brother William, stayed occasionally during the assizes at the house of the Stouts. Spencer Cowper was a married man, and neither could, nor would, reciprocate Sarah Stout's affection, which so distracted her mind that one evening, after a conversation with him, she went out and drowned herself. Her infatuation for Spencer was not altogether a secret. Some persons babbled about the matter, with the result that he was arrested and put upon his trial for murder. He was honourably acquitted, but, in the meantime, the feeling of the townspeople of Hertford had been so strongly excited against him and

his family, that William Cowper, seeing he had no chance of re-election for that borough, was glad to take advantage of a proffered seat for Beeralston. He continued to represent this place until he accepted the Great Seal in 1705, when, with Sir Francis's help, his brother, Spencer Cowper, was chosen as member for Beeralston in his stead.

The newly elected Parliament—the last in which Sir Francis sat—met at Westminster on December 6, 1698. It was the least loyal, the most factious and ungovernable of any in this reign. The Whigs again had a majority—such as it was—but many of the new members refused to be guided by the leaders of the party and were by no means a credit to it. A vote for the reduction of the army to seven thousand men was carried against the ministry, and even that number was grudgingly sanctioned. The King asked to be permitted to retain his Dutch Guards, old soldiers who had been with him in every engagement, but he was denied, and, in consequence, a feeling of bitterness arose between him and his people.

There were faults on both sides. William was wanting in tact and geniality, but the nation in as great a degree lacked both good judgment and gratitude.

During this session some surprising changes in individual politics took place. John Pollexfen, who had all his life been a thoroughgoing Whig, now suddenly became as ardent a Tory, the reason for his backsliding being that, in common with the other directors of the old East India Company, he felt aggrieved at the action of the Government in granting a charter with equal commercial rights to a new company. This had been done for the purpose of raising money to pay off the expenses of the war, but what, no doubt, added a particular and private sting to his indignation was that Sir William Norris, who had married Nicholas Pollexfen's widow, was sent on this business as Ambassador to the Great Mogul.[1]

[1] Luttrell's *Diary*, January 6, 1698–9.

Vexations and disappointments connected with public affairs were not the only ones John Pollexfen experienced during this winter. In the beginning of 1699, remembering that Henry Pollexfen had entered upon the last year of his minority and that, if certain schemes of his own were to be carried out, he must put himself right with his nephew, he resolved to open the way by writing him a letter, inquiring kindly after his health. Henry replied in a few perfunctory phrases, politely but quite plainly showing what he thought of his uncle's new-born affection. Stung by the young man's indifference, John Pollexfen wrote again, blaming everyone but himself for his estrangement from his relations, and attributing Sir Francis's very different attitude to entirely sordid motives.

The extreme care with which all the papers relating to Sir Francis's trusteeship have been preserved shows that he was fully alive to the fact that his conduct would bear two interpretations, and that he looked to its results to justify him in years to come as well as in the near future. As things turned out, the consequences of his action were altogether favourable to the parties most concerned, much for the good of Henry Pollexfen and of undoubted benefit to the Drake family in that and the following generations, and yet it is difficult even now to say how far Sir Francis was, under the circumstances, absolutely in the right. His error, if he committed one, and this is by no means clear, originated in the excessive kindness which prompted him to allow his unfortunate young brother-in-law to reside with the family at Buckland Abbey. All the events of which John Pollexfen complained shaped themselves from that.

When Henry first came under the care of Sir Francis Drake he was just nineteen years of age and in such a deplorable condition of health that the physicians most in repute had given up his case as hopeless. Yet, before very long, the

cheerful companionship, the regular life of his sister's family, and the fine Dartmoor air began to have a salutary effect upon him. His strength gradually improved, and to the astonishment of his friends the epileptic fits became less frequent. One day, between his twentieth and twenty-first birthdays, he awoke to the fact that he was over head and ears in love with Gertrude Drake—six years his senior!

This was not quite such an extraordinary passion as might be supposed. Henry's affliction prevented him from mixing freely with the young people of other families, and it was but natural that Gertrude, pitying his loneliness, should try to be companionable to him. Thus, while she took a friendly interest in the invalid, he, being much dependent on her kindness, became, by degrees, devoted to her.

Nevertheless, it is strange that she should have been willing to accept an epileptic youth as a husband, and amazing that Sir Francis and Lady Drake should have encouraged and sanctioned the arrangement.

Perhaps the explanation of their conduct is to be found in Elizabeth's ungrudging affection for her children. Because she was herself well content when leading a quiet country life surrounded by her little ones, it had not occurred to her as necessary to take her step-daughters into society, or that she should give them a tithe of the amusement and variety she had enjoyed in her own youth, and so, as the years wore on, and no desirable suitors appeared, she concluded that Gertrude might do worse than marry Henry, who was, at any rate, of an affectionate, grateful disposition, and could be relied upon to provide handsomely for his wife.

When the case was submitted to Sir Francis, one would suppose that he must have had many doubts about the propriety of such a marriage, but nothing of the kind appears. He seems to have thought that Gertrude was old enough to judge for herself, and that, if she liked Henry and was willing

to take him notwithstanding his affliction, he was very fortunate to have the prospect of being cared for by so capable a wife. That, as the young man was his ward and rich, other persons might take a different view of the affair, did not at first strike Sir Francis as a matter of much consequence. A licence was applied for without delay, and Henry was 'lifted up' with the prospect of being made happy almost immediately.

Chi va piano va sano. None of the family had reckoned upon John Pollexfen's determined opposition; but he had necessarily to be consulted, and it was not his intention that his nephew should marry at all, if he could prevent it.

There is an old precept which suggests that one who owes a grudge should pocket a stone and then watch carefully, for within seven years he will get a chance of flinging it effectively. This line of conduct seems to have commended itself to John Pollexfen; and now was his opportunity. Although many years had passed, he had never got over the acuteness of his disappointment about the 'ancestral lands,' nor could he forgive his brother's memory for it. It is curious, by the way, to observe with what different motives each of the Pollexfen brothers strove to acquire real property. The Chief Justice regarded it as a means to an end. The ownership of an estate added dignity to a name, gave more comfort and larger interests to life. Yet, where it might not have such an effect, he did not cling to its retention, as is evinced by his directions to his trustees to sell Nutwell for the benefit of his daughters if Henry died a minor. John Pollexfen was not so reasonable. The desire for landed property, much or little, was the ruling passion of his life. The Stancombe lands truly were but a small affair, worth at most some £6,000, but his eagerness to possess them, and the intensity of his vexation as he saw his chances slipping away, soured his character, made him unfair

in his judgments of others, and, to say the least of it, gave a very unamiable turn to his actions.

During the last months of his sister-in-law's life, and after her death, just at a time when helpful kindness to her children would have been most valuable, John Pollexfen kept aloof from Lady Pollexfen's family. Being fully resolved that the burden and anxiety of looking after his epileptic nephew should fall upon other shoulders than his own, he purposely refrained from concerning himself with the arrangements made for Henry's future. Yet, as he was careful to be privately informed of what was going on, one can hardly avoid suspecting him of entertaining a hopeful expectation that so afflicted a life would not be unduly prolonged, and that, although he might not himself inherit Stancombe, his sons might do so some day.

Therefore, when the news came to his ears that Henry was engaged to Gertrude Drake, John Pollexfen's wrath and surprise were great, but he possessed the consolation of knowing that, if he could not actually forbid the marriage, he had the power to make it so unprovided a one for the bride, that no careful father would welcome such a poor prospect for his daughter.

It will be remembered that Chief Justice Pollexfen had willed that if his son married before the age of twenty-three years without the consent of his mother and the trustees, or the greater number of them, no settlements were to be made. So John Pollexfen withheld his consent, not in a straightforward way, which would have been highly proper under the circumstances, but craftily, pretending that, as Henry's sisters' interests were involved, the matter ought to be referred to the Court of Chancery.

Accordingly, Henry ordered a Bill of Request to be drawn, much to John Pollexfen's vexation, for he seems to have thought that the mere threat of Chancery would have ended

the business. Forced thus to show his hand, he answered, with unabashed hypocrisy, that he had no objection to his nephew's marriage—quite the contrary—but that, being trustee under the Chief Justice's will, he had to consider the interests of his nieces no less than those of his nephew. As their father had willed that, in case Henry died a minor or without issue, the girls were to be his joint heiresses, it was, he averred, impossible, without contravening the wishes of the testator, that any dower could be settled upon Gertrude Drake beyond the income of the fortune she brought with her, and he again refused his consent.

Seeing that John Pollexfen had repudiated the executorship of his brother's will, and had up to this time so far ignored his position as trustee that he had undertaken no more serious duties than those of inventory making and the packing of books and papers, this reply of his was a master stroke of effrontery. Nevertheless it won the day. Sensible that to prolong the controversy with their wily adversary could only lead to an odious publicity, the family at Buckland let the matter drop.

Three years passed by, and nothing more was heard about the proposed marriage; all idea of it seemed to have been abandoned. No intercourse took place between uncle and nephew, nor was Henry invited to visit Wembury, where, after his former rejection, unsolicited he certainly could not have gone. However, as we have said, about Christmastide, in the year 1698, John Pollexfen began to feel a little uneasy; he was curious, too, to know how matters stood, and so, ignoring all the years of his neglect and the possibility that his advances might not be favourably received, he wrote Henry a letter, probably one of congratulation on his twenty-second birthday, which had just taken place. The epistle has not been preserved, but Henry kept a copy of his own reply.

To John Pollexfen Esq.

Sir,—I write this to acknowledge the receipt of yors, and to acquaint you that by the mercy of God and greate care of my Brave and true friends, Sir Francis Drake and my sister, I am greatly recovered. To own that I take delight, and cannot but doe it dayly, soe I doe yor kindness and those of other friends that were fore in showing yorselves such in the nedfull time to

Sir,
Your nephew
Henry Pollexfen.

My sister Drake and all here present you and my other relations with you their services.

With sarcastic thanks for favours notoriously withheld, Henry dismissed his uncle. The latter, too full of his own importance to understand how little regard his nephew and nieces entertained for him, was apparently somewhat astonished at this rebuff; but, as his plans required that he should be on amicable terms with Henry before the latter came of age and could resettle the Stancombe estate, he resolved to put a good face on the matter. After the parliamentary holidays, when Sir Francis and Lady Drake had returned to London, John Pollexfen wrote again, taking the lofty tone of an ill-requited benefactor.

To Henry Pollexfen Esq.
at Buckland.

London, 15th Febry, 1698–9.

Sir,—Being yours was intended only to acknowledge the receipt of mine the subject of gratitude which fills up your letter was very proper. It is not a matter of admiration that I am not named among the rest of your good friends who in reference to your estate and person have done most for you; because I suppose you have not been rightly informed of what has passed since your Mother's death.

What I did to hinder your encumbering your person and estate, when such steps had been taken towards it that a

Licence was taken out and a bill in Chancery drawn for that purpose, and how I were prohibited from meddling with you or your affairs will be worth your knowledge, and you shall be acquainted with it and have the best advice I can give you in reference to your future proceedings, if ever you get out of Ward and have leave to make me a visit before it be too late. But by this your letter I conclude that all future correspondence between us is designed to be cut off, which may in time be found prejudicial to you—not to me; therefore I have taken the more care that this letter be delivered to your own hand, that I may discharge my obligations; you may make use of it as you think most agreeable to your interest which, with my good wishes is all from

Yours
JOHN POLLEXFEN.

This letter did not reach Henry for more than a week, and meanwhile Sir Francis returned to Buckland, on what must have been intended to be only a flying visit, as his wife did not accompany him. On the morrow of his arrival he was struck down with pneumonia or bronchitis, and soon became too ill to be troubled with business, so Henry forwarded the missive to Lady Drake, and on the back of his own to her copied the reply he had sent to his uncle.

Henry Pollexfen to Lady Drake.

DEAR MADAM,

I received yor letter and snuff-box by Sir Francis, who came home to us last Wednesday in very good health as we thought, but was the next day taken down with a violent cold which has engaged Dr. Pyne with us ever since. All else are pretty well. The remembrances which you sent were not, I doubt, from persons which love the memory of our father.

I am
Your affectionate Brother
and humble servant
H. P.

Henry Pollexfen to John Pollexfen (copy).

Sir,—I never did think to receive such a letter from you as I had from your servant on Saturday, such another I do not desire to have from any person whatsoever.

If Sir Francis or my sister Drake's family be a Ward, I shall have reason as long as I live to thank God for coming into it, and I have soe grateful a sense of their kindness that nothing can draw me away from them.

I remember the reasons you were pleased to give me for not Acting, which were before the great Affliction befell me, and I suppose are the same now. As for the licence, I was soe lifted up with the hopes of being made happy, that I cannot but remember the sending for it was from my own desires; for the Decree in Chancery, everybody here was against it but myself.

My dear friend Sir Francis has been very ill of a cold and is soe. Dr Pyne[1] having been with him ever since Friday, for which we are all very sorry.

I am

Yor Affec: Nephew and Servant

Henry Pollexfen.

Several weeks elapsed while John Pollexfen pondered upon the answer he should send—if any. He recognised now that it was too late to win his nephew's affection and of no further use to assume superior airs as to a schoolboy without experience; for Henry was not intimidated. He recollected past circumstances perfectly well—the attack on his father's memory, the family lawsuit, his own desolate condition. John Pollexfen, therefore, concluded that to justify himself as far as possible was the only course open to him, if a reconciliation was ever to be hoped for. There was undoubtedly something to be said on his side, and if he had said it simply and honestly, keeping to the matter in hand and avoiding misrepresentations and contemptible

[1] Dr. Pyne of Derriford, in the parish of Crownhill, afterwards of Dunsford, in the parish of Beerferrers.

insinuations, a better feeling might have grown up. But as it was, his immensely long letter merely envenomed the dispute.

To Henry Pollexfen Esq.
at Buckland.

London ye 28th March, 1699.

Sir,—Being yours of the 27th ult. confirms what I suggested in my former, that all future correspondence between us must be cut off, I have thought good to consider the state of your affairs, management, etc., that I might convey to you the best informations and advice I can, because it may either prevent your acting contrary to your interest (in case you should think anything from me worth the minding) or otherwise all complaint against me hereafter—that I did not do my best to perform my trust.

You say that you remember the reasons I gave for not acting and seem to be of opinion that I have not done anything at all for you, at which I do not admire, seeing you have been for so many years secured from discoursing with me—the only person that could give you a true information.

By your Father's will it appears that he appointed three Executors or Trustees; it is true I excused myself from proving the will, because your Father had left in dispute the old business of the £300, not thinking it advisable to take into my hands any of your money, having a doubt made of my realty and fair dealing in the matter, with many reflections and aspersing me about it both in public and private; for that reason I resolved not to take willingly any money of yours into my hand, yet I did not excuse myself from doing my best for you by taking on me the labouring part, and haply it may appear to you in time that I took more pains and that I did more in reference to your person and estate than has been taken by all the others since, though I judge by yours it has not come to your notice, or you have been persuaded it is not worth your acknowledgment.

But besides the matter of the £300, there were clauses in your Father's will referring to your Mother, your sisters and yourself, which also discouraged me. How your Mother resented what referred to her, especially his not having made provision for a more certain and better support for her,

how a bill was so drawn and preferred in Chancery making a doubt as to the payment of it, what effect the perusal of the bill had upon her, how she died, and what she said at the hour of her death (though such particulars are such melancholy subject that they shall not be enlarged upon) yet you may do well so far to enquire and consider them, as may be necessary to induce you to carry your hand equal and just in what settlements you may make, that such a misfortune may not happen in the family again.

Your Mother being dead, one of the Trustees took you into his custody, and then I was soon forbid to meddle more with your concerns, and your Brother Buller was also excluded on account of the differences that arose between him and your sister.

I often told your father that if he would not look into the matter of the £300, or appoint some other person to do it (that he might make a right judgment of it) and put an end to it in his lifetime, that he would leave a perpetual stumbling block between his family and mine, but then I little thought it would have been so improved, and at last formed into a weapon to cut off all correspondence between you and me during your minority, as it has—by being forced into an answer to a bill that was preferred in Chancery by the now Lady Norris, accompanied by expressions so unaccountable, as if it had been only designed to make a perpetual difference, that all converse might be broken off, and so all converse with you.

How the seeds of dissension were sown, and how promoted and carried on between your brother and sister Buller, I leave others that know more of the matter to give you an account, but I must observe, it ended in depriving you from having any converse with your brother,—as the answer to the bill in Chancery did deprive you of any with me; and the effect was, you and your affairs have from that time been under a single direction, instead of three that your Father appointed; and your dependency on your Mother, whose advice and consent in some cases was also prescribed by the will, was rendered useless by her death.

Soon after that you were thus free from taking any advice with your other Trustees, though at the time in a weak condition, a Licence was taken out at Plymouth, that you might be married in haste, the news whereof (which came to

me by chance) I confess was very surprising. A marriage is a matter of the greatest importance, so all wise and good people usually well consider what they shall do before they engage themselves or encourage their friends to engage in it. This of yours did more necessarily require great consideration because of your circumstances.

The estate your Father left was near all personal, to the moiety of which your wife would have been entitled in case of your death, of which there was great apprehension at that time: but it being found out that a clause in the will might hinder the pretence for the moiety of the personal estate unless two Trustees gave consent to the marriage, then, and not before, was application made to me that I would give my consent to it, which for your and your sister's sakes I refused, referring the matter to the Court of Chancery.

Accordingly, a bill was drawn under pretence to get the Court's consent, and was delivered to me by Sergeant Hatsell. Before I gave any answer to it I took advice with Sir Anthony Keck and some others of your Father's best friends, and by their direction my answer was—that I were not against your marriage with a suitable person, but that your Father having engaged his Trustees to take care in case of your marriage that such settlements should be made as we would do in case you were our own son, that I thought it just and reasonable that only such a proportion of your estate as might answer the fortune your wife brought should be settled on her and that all the rest in case of your death without issue should, by decree of the Court, be secured to your sisters that it might be equally divided among them according to your Father's will. After this answer was drawn up and delivered, endeavours were made that I should alter it and put in some words tending to give my consent, which I persisting in refusing, I heard no more of the bill or answer.

I will not enter into a dispute whether these things were the products of design, necessity or chance, nor examine which had any share in these contrivances, but am clearly of this opinion, that if I had taken the management of your person and estate into my custody (as I might as well have done) and then endeavoured to have married you in the condition you were to some relation or acquaintance of mine, without taking advice of your other friends or any of your Father's friends, or without having respect to age or fortune

or settlements, that neither of your sisters nor any of your relations would have approved thereof, or have commended me for it.

Whether my insisting in my answer that the estate should be secured to your sisters hindered the bill, or what else, I know not.

By your last letter you seem inclinable to take all these transactions upon yourself and say that all that was done at your request; yet, having not observed that since that time any endeavours have been used (by those who had a sufficient power) to change your inclination by any separation of acquaintance, or that any advice has been taken with your friends to prevent a relapse, or what was most convenient to do in the case, I am of opinion though this may be thought as sufficient excuse for others yet it would not be admitted as an excuse for me if you had been under my sole direction—in case any such marriage after such a discovery should at last have taken effect; for in most cases where any man has a power to prevent but does not use it, that omission will be taken as an approbation.

The time being now at hand which will give you a right to take into your own management the estate your Father left you, it is more convenient you should look forward than backward, and therefore the design of this paper is to induce you to exert your thought as to what may be more convenient for you hereafter; for notwithstanding the hard dealings I have met with and the prepossessions that seem to be fixed in you of an ill opinion of everything that may come from me, yet I think myself under an indispensable obligation to do what I can for you, that your engagements on your first entering upon the stage of the world may be agreeable to the rules of justice and prudence.

Your marriage and the making a settlement of your estates after you have laid out your money in land will be the first material affairs that will probably come under your consideration; though you stand deprived from taking any advice from your Mother and two of the three Trustees your father named, yet, being he left many friends that are fit and may probably be found willing to give you their assistance, let it appear strange to you if any endeavours should be made to persuade you to engage in any marriage and so consequently to make any settlement of your estate

without taking any advice at all; for not only your own welfare but also the welfare of your family does so much depend upon what you may do in these matters, that if any false step be taken thereon you will never be able to retrieve it afterwards.

Whether you marry while your estate is most in money or after you have laid it out in land, it will need very great consideration what settlements you make. I do not press you to be thus careful how to dispose of your estate out of any respect to myself or children, for as your father did not think his brothers or sisters or any of their children worthy any of his favour in his will, so there is less reason it should be expected from you; but his settlement of the Paternal Estate from the heir male in case of your death without issue male, and yet with an entail that it should return after the death of ten thousand lives (if your sisters should think good to grant so many) may discover to you that he was under some confusion of thought about it when he made that will, and happily some writings I have in my custody may show you that it was not in his power to do it; and the money I had expended (to which he was no stranger) amounting to near £4,000, to help the family—and some particularly to save that very estate (whereas I never had but £200 from my father) may make it also appear unreasonable.

Whether it has or may be attended with curses or blessings[1] it will be your business to consider, not mine for I do not think myself at all concerned, being well content to verify the saying of Job not only according to the course of nature but as it refers to relations. As naked I came into the world so naked I must go out; but you should take care so to settle that and all your father's estate, that in case of your death without issue or failure of issue, it may descend or come

[1] There is nothing whatever in the Chief Justice's will about 'ten thousand lives,' but if the sisters inherited these 'ancestral lands' they were to have power to grant leases upon lives, which John Pollexfen felt might keep his family out for a long time. We may be sure that if he had any papers in his possession which limited the Chief Justice's power of disposing of the 'paternal estate' he would not have been slow to produce them; but he never did so. John Pollexfen had persuaded himself, and had the cruel ingenuity to try and make Henry believe, that because the little Stancombe property might for a while be diverted from the male line, Divine justice had cursed him with epilepsy and Mary Buller with an unhappy marriage, and yet he attributed his nephew's avoidance of him only to compulsion!

to your four sisters or their issue in equal proportion, as your father seemed to design by his will, with such additional clauses, as may be necessary to secure it, which your father omitted.

As it is not a new thing for one family to grow rich by getting estates from another, whether by clandestine marriage, surprising unreasonable settlements, or by other ways making a pray of young men; so it has been observed when such attempts are crowned with success, those that have the advantage are usually well pleased, and seldom regard the complaints of those that may suffer thereby. Though I will hope you are out of danger of any such attempts upon you, yet, being I am at a great loss with myself to find out for what reasons endeavours should be continued (as I see by your letters there are) to keep you at a distance from me, I have thought these intimations proper.

After you have considered and taken good advice about what so particularly refers to yourself, you will do well to enquire how matters stand referring to your sisters and do your best for them.

By articles made between your father and Sir Francis Drake it was agreed that your sister's portion, or the greatest part thereof, should be laid out in land to be settled upon her for her jointure and upon her issue, but instead thereof I suppose you will find that £250 per annum has been taken from your estate for the interest of that portion, and that no such settlement has yet been made.[1] I refer you to the articles which are with the other writings, which may be worth your perusal and care that the said settlement be not longer delayed.

Upon the marriage of your sister Buller, a settlement was made, drawn by Cousin Pollexfen of Plymouth. I have not been wanting to use my endeavours that all matters might have been long since composed between her and her husband, that they might have lived together as the laws of God and man require, or that she should have resided in some

[1] After this exordium it is rather amusing to find that Lady Lawrence, John Pollexfen's mother-in-law, was compelled to take proceedings in Chancery against him to oblige him to fulfil the stipulations of his own marriage settlements; namely, that land worth £700 a year should be settled upon his wife, in consideration of the large fortune she brought with her. He declared that a lesser sum in money was a far more convenient and suitable settlement for a woman.

place in the County where she might have had the company and education of her children; the like endeavour I think you ought earnestly to pursue, for if this separation continue much longer it will end in misery both to them and their children.

Upon the marriage of your sister Duncomb there were articles made but I think no settlement, which was contrary to the opinion I gave her; but you ought to endeavour that a settlement be made before her portion be paid, that some provision may be made for her and her issue, for her concerns stand very loose at present. The making of marriages in expectation of settlements to be made afterwards are usually attended with great inconveniences, which ought to make you the more careful how you dispose of your sister Jane, that provision may be made for her answerable to her portion.

Soon after your father's death an inventory was taken of all his goods, debts, books and papers, and the books and papers I saw safely locked up in several chests, which I suppose will all be safely delivered to you.

Your sisters' articles and settlements should be preserved by you, for it may not be convenient that they should have them in their own custody.

Having in this done what I thought was incumbent on me to discharge not only the trust reposed in me by your father but my respect to you (though I am sorry to see such divisions which I know will end either in the weakening or destruction of a family that might have settled themselves upon a good foundation) yet, being now entering upon the 64th year of my age, and under many difficulties in the settlement of my own affairs, I shall the more readily comply with the design of your two last letters and your injunction neither to write nor otherwayes concern myself about yours, and though you should be diverted from making any use of this, I shall not think my labour quite lost, for a copy of it, which I shall leave with a friend, may be some justification of my proceedings when I am in my grave; intending, God willing, to make use of my last minute to add to the testimonies I have already given, that I never wronged your father of 1*d*, to the best of my knowledge, and till then you shall always have the hearty prayer and well wishes of him who remains

Your affec: Uncle

JOHN POLLEXFEN.

Henry showed this letter to Sir Francis Drake, and, as far as we know, neither of them at that time made any reply to it, although Sir Francis prepared one which he gave to his brother-in-law later on. Meanwhile, the arrangements for Henry's marriage with Gertrude Drake were continued, quietly, so as to excite no remark. Four strong coach horses were purchased for his chariot, and new harness was provided for them at a cost of £16. Next, seeing that something had to be done to make his house even temporarily habitable, Henry presented his brother-in-law with a formal written request that he would

please to get Nutwell repaired, it being (he says) ye place where I purpose to live, as I suppose my father designed I should, and whatsoever hath been laid out in ye repair thereof I promise to allow upon account and discharge Sir Francis from: Ye horses alsoe, which were bought of Mr. Cocker, was by my desire, and I promise likewise unto Sir Francis Drake to allow what he has laid out for them.

Witness my hand, September 10th, 1699.

HENRY POLLEXFEN.

The end of Henry's minority was now near at hand; December 18 was the date of his twenty-third birthday, when, in conformity with his father's will, he was to become of full age to manage his own concerns. Accordingly, on that day, with some little ceremony, Sir Francis resigned the trusteeship. Amongst other documents which were then made over to Henry was the packet of his uncle John's letters, together with Sir Francis's written reply to the accusations therein contained. On the back of this 'Vindication' is a note to the effect that it was delivered in the presence of four witnesses, viz., Mr. Reynell, Vicar of Tavistock, Mr. Doidge of Elfordsleigh, a popular and highly respectable country squire, Mr. Serle, 'an excellent neighbour,' and Mr. Leere.[1]

[1] Brother, probably, to Sir Peter Leere, of Lindridge, High Sheriff of Devon in 1674.

The purpose of all this formality can only have been to give publicity to Sir Francis's defence of himself, for in the opinion of his young brother-in-law—the person most concerned—he needed no justification. But it is probable that some precautions may have been necessary to prevent mischief arising from the clever mingling of truth with misrepresentation in John Pollexfen's angry aspersions. That he would, according to his custom, set these about with great freedom, as soon as he knew that Henry adhered to his intention of marrying Gertrude Drake, was, it is evident, plainly apprehended.

The full text of Sir Francis's statement need scarcely be quoted here, as most of the facts upon which it is based have been narrated as they occurred. In the survey of his conduct laid before his friends, he takes no notice of John Pollexfen's criticisms upon the manner in which Henry's income had been dealt with, conscious that the proper time for explanations on that subject would be when the accounts of the guardianship were thoroughly gone into. On other scores Sir Francis defends his own procedure warmly, point by point, dwelling with especial indignation upon the insinuation that he had disregarded Lady Pollexfen's wishes. He had, in fact, run a real risk in order to oblige her, and could show that up to the last he was in affectionate correspondence with her. She made, he says, no utterances whatever in the hour of her death, nor was there, in truth, the slightest foundation for John Pollexfen's mysterious hints upon this subject.

Next, Sir Francis turns to the charge of having sown and promoted the seeds of dissension between his brother and sister Buller, 'a base design fit only for the worst sort of base and sordid spirits'; he abominated the thought of it and could truly say that he did his utmost to prevent their separation.

Finally, he reviews the circumstances under which he had very reluctantly consented to Henry's residence at the Abbey ; showing that, in spite of all John Pollexfen's boasts about the great services he had rendered, the only thing he had ever done as guardian for his nephew was to assist in making the bargain with the German doctor. He was not forbidden to meddle in Henry's affairs, nor ever denied access to him. Lady Drake had done her best to interest her uncle in her brother and youngest sister Jane, and on one occasion she had taken them to meet him at Horrabridge when passing through on his way to London ; but the hoped-for invitation to Wembury had not been given.

Unwelcome in his uncle's family, and sent back from Keverall,

What (exclaims Sir Francis) could the goor Gentleman do but seek some other Friend ? Then he makes love ! I say he himself made it. Then again all his circumstances were considered, which being known to all the world, the father of the Gentlewoman has only to answer that, to oblige the Gentleman and his family, he miserably exposed his own daughter, even supposing the worst.

In conclusion, Sir Francis declares that if any further charges were advanced against him, either by his uncle Pollexfen or other persons, 'they would be answered at a fitter opportunity' ; with which declaration his formal justification closes.

All these elaborate precautions taken to prove, in the presence of responsible witnesses, that Henry Pollexfen was never under any constraint, that he had remained under Sir Francis's sole care simply because other members of his family refused to receive him, and that he was now out of wardship, of full age and legally competent to manage his own affairs, were merely the prelude to weightier business. The next step was to have the marriage articles, already

privately agreed upon between him and Gertrude Drake, drawn up and executed. This was done on the following day. The arrangements were good, as the times went, but there was nothing in them extraordinarily favourable to the bride, nothing which the most unfriendly critic could characterise as ' surprising and unreasonable.' Two deeds were drafted, both commendably short. The first of these deals solely with the sum of £1,000, which was the fortune Sir Francis bestowed on his daughter. The second concerns the settlement to be made upon her by her future husband.

I, Henry Pollexfen, son and heir of Sir Henry Pollexfen, late Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, Doe in consideration of a marriage intended by God's permission shortly to be solemnized between me, the said Henry Pollexfen, and Madam Gertrude Drake, daughter of Sir Francis Drake of Buckland, Promise to settle on her, the said Gertrude, one annual rent charge of three hundred pounds per annum, to commence immediately after my death, for and during the term of her natural life and in lieu and satisfaction of all dower and thirds to which she, the said Gertrude Drake, may be entitled unto out of any of the lands and tenements and heraditaments whereof I, the said Henry Pollexfen, am or may happen to be seized during coverture between us. And I doe moreover for and in consideration as aforesaid, promise to make a settlement of my estate as Counsel shall advise upon the heirs male of my body lawfully begotten, reserving a power to make a provision out of the same for daughters and younger sons, if it shall please God to bless me with any.

Henry Pollexfen and Madam Gertrude Drake were married on Thursday December 21st, 1699.

Such is the entry in the register at Samford Spiney, signed by the Reverend Matthew Atwell, officiating minister and curate of the adjoining parish of Walkhampton.

The small moorland church of Samford Spiney, about four miles from Buckland, was assuredly the last place where



SAMFORD SPINEY CHURCH

anyone would have expected the wedding to be. With the exception of the Jacobean Barton erected by the Atwells in 1607, and a few scattered granite-bouldered farms, there were then no habitations worth naming in the district. The church, half hidden by trees, stands a little off the main road. Behind it rises Pewtor, and, behind that, other tors and all the grand, desolate beauty of Dartmoor. A more lonely, sequestered spot could hardly have been found for these long-delayed nuptials. Here, on a winter's morning, none but the appointed witnesses were in the least likely to be present. No babbling busybodies would note the agitation of the bridegroom or the pallor of the bride; they could be married in church, yet as privately as in their own home, and this, no doubt, was what each, for different reasons, desired, Henry on account of his uncertain health, Gertrude because she must have been sadly aware that her choice was a strange and unusual one, with which few of her friends would sympathise.

What the motives were which prompted her to embrace a life which must always be shadowed by a grave responsibility we can never know, but it would be unfair to conclude that self-interest alone governed her. The probabilities are that, disappointed in brighter hopes and finding herself not really wanted at home, she resolved to accept the independence offered to her by Henry's devotion, and to repay that with the helpful kindness none could give so well as a wife.

It may be, too, that she did in all sincerity believe with Montaigne that 'a good marriage, if it be really so, rejects the company and conditions of love and tries to represent those of friendship,' a platonic point of view which, for those who can practise such dispassionate philosophy, has at least this one advantage, that they walk with their eyes open and have not to fear the disaster of disillusionment. Still, look at it as we will, Gertrude made an immense sacrifice, and Sir

Francis must have felt some qualms when he gave his daughter away; for we doubt not it was he who led her to the altar and was the principal witness at the ceremony, although, as usual at that time, none are mentioned in the parish registers.

The wedding over, the young couple drove off in Henry's recently done up chariot with the four strong horses and the new harness purposely provided. They went, probably, straight from the church across the moor to Ashburton, continuing their most beautiful drive early the next day over Haldon and by the valley of the Exe, till they came to Henry's home, where some modest preparations had been made to receive them.

Their visit to Nutwell Court—one of inspection chiefly—could not have been very comfortable, for Sir Henry Pollexfen had only furnished three or four rooms, the house was sadly out of repair, and a farmer lived in part of it; but they must have had an interesting time, busy with plans for the improvements they carried out later.

The honeymoon lasted about a month. On January 28 (1700) the bride and bridegroom were at the Abbey again, where, until Nutwell could be put into better order, they arranged to remain, paying to Sir Francis and Lady Drake £200 a year for their 'dyett,' and Henry, resolving now to be fashionable, ordered himself a sword for £3, two periwigs for £4 10*s*., a cane and perfumes, and he put his 'servant Jack into his first livery' at a cost of £4.

At the beginning of February, Mr. Joseph Haynes, clerk to the late Chief Justice, but now in business as a solicitor, arrived at Buckland, where he spent two months making up the minority accounts. These, however, were not finally settled until the autumn, when Henry and Gertrude paid a fortnight's visit to Nutwell Court, accompanied by her father, her sister Frances, and her eldest brother. On October 10

Mr. Haynes attended, coming from London purposely for the occasion. Then all the accounts between Sir Francis and his ward were thoroughly gone into. The chests containing the Chief Justice's plate and the ' 150 pieces of broad gold,' which after Lady Pollexfen's death had been left in Sir Francis's care, were produced, and Henry gave his father-in-law a formal receipt for them, together with a full acquittance for all disbursements made by him during the minority, whether permitted by the strict letter of the Chief Justice's will or not, expressly enumerating the allowance to Lady Pollexfen, ' the heavy charges incurred by Sir Francis owing to the great affliction which it pleased God for a long time to continue me under,' and £500 spent upon repairs and improvements at Nutwell.

All matters concerning the guardianship being now happily adjusted, the family party returned to the Abbey, where for three more years the Pollexfens continued to reside.

CHAPTER VI

It may, we think, be safely assumed that during the first months of the new century Sir Francis and Lady Drake were in London together; for the session of Parliament then in progress was the last in which he intended to take part. It was not one which could have afforded him much satisfaction, 'very little of decency or order was preserved.' Personal prejudice and political vindictiveness prompted almost every measure and embittered every debate.

We know, from Sir Francis's friendship with Mr. William Cowper, to which group of Whigs he belonged. We know, too, of his high respect for the Lord Keeper Somers, who had been most savagely attacked. Therefore, we cannot doubt that, in common with his friends in the minority, he felt relieved, although it involved his own farewell to Westminster, when on April 11 Parliament was prorogued, and members could quit a scene of almost dangerous antagonism.

In the country also, however, party passions ran extravagantly high. Throughout the autumn of 1700, Whigs and Tories were especially active, because the Parliament then in recess—the fourth of King William III—was, under the provisions of the Triennial Act, to expire in the following December. Sir Francis's own position was not in question, as he had resolved that at the dissolution he would surrender his seat for Tavistock, and, if possible, into the hands of the Russells. The Bedford influence had always been exerted in

his favour. 'He owed much to that family and hoped ever gratefully to remember it.' With one short exception, Sir Francis had served in all the Parliaments of the last twenty-two years, and now, at the age of fifty-four, he had decided to retire. The care of his health, the state of his private affairs, and the provision to be made for his numerous children, all combined to make such a step wise and prudent.

Writs for a general election were issued about the middle of December, when, although not busy for himself, Sir Francis was active for his friends. By his influence Mr. William Cowper and Sir Rowland Gwynne were again returned for Beeralston. The latter, however, had the good fortune to be also elected for Brecon county, and chose to sit for that, by which means a seat for the borough of Beeralston was disponable. This enabled Sir Francis to oblige his friends and party by securing the return of Mr. Peter King, a rising barrister on the Western Circuit, strongly recommended to him by the Whig leaders as one on whom a safe seat, to be had without the expense of a contest, would be usefully bestowed.

The young man's early history was interesting. His father, a drysalter of Exeter, had married a sister of Mr. William Locke, the philosopher. Old Mr. King, finding that his son's abilities were above the average, and yet that he could not be induced to take pleasure in drysalting, yielded the direction of his education to his uncle Locke, by whom he was sent abroad to study at the University of Leyden. After his return to England, in due course Peter King was called to the Bar, and, thanks to the patronage of West-country gentlemen, consequent upon his Devonshire birth, he was very frequently retained in cases of disputed borough elections, which, until the Reform Bill, were to the men of law the chief sources of profit in the West.

Mr. King's success, socially as well as professionally, was rapid. He was already a *persona grata* with the family at the Abbey when, on January 18, 1701, his election for Beeralston opened the doors of the House of Commons to him and set him on his way to the highest legal advancement.

During eight parliaments he represented the same close borough, and it is pleasant to record that he retained a grateful recollection of the service done him, never failing in friendly aid when he could be useful to Sir Francis. For many years they corresponded regularly. Some of Mr. Peter King's letters have been preserved, and about fifty of Sir Francis. They concern family matters, public affairs, county or local politics, and discuss very frequently indeed the interests of 'honest friends,' whose faithfulness at the polls had to be remembered as occasion offered.

Old Tavistock constituents looked to their former member for small favours; Beeralston people felt that they had an ever present claim upon Sir Francis, and as he was Recorder of Plymouth, bound by his oath as well as by hereditary sentiment to be serviceable to the borough, the Whigs there—invariably in the minority—turned to him for 'encouragement' whenever by his solicitations little places of emolument could be bestowed upon them. To satisfy all these people was no light task, for party politics entered into everything and, excepting perhaps charitable relief, nothing whatever was given away without reference thereto. A letter of Sir Francis, written just after a by-election for Plymouth which followed closely upon the general election of 1701, rather quaintly illustrates this. A small place in the excise there had fallen vacant, and Sir Francis had already recommended one candidate for it, when, reconsidering the matter, he wrote again to Mr. King.

Sir,—I received your letter on Sunday while at Church, and having no opportunity to consult of the proper and able person you expected, but what I had of an honest and worthy gentleman then at Church with me, was led into some mistakes concerning my recommendation. For it seems he [the applicant] is a dissenter, which I knew not until yesterday, and as such is not fit for this town nor for the Government at this time, for which reason I do withdraw my desire as to him.

I could in his room advise my uncle, Joseph Drake, who, to the Bishop's great astonishment, is come over to us. There is also Mr. Richard Waddon of Plymouth, whom my Lord Chief Justice Treby endeavoured to get into that place in the Custom's House of Plymouth which Major Brandon, by the favour of my Lord Tankerville,[1] now enjoys.

There are also a couple of Plymouthians, Walter Long, mercer, and William Hurrell, merchant, men of good credit and substance, in the prime of their time and very fit for business, and as active at least in our interest as the person before recommended to you (who by the way will not be disobliged). These two will, I think, accept a joint deputation and, I think, are extremely worthy of it. 'Twill be a mighty discouragement for our interest if we should not succeed for one of our friends.

The preparations for the late great funeral of the Brigadier Trelawney, which was solemnised on Saturday, had a notable influence on this election; and it was observable that those of their friends at this funeral—members of the Corporation—who voted otherwise than they used to do, were left without any notice taken of them, whilst the others went off with their scarves and gloves. . . . I hope my Lord Hartington and the rest of our friends will overlook my mistake since I have so soon acknowledged it. There is no consideration but our common cause which engages me here, I am sure. I wish I could not be so troublesome to you. . . . To ease you somewhat I give one trouble to Mr. Cowper, another to Sir Rowland Gwynne.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours most affectionately
Francis Drake.

The joint deputation will be most useful, I guess.

[1] Lord Privy Seal.

Which of the candidates obtained the little post we do not learn, anyhow it was not Joseph Drake, a dull, tiresome man, mentioned, probably, merely at his own request. An old muster-roll shows that during Charles II's reign Joseph was a captain-lieutenant of militia, so he could not then have been a Nonconformist, but when, after his first wife's death, which occurred in 1682, he married a person who we are led to believe was of lower social standing than himself, he may not improbably, if she was a dissenter, have become one likewise. They resided at Upperton, a small house, now a farm, about a mile from Buckland village. If some remunerative employment could have been found elsewhere for Joseph, more households than one would have been gratified. For, besides Sir Francis's uncle, William Drake, then living at Netherton in Buckland, there was also his cousin, Henry Drake, son of John Drake of Ivy Bridge, who, with his wife Grace, was established in the immediate neighbourhood.

Mr. King must have been acquainted with all these people, as he rode the Western Circuit, and from time to time stayed at the Abbey on his way to and from the spring and autumn assizes at Launceston. He had just gone on there from Buckland in September 1701, when Henry Pollexfen, impressed by his good judgment and kindliness, resolved to engage him professionally in a matter which required discretion and delicate handling.

At the time of Henry's wedding he had made Gertrude a promise to provide for her more handsomely than in the manner agreed upon by the marriage articles. Nearly two years had elapsed and as yet nothing had been done. Henry was happy with his wife and anxious to redeem his promise, but both were afraid of again stirring up the jealous feelings of his relations. In this difficulty, he resolved to take counsel with his friend, the Reverend Matthew Atwell, and addressed him as follows:

September 20th, 1701.

Mr. Atwell,

I send this to desire you will do me the favour to let me speak with you, and if no inconvenience to your concerns, pray let it be to-morrow or the soonest that you can, by which you will very much oblige

Your friend and humble servant

Henry Pollexfen.

Pray, Mr. Atwell, let this be as secret as you can when at Buckland.

The result of their deliberations was that Henry Pollexfen prepared a letter, which his reverend friend undertook to personally deliver.

To Peter King Esq.
These.

October the 1st, 1701.

Sir,—I have often thought over those expressions of respect which you afforded me and the worthy family here when you were with us, and because I think you real, I do desire your assistance in making a settlement of the Bartons of Nutwell, Exton, Withyhayes and Coombe Farm, together with the profits of the manor of Nutwell and all other the lands in the parishes of Woodbury and Lympstone purchased by my father, or by the executors of his will since his death, upon my wife for life, in performance of my promise to her upon our marriage.

And I do also crave your further assistance in preparing a draft for a will, which upon mature consideration I think is very fit I should have by me, and that it might be drawn according to these following instructions.

If I have issue of my own body, my will is that my estate go there, if a son, he to have the whole except £5,000 to be divided equally among daughters and younger sons. If I have no issue of my own body, then my will is that the lands settled upon my wife for her life, do after her decease go to the heirs male of Sir Francis Drake by my sister Elizabeth, his now wife, and to attend the title which is in his family during the continuance of that line; afterwards to go to the family of the eldest heir male of the body of my sister Ann;

for want of such issue to the family of the eldest heir male of the body of my sister Mary; for want of such issue to the family of the body of my sister Jane.

As to the estate descended to my father from his ancestors, I am willing it should go immediately upon my death to my uncle, John Pollexfen, though indeed he hath not deserved it, and after him to his son, and so on upon his and my uncle Nicholas's family, as by my father's will, a copy of which I send you. I intend to give handsome legacies to my sisters and also to remember some friends, and what remains over I desire may be secured to my dear wife and to my dear sister Drake, to be equally divided between them, except some particular things which do intend for my wife. And if my sister Drake should die before me, or before a division of the surplusage of my estate between them be made, then my will is that that part which should have come to her be equally divided amongst her children.

And my will also is that whosoever shall dispute the disposal of my estate do forfeit all right to any benefit by my will. I request you to direct the proper place for the sons' names to whom I intend to give legacies as also for the names of my Executors, and to persue the design of these instructions with all niceness, and to make it as short and plain and effectual as you can.

The legacies I shall give to my sisters I intend they shall go to their children in case either of my sisters should die before me. My sister Ann is married to George Duncomb, eldest son of George Duncomb, late of Albury, Esq., in Surrey; she hath one daughter. My sister Mary is the widow of John Buller of Keverall, and hath one son and two daughters. My sister Jane is unmarried. The sons of Sir Francis Drake are Francis Henry, my godson, Pollexfen, Duncomb, George, which George is also my godson. The daughter is called Elizabeth.

I send you by the bearer, Mr. Atwell, ten guineas, desiring your care and am,

Sir,

Your humble servant

HENRY POLLEXFEN.

My meaning is that before the legacies be paid to my sisters or their children, Nutwell and the estates in Woodbury

and Lympstone, be confirmed according to my intent before expressed, else I shall not give them the good legacies I now intend them, and I pray you to provide a clause according to this my mind.

I hope my uncle Duncomb will please to be one of the Executors of my will, and that he will join with me in settling the jointure if it be needful, but I pray you to say nothing to him of it, or to any other person whatsoever, concerning what I have desired of you.

I have also a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, purchased by my father of Sir John Maynard, in which Sir Thomas Trevor now lives.

To this letter Mr. King sent a prompt reply, acknowledging the guineas and promising to give his immediate attention to Henry's business. Shortly afterwards, he sent down the draft of a will and one also of a settlement, explaining that, in his opinion, his client's wishes were more likely to be carried into effect if he signed both documents.

London, November 16th, 1701.

Sir,—I am just now come from receiving from Mr. Haynes a fresh mark of your favour and esteem. I mean the Arguments and Reports of your late learned and honoured Father. For which I return you my sincerest thanks and acknowledgments. I did three posts ago send you a settlement and a will wherein I exactly followed your directions. The execution of your will need not hinder you from altering any part of it at any time, if you think it convenient. I was not willing in anything to vary from your directions, but I think it would be better to make some little alteration in the uses of your lands from the uses now in the will. . . . It will be plainer and surer to do this by deed than by will only. You may execute the will I send you, and this method, if you approve, may notwithstanding be done afterwards, when and as you please. My humble services to Madam Pollexfen.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble and
most affectionate servant
P. King.

It is easy to see, by Henry Pollexfen's instructions to his lawyer, how much he feared that after his death the settlement of his estates would be disputed, either by John Pollexfen, who, out of spite, might try to upset the plan for Gertrude's life interest in the Nutwell property, or by his younger sisters, because, in making an heir of Elizabeth's eldest son, he departed from the spirit of the Chief Justice's will. The latter had desired that if Henry died a minor, these Woodbury lands should be sold and the proceeds therefrom be equally divided between the daughters; therefore, Henry proposed to give a very substantial legacy to each of the possible disputants, contingent on an absolute acceptance of his will as it stood.

Some little delay in the completion of these arrangements was caused by the fact that he was anxious for the support and approval of his uncle Anthony, who made difficulties; though what these were is not precisely stated. Most probably Mr. Duncomb thought it unfair that the 'ancestral lands' should pass to John Pollexfen or his heirs without either of Henry's sisters having previously enjoyed a life interest in them; for, when this point was conceded and it was agreed that they should go first to Ann Duncomb for her life, with power to grant leases for three lives, Anthony Duncomb was content, and signified his approval of the will and settlement. Both deeds were then completed to the satisfaction, we may presume, of all the parties concerned, for there was never any dispute about them afterwards.

Henry Pollexfen's generosity to his sisters was not merely prospective; his accounts show that when, as was repeatedly the case, Mary or Ann were in money difficulties, he came to their assistance with presents of very considerable sums. Ann's husband—we read between the lines—was either unfortunate or foolishly extravagant; hence, all gifts to her were jealously guarded from falling into his hands. Mary's marriage was far from happy. At the end of about five years

she parted from John Buller and went to live in London. After his death, which occurred, we believe, in the West Indies, some time between the years 1700 and 1702, her children must have rejoined her, but she does not appear to have returned with them to Cornwall until after the death of old Mr. Buller in 1714, when her son succeeded to the Morval estate.

Ann's visits to Buckland after her marriage were few, but Jane Pollexfen was often there, and so also was Anthony Duncomb—judging, at least, from references to them and the occurrence of their names on documents requiring attestation.

Another useful and always available witness was Monsieur Boni. Although no longer Henry's tutor, he held a position of trust, and remained for many years in the service of his former pupil. His imposing signature, 'Boni de Cantanilhes'—without a Christian name—suggests that he was, perhaps, one of the persecuted Huguenot gentlemen who, driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, found harbour in England and honourable means of livelihood. As teachers of deportment, in which the French have always excelled, foreigners were in request in the reigns of William and Mary and in that of Queen Anne. Good manners, fine swordsmanship, and a polite bearing were then as highly esteemed as accurate scholarship, and a youth with a very ordinary amount of knowledge, who could speak French well and 'make a leg,' had more chance of social success than one with three times his learning who had not those accomplishments.

Perhaps one reason why Mr. Boni was content to remain so long in Devonshire was that he was not altogether cut off from intercourse with his compatriots. French refugees had settled in and around Plymouth in such numbers that they had established two Protestant congregations, one there and

one at Stonehouse. Thus, upon occasions, he could enjoy the refreshment of hearing his own tongue spoken; his leisure hours, however, must have been few, for by the time he had finished teaching Henry Pollexfen, there were several little Drake boys ready for him to begin upon, and the supply did not seem likely to fail.

In 1702 Lady Drake gave birth to another son, who was baptised at Buckland and called Henry. The Abbey was now becoming almost inconveniently crowded, and it is not surprising to find that, after many delays, the Pollexfens were at last seriously thinking of making a home for themselves. With this intention in view, early in the year 1703, Henry deputed his wife and her father to go to Nutwell and decide what alterations should be made there. He had confidence in their taste and judgment and was glad to be spared exertions to which he felt unequal. Lest misunderstandings should arise as to the fulness of the commission, he wrote thus:

February 1st, 1702.

Sir Francis Drake,

I shall ever with unfeigned thankfulness acknowledge your great kindness in affording me your advice and assistance as I have from time to time desired it of you, and in particular relating to the building and repairs at Nutwell and the management and improvement of my estates thereabouts. As all of it has been done at my request and desire, soe I promise to, and doe hereby discharge you of all accounts relating thereto. And I make it my request to you again that you will please to accompany my wife to Nutwell, there to consider with her what is further to be done about the repairing, beautifying and furnishing, and adorning and making convenient the Chapel and Houses there, and for the making of gardens, as alsoe for the further improvement of my Bartons and Farms of Nutwell, Exton, Withyhayes and Coombe, and all other my estates thereunto belonging. Or otherwise for the letting of them at a yearly rent, as you shall judge to be most profitable for me. And what you shall

doe in the Premises or any part of them, shall bind me as if done by myself. I am not unmindful of your great trouble and expenses upon like occasions. And although you put no value upon them, they shall not pass unrequited by

Dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate and
Obedient humble servant
HENRY POLLEXFEN.

A grateful appreciation of services rendered to him was one of Henry's estimable qualities, and he again showed it very generously when, on February 1, there was an up-to-date settlement by Gertrude and Lady Drake of the accounts outstanding between the two families.

It will be remembered that at the time of Henry's marriage, security was given to him for the payment of £1,000, his wife's share of her mother's fortune, but that the actual money did not pass. Since then he had lent £400 to Sir Francis, for the purchase of land at Yarcombe, and Gertrude had advanced various sums to her step-mother towards household expenses and for the use of her brothers and sisters. When all these items were reckoned up, and deductions made in respect of 'dyett' and cash due to Lady Drake, who had paid some bills for Henry's wedding outfit, it appeared that the amount still owing to him was £1,465. In reduction of this debt Henry and Gertrude were not unwilling to accept family jewels, instead of money. For an ornament of 'fifteen large diamonds, for the middle stone of which Mr. Merton the jeweller had offered two hundred and forty guineas,' £500 was struck off the account, and a further £250 was allowed 'for a large pearl necklace of forty-five pearls.' But in spite of these sacrifices there was yet due to Henry Pollexfen a balance of £715.

How, with a nearly empty purse, was this deficiency intended to be made good? An awkward hitch must have occurred, had not Gertrude tactfully avoided it by writing

off ' £600, which Mr. Pollexfen was pleased to give to his sister-in-law, Frances Drake.' This opportune abatement reduced the debt to the modest sum of £115, which was then and there paid to Henry ' by his sister Drake,' on behalf of Sir Francis.

At this great distance of time it would be absurd to lament the alienation of family jewels, but one cannot help wondering how Elizabeth relished parting with the pearl necklace and diamond pendant, in order to provide a marriage portion for her step-daughter ? They were, however, on affectionate terms, and it is probable that Henry's generous present to Frances Drake reconciled his sister to the loss of her adornments, especially as Frances behaved with singular consideration, not asking for the money then but accepting a bond for it from her father, with whom the £600 remained until her marriage, when it was settled upon her as part of her fortune, not, as it should have been, in addition thereto.

A formal document signed on February 27 recites that Henry had now received all monies whatsoever owing to him by Sir Francis, and that no accounts remained outstanding between them, except for the £5,000 settled by Chief Justice Pollexfen on his daughter Elizabeth, but not yet paid. Judging by the practice in the Pollexfen and Drake families, it seems, in those times, to have been held quite sufficient if the father of a bride gave to trustees a bond for the fortune settled upon his daughter, and paid interest thereon until it was convenient for him to hand over the principal, which might not happen for several years. In the present case, however, the delay was not due to any difficulty experienced by Henry Pollexfen in collecting the money for his sister's fortune, but to the fact that Sir Francis preferred, whilst receiving interest at five per cent., to let the capital remain out on what he had the best means of knowing was excellent security.

Absolutely sound investments, other than the purchase of lands, were then, as we are constantly reminded, not plentiful. During Henry's minority his guardians deposited his surplus income in the Bank of England, or they bought East India Company's bonds and held them until the accumulation was sufficient to be laid out upon mortgage. Cheques, too, were an uninvented luxury, consequently the payment of money to persons at a distance was attended by many inconveniences. For large sums bank bills could be given, but small liabilities seem to have been most tiresome to discharge.

Financial matters between Sir Francis and his son-in-law having been arranged, we may presume that the work of 'beautifying, adorning and furnishing Nutwell Court' was pushed on vigorously and completed by the end of the year, for at about that time, or in the beginning of 1704, Henry and Gertrude left Buckland and—taking Monsieur Boni with them—settled in their own home.

Unexpected changes followed upon their departure. Not long afterwards, Lady Drake's youngest boy (Henry) succumbed to some infantile complaint, and in June Sir Francis's cousin, Henry Drake, lost his first wife, Grace. Little is known about her, not even her maiden name, only that she and her husband were childless and that they resided in the parish of Buckland Monachorum—most likely at Netherton, with their uncle, Mr. William Drake, who was a widower without family.

Commiseration for Henry Drake's loneliness, combined with other strong reasons of which we are ignorant, induced Frances Drake to disregard ordinary conventions, and, within five months of his first wife's death, bestow herself in marriage upon her cousin. It is likely enough that her great-uncle William sadly needed care and help in the management of his household, and that Frances was glad to go

where she would be useful and appreciated. Her wedding took place at Buckland Church on November 23, 1704.

No opposition appears to have been made to the marriage, and yet Frances seems to have been somewhat unfairly treated in the matter of dowry. One thousand pounds was, it is true, settled upon her, but of this only £400 was provided by Sir Francis, the remainder consisted of Henry Pollexfen's present, which till now had remained in her father's hands; and there are no indications that the full share of Frances's mother's fortune was ever made up to her.

The income of the young couple must have been small, for Henry Drake had only inherited three hundred pounds from his father. He had, however, expectations from his uncle William, which, no doubt, made a difference.

Perhaps Sir Francis might have dealt more liberally with his second daughter, had he not at this time been engaged, very much against his will, in irritating and expensive litigation concerning riparian rights; not mere matters of sport but of income, involving the possible loss to his family of at least £200 a year. The story of this Chancery suit is so characteristic of that age that it is worth recording, but, as the proceedings lasted for a very long while, it will be best to defer an account of them until we arrive at the period when a crisis occurred. Then the affair can be put consecutively before the reader.

Almost all the information obtainable about Sir Francis's doings after his retirement from Parliament is drawn from his letters to Mr. King. These are supplemented by a few family documents and by extracts from the notebook of an anonymous member of the Plymouth Town Council, who, year by year, as St. Lambert's Day came round, jotted down what the politics of the outgoing mayor had been and what, in his judgment, were the consequences thereof to the borough.

This gentleman, a Tory of the most extreme type, honestly

believed that Sir Francis (or the Regulator, as he affected to style him) and all the Whig members of the corporation were Republicans, enemies of the Church, and steeped in iniquity and guile.

In his first note, dated 1697, written just after the election of two Tory members for the borough of Plymouth, he says that this disappointment 'so mortified the men and broke the spirit of their party that even the Regulator, Sir Francis Drake, became quite confounded and never cared to concern himself in town matters from pure discontent.' Other entries much to the same effect follow, until the year 1704, when the diarist observes that 'Thomas Donacott, Mayor, proved to be a shuffler, abetted the Whigs, encouraged Sir Francis Drake to appear again, and on calling a new Parliament, he and R. Berry (the town clerk) as very knave and hypocrite as could be, fell in with the wrong side, ousted Mr. Woolcombe and endeavoured the same with Mr. G. Trelawney, and by tricks and overbearing returned Sir George Byng.' But, he adds, with righteous satisfaction, the mayor and the town clerk 'lived not long in their iniquity, both dying in the next mayoralty.'

The entry for 1705 records the election of

Joseph Lavington Mayor, a man of principles indifferent good, but his interest and want of courage made him much to the side of Sir Francis Drake, by which means, upon the death of R. Berry, one that was no highflyer, but a trimmer great with Sir Francis Drake, was made town clerk. . . . Mr. Pengelly, a barrister, who by Sir Francis Drake's tricks, the insinuations, the cowardice and evil principles of others was chosen, . . . was more of a gentleman, more of a lawyer and less of a knave than the other . . . and now Sir Francis Drake appeared among them on all occasions with great vigour and spirit.

It is likely enough that the appointment of a capable Whig gentleman, owner of the manor of Sortridge, about

four miles from Buckland, and an acquaintance of his own, was agreeable to Sir Francis, but he had wider reasons for satisfaction than a change in the town-clerkship. At the general election in the spring of 1704 many seats had been regained by the Whigs, and, as popular favour leaned more and more towards that party, the influence of the Tories waned, and changes were made in the Ministry and Household. In 1705 the incompetent Lord Keeper, Sir Nathan Wright, was dismissed, and his office was bestowed upon Mr. William Cowper, formerly member for Beeralston and brother of Mr. Spencer Cowper, who with Mr. King then represented that close borough in Parliament.

Sir Francis was therefore well in touch with the leaders of his party, and, after a long period of depression, he could look forward to being useful to it and to his friends. He was certainly untiring in his endeavours to serve them. Barely a tithe of his letters to Mr. King have been preserved, but almost every one contains allusions to requests made—and usually successfully—on behalf of 'friends' who in less prosperous days had meritoriously upheld Whig interests in their neighbourhood. The favours asked for are ordinary enough, but the reasons advanced for wanting them are characteristic of bygone times. Here is one showing the difficulties of a tradesman whilst this country was at war with France and Spain.

To Peter King Esq.

Feb. 15th, 1705.

Sir,—These wait on you at the request of some of our good friends at Plymouth, who are informed you have a considerable interest with Lord Granville, Master of the Ordnance. Upon the death of one Norman, the Armourer's place belonging to the Citadell there is become vacant. The salary is about £20 a year and it is at his Lordship's dispose. The person I am to recommend to you as fit to supply this vacancy is one Daniel Cory. He understands the business,

I am told, extremely well, having served his apprenticeship to a gunsmith; and for seven years after his apprenticeship he followed that employment only. But, being an ingenuous and industrious man, and there happening to be an opportunity of renting an anchorsmith's shop, he hath taken that upon him also.

But of late years it hath been his misfortune not to be able to protect his men from being often pressed on shipboard, to the great prejudice of his profession. He is therefore very desirous to get into this little employment if possible, the better to secure him and his servants' ease in following their callings. As to his honesty I have formerly had a very good account of it. He was very sincere in my Lord Hartington's interest, and I doubt he hath amongst others been a sufferer for it. If you suspect of your own interest in the Lord Granville, it would be greatly obliging if you would find a way to have it backed by some other. To obtain this little thing would be very engaging to some of our good friends, I find.

In the days of Queen Anne, etiquettes were observed and distinctions and differences were made which are not so clearly understood now; as an instance of this, we may quote the case of some Whig gentlemen who desired to be appointed Justices of the Peace. Mr. King, whose good word with the Lord Keeper was requested, consulted Sir Francis about their position. As to three of the applicants he replied, 'We must contrive it,' but of the fourth he remarked, 'Henry Martyn of Werrington is no Esquire. He hath an estate of about £200 a year, but no title given him in the Freeholder's Book—may be styled Gentleman, but no higher.'

Church patronage is the theme of much of Sir Francis's correspondence, and as one reads it one's wonder grows that, at a time when neglect of duty or misconduct such as is mentioned were tolerated, the cry of 'The Church in danger' could have aroused throughout the country the vehement party feeling which we know it did.

The cases of Yarcombe, Meavy, and Egg-Buckland, Crown

livings adverted to in the letters, are illustrative of a state of things by no means confined to Devonshire. The incumbent of the last-named parish resided at Sheerness, and so rarely came into this county that, upon one occasion, in the belief that he was dead, a petition was on the point of being sent up in favour of a successor likely to be resident, when the disconcerting news arrived that the vicar was well and designed to visit his flock speedily.

The other two parishes were in yet worse plight, for there the incumbents were a disgrace to their calling. At Yarcombe, the Reverend Gamaliel Chase, vicar from 1687 to 1715, seems to have been perpetually in hiding, for in all that while his name does not appear a dozen times upon the registers as officiating at baptisms, weddings, or funerals. He and the Reverend Thomas Stevens, Rector of Meavy from 1695 to 1717, are the persons alluded to in the following letter, written by Sir Francis to Mr. King in April 1706.

Dear Sir,

I have yours which obliges me in every particular of it; that in an especial manner which acquaints me of your safe return to your Lady and son. . . . The kind remembrances of the Lord[1] you mention I cannot but be pleased with. If he means me any kindness I wish he would procure me the presentations of Yarcombe and Meavy. The present incumbents are two such drunkards that they have really ruined both their parishes; one of them hath been twice if not three times in prison for debt, and the other as often absconded upon the same account. Both places are not worth more than £140 a year at the outside. If I might purchase them at a hundred broad pieces, I would give it and pay the charges of passing. This methinks no one could envy. The Queen will lose nothing nor shall I gain other than the hopes of doing others good as well as myself when opportunity offers.

[1] Lord Cowper. Whenever it was possible, without too great ambiguity, the use of names was avoided, in order to baffle the curiosity of 'the Enemy and the Letter-opener,' who systematically inspected private letters.

A few posts later, however, upon some doubts as to whether it might not be more immediately advantageous to make use of his credit with the Lord Keeper to obtain the vacant living of Tamerton for a Mr. Stokes, who was much desired by the parishioners, Sir Francis resolved to defer negotiations as to the suggested purchase, although, as he regretfully remarked, 'it ought to be well weighed, it being what is likely to make me and my family so easy in relation to parsons, which is of great concern to us in many respects.' In the end nothing was done, and these two rural benefices are still in the gift of the Crown. But it is worth noting, as we hear so much on all sides of the reduced incomes of the clergy, that, whilst no addition appears to have been made to the capital value of either living, Yarcombe is now reckoned as worth £389 and Meavy at £178 net per annum.

Of public affairs, although these are not unfrequently mentioned, we gain no new knowledge through Sir Francis Drake's letters. His interest in those matters shows itself for the most part in expressions of satisfaction at the victories of the Allies, questions as to what will happen next, or requests that newspapers may be sent him, 'something more informing than the silly dry Gazette.' But occasionally we come across remarks and allusions which remind us how wide are the differences between past and modern methods of administration. When the following letter was written, trial was being made of some experiment for raising revenue, which, in 1709, resulted in the institution of State lotteries as regular annual occurrences. Sir Francis and his friend, Mr. King, with a Mr. Mariott, man of business to Lord Stamford, were joint owners of a share in the venture, and appear to have drawn a fortunate number.

To Peter King Esq.

May 28th, 1706.

DEAR SIR,

When this money is paid in I hope for your assistance in getting a new place for it, and desire if it may be, to be a partner again with Mr. Mariott. After these great successes, which I pray God give us thankful hearts for, and Grace to make only the honest use of, I have a better opinion of some of the Public Funds than I had heretofore, but I rely on and submit all to your wonted care and kindness, which must for ever oblige me to be

Dearest Sir,

Your truly affectionate and
faithful friend and servant
FFRANCIS DRAKE.

The motive of these pious gratulations was twofold, not, as one might at first suppose, only a series of happy speculations, but also the far more welcome news of the victory of Ramillies and the raising of the siege of Barcelona by Lord Peterborough, which had set bells ringing and bonfires blazing all over the country. Devoutly as it was hoped that peace might in consequence be nearer and the burden of taxation be lightened—the land tax alone had risen to four shillings in the pound—it is due to Sir Francis and his correspondents to say that not a note of grumbling or repining over such matters is to be found in his or his friends' letters. Those were days when there were no 'Little Englanders.' The men of that generation, whatever their politics, willingly suffered inconveniences and privations in order that their country might hold the first place amongst nations.

It is strange that whilst we have letters and more or less interesting family documents appertaining to almost every year of Queen Anne's reign, not one of any sort has been preserved belonging to 1707, when the Act of Union between England and Scotland was passed. For that memorable

twelvemonth we have nothing to record. Even the town councillor who thought so ill of all Whigs seems for the time being to have modified his acerbity, for of the Plymouth elections to the first Parliament of Great Britain he only says, 'This year a Parliament being called we unanimously chose our late representatives, Mr. Trelawney and Sir George Byng.' Again, in 1708, the same gentlemen were elected unopposed, and although the aforesaid councillor deemed that the mayors of those years 'leaned too much to the side of the Regulator,' he admitted that they were honest men.

At the time of these elections it was rumoured that Mr. Peter King, Recorder of the City of London, was to be put forward by his party for the Speakership of the House of Commons, but that 'this was found to be impracticable.' One reason, probably, was that the busy lawyer did not care to retire from his lucrative practice at the Bar. Had he seen his way to do so, we doubt not that Sir Francis would have rejoiced at his friend's promotion, although it must have been highly disadvantageous to his own affairs, for, in the great lawsuit to which we have alluded, Mr. King's assistance was invaluable, and it was given really *con amore*.

The case was by no means a difficult or complicated one. Three terms might have settled the whole business; but it reached to monumental proportions, quite unusual even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Therefore we tell the story, for it is not every family that can boast of having been engaged in a hereditary Chancery suit without having been ruined in the process.

It will be remembered that, in 1592, Lord and Lady Mountjoy granted to the first Sir Francis Drake a lease of all their fishery rights in and on the banks of the Tavy opposite to the Buckland Abbey property. Thus, between Denham Bridge and Lopwell, Sir Francis had a stretch of about two

miles of water entirely at his own command, and, having made a weir across the stream from bank to bank, he could take the salmon in their first freshness as they came up from the sea.

Sir John Maynard, the successor by purchase of the Mountjoys, renewed the lease to Sir Francis's heirs, so that in 1679, when trouble first began, the Drakes had enjoyed that fishing uninterruptedly for a period of about eighty years.

With their neighbours, the Seymours, and then the Arundells, owners of the Maristow estate from Elizabethan times until after the Restoration, no unpleasantness ever arose. In or about the year 1673 the last-named family died out, and was succeeded by Sir Nicholas Slanning of Bickleigh,[1] between whom and Sir Francis Drake (3rd baronet) friendly relations were for a long time maintained. When sporting, each by mutual consent followed his game on to his neighbour's land; but the salmon and trout, which had become an important source of income to the Drakes, were most closely reserved.

Unfortunately, Sir Nicholas Slanning had a butler 'who loved the sport of fishing and was permitted by his master to enjoy it in the Maristow waters below Buckland, but always with the warning that he was not to trespass upon those of Sir Francis.' Notwithstanding this caution, Adams used sometimes to go out at night with the gardener and net the river, but 'they quickly drew up their net and made off if they thought the Abbey people were coming.' Sir Nicholas, on the whole, behaved well. When he heard of his servants' misdemeanours he threatened them with condign punishment, 'that he would beat them and break their heads,'

[1] Ley, the fine Elizabethan mansion of the Slannings, was demolished in the eighteenth century. Not a stone of it remains in place now, but it is said that the granite balls on the gateposts at Bickleigh vicarage were originally at the entrance to Ley.

which he could scarcely have intended to do, but he forfeited the fish they had caught and sent them to Sir Francis with apologies. By and by, however, as young Andrew Slanning grew up, he, like his father's butler, took to poaching Sir Francis's salmon, and then some ill-feeling arose between the families. Good old Sir Nicholas really regretted this state of things. When in 1693 he lay on his deathbed, 'He called his son to him and told him that he had lived in good fellowship, friendship and peace with his neighbours, and desired him that when he was dead he would do so, particularly with Sir Francis Drake, and that he was not to trespass on Sir Francis's fishery, and earnestly desired his Doctor (being then present) to use what arguments he could to persuade him to the same.' This solemn appeal had the desired effect upon Andrew. He refrained for a long while from causing further annoyance. Unfortunately, about four years later, Sir Francis's uncle, Joseph Drake, was, for want of money, compelled to sell the lordship of the manor of Buckland, which he had purchased from the Crymes family some years previously. In order to get a higher price than he had paid, Joseph gave out that his manorial rights included the privilege of Free Warren over all the lands in the parish of Buckland. Sir Andrew affected to believe this, and bought from Joseph about the year 1695. Then, assuming that the privileges were as described, he began fishing again, but in a furtive sort of way. Remonstrances proving unavailing, Sir Francis 'exhibited a bill in Chancery to compel Sir Andrew to set forth his pretence to the fishing aforesaid, but he avoyded it for some time, and, as was supposed, intended it for altogether, having design to travel beyond the seas. But he was killed the week before his intended voyage, so there was an end of these travels and of that suit.' Upon his death the Maristow property passed to his sister, Lady Modyford, and from her by agreement to her grandson-in-law,

Mr. Richard Hele, who, in 1701 or 1702, took up his residence there and began forthwith to exercise his pretended rights. Upon one occasion he netted more than a hundred salmon and carried them away.[1] This brought matters to a crisis. The best legal opinion was taken upon the question, and the co-operation of Lord Stamford was desired, because his rights were attacked with those of Sir Francis. The reversion of the fishery on the Tavy belonged to him in right of his wife, a granddaughter of Sir John Maynard. Lord Stamford did not become a party to the suit, but he offered to pay half the law expenses if Sir Francis would fight the case. Proceedings were accordingly begun, and in 1703 judgment was given in favour of Sir Francis. Mr. Hele, however, resolved that the matter should not end there. Being of an irascible, violent temper, he would brook no opposition; before long he repeated his annoyances, and tried to give them an additional sting by declaring that, as lord of the manor of Buckland, he had the sole right of Free Warren, not only over his own manor, but over all other manors in the parish. He gave out that he could, if he pleased, forbid Sir Francis to kill game even on his own property, and threatened proceedings against a young gentleman who, in company with Sir Francis's sons, had shot a hare in the Buckland woods. For a short time Sir Francis seems to have been uneasy about this matter; he wrote to Mr. King, requesting to be informed exactly what the law of Free Warren was. Supposing no grant to him could be found, 'how,' said he, 'am I to free myself from those tiresome creatures that do so destroy my woods?' Mr. King's answer is not forthcoming, but we can supply its place by quotations from two contemporary law books.

[1] The take seems to have been so remarkably large that we quote from evidence given at the trial. 'Richard Hele with several under him placed stakes on Sir Francis Drake's land at Lopwell and elsewhere in Beerferrers, and netted the river several times, taking on one occasion 100 salmon, 100 trout, 150 salmon peel, 1000 eels, &c.'

Free Warren is a franchise derived from Royal Grant or from prescription, to preserve and kill all beasts and fowls of warren within the precincts of a manor or other known place. [The beasts of warren are hares, conies and roes.] The owner of a Free Warren has the exclusive right to the beasts of Warren on his land comprised in the Grant, and may maintain trespass against the owner of the soil for persuing game of warren although none be killed; for the title of Free Warren is, as we have seen, distinct from the land. . . . The Crown never had the prerogative of granting to one person the rights of another, but still a person might have Free Warren over the rights of another by prescription.[1]

In the absence of clear documentary evidence as to the extent of his own rights, Sir Francis was obviously far from satisfied with this information, for he wrote again later to Mr. King, 'I hope you will at your leisure let me have your opinion of what is fit for me to do about impounding those creatures I have mentioned.' It chanced, however, that, owing to the dilatoriness of the lawyers or to the quantity of evidence to be collected, the hearing of the fishery case was several times postponed, and meanwhile, fortunately for Sir Francis, in an old trunk of which he says, 'I knew not of it but by my boys,' the Patent of Free Warren over all his estates was discovered, 'somewhat eaten by rats but still very legible.'

After an incomprehensible number of delays the trial was held at Exeter in June 1708. Mr. Peter King came down from London to argue the case for his friend, for which valuable service he refused to accept any fee whatsoever. As member for Beeralston he did yet more, for he took advantage of the opportunity to ingratiate himself with his constituents by treating all the Beer witnesses, 'some of them persons of fashion,' to their lodging and entertainment at Exeter during the five days over which the trial extended.[2] Owing

[1] *Manwood on Forest Laws* and Locke's *Game Laws*, 5th ed., p. 26.

[2] A note in Sir Francis's handwriting says: 'Mr. King, tho' he hath been

to illness, Sir Francis was unable to be present, but Lady Drake was in court during the arguments and final summing up, which went on continuously for twelve hours, and resulted in a triumphant victory for her husband. Mr. Haynes, Sir Francis's solicitor, found but one drawback to his pleasure that day. He 'was exposed,' he said, 'to stand for eight hours or more without any place to sit on or anything to support him in so faint and difficult a circumstance, which might have been otherwise ordered had there been due care taken by somebody or other.' Yet, notwithstanding all this fatigue, he charged only two guineas for taking notes of the evidence, which he sent to his client, with 'prayers for the blessing of Heaven and Earth upon him and his honourable Family.'

This thorough rehearing and second verdict against Mr. Hele might have been expected to convince him and Lady Modyford of the uselessness of prolonging the dispute, but they or their lawyers ruled otherwise. Having failed to establish his claim to Free Warren, Mr. Hele next put forward all sorts of pretexts to show that by prescription he had a right to fish, and when that could not be maintained, he endeavoured to find flaws in Sir Francis's and Lord Stamford's title. Thus, cropping up occasionally, the case lasted for forty-three years, and when, in 1750, judgment with damages was finally given for the Drake family, all the original parties to the suit and all the lawyers first employed in it had for many years been dead.

pleased to take a world of paines in this suit, hath never accepted any fees but entertained me and my servants at the Assizes.' He adds that, 'of the twenty-six witnesses some were so aged and infirm that they were permitted to have friends of their own to accompany them, all of whom were equally chargeable with the witnesses themselves, being all treated alike.'

CHAPTER VII

THE Recorder of the City of London and member for Beeralston, Mr. Peter King, was too useful a man to his party to be forgotten when honours were to be distributed. The Speakership of the House of Commons might be beyond his reach, but other promotion awaited him. On September 11, 1708, he was knighted at Windsor, after conveying to the Queen the congratulations of the City of London upon the victory of Oudenarde.

The Whigs were now prosperous and jubilant. All the great offices of State had come into their hands, and most of the smaller ones also. Two, at least, of the changes recently brought about must have especially interested Sir Francis. His uncle, John Pollexfen, a Commissioner of the Board of Trade, was 'laid aside as too strongly attached to the Tory party,' and at the same time Lord Stamford was reinstated as President of that Board; he did not, however, regain the Lord-Lieutenancy of Devonshire, of which he had been deprived upon the accession of Queen Anne.

Whilst friends to whom Sir Francis had been helpful were climbing into place and power, it would not have been surprising if he had sought to glean a few favours for members of his own family. But certainly this was not the case. The only one of his relations for whom we can find that he ever really tried to get any advancement was Ames Crymes, who, upon the death of old Mr. Rowe, had succeeded to the Vicarage of Buckland.

It will be remembered that Sir Francis's first wife, Dorothy, had highly esteemed her 'kinsman, Ames Crymes,' and perhaps it was for this reason quite as much as for his cousin s merits that Sir Francis endeavoured, through the Duke of Devonshire and others, to get a promise of good preferment for him. All plans for his advancement, however, were frustrated by his death, which took place in May 1709, unexpectedly, we believe.

In this year family funerals succeeded each other rapidly. Only a month after Ames's death, William Drake of Netherton passed away; he had outlived both his wives, and left no children. His will, a very short and sensible one, bequeathed his soul to God and his body to the earth, ten pounds apiece to the seven daughters of his sister, Lady Wyndham, five pounds each to three or four other nieces (or cousins, as he preferred to style them), small sums to servants, and everything else he possessed to his nephew, Henry Drake, husband of Sir Francis's daughter Frances.

Four months later, in October, Sir Francis's last surviving uncle, Joseph Drake, died at Upperton in the parish of Buckland, leaving a widow and a little girl of about eight years old, besides the two grown-up sons of his first wife, Margaret Crymes, by whose side he desired to be buried.

Joseph's will is characteristic;—so incoherent and full of trivialities, that we are persuaded he must have written it entirely himself. We have, however, reason to be grateful to him for one thing. He bequeathed the Star Jewel, which had somehow come into his possession, to his great-nephew, Francis Henry, eldest son of Sir Francis Drake, and thus this heirloom was kept in the family. To his eldest son, Bamfield Drake, a 'clerk in holy orders,' Joseph left but £300 and two books, 'The Annotations of the Holy Bible,' together with a guinea of gold to each of his children. To his second son, Francis, for whom he may have already provided, he left nothing but a contingent remainder which never profited

him. All Joseph Drake's care seems to have been for his 'dear wife Grace' and her daughter Elizabeth. The will gives a queer idea of his *ménage* and of the position of this second wife, who was not a penniless person, for he bequeathed to her 'all those lands and heraditaments which were her own before her marriage.' In addition, she was to have for her own, £600 in money, a barn and meadow which her husband had lately purchased, the best cow in his possession at the time of his death, and all his tin bonds and shares in tin mines upon Morle Down and Luscomb Down; her saddle, bridle, pillion and pillion-cloth, all her clothes and ornaments, together with all the clothes, jewels, rings, and ornaments which had belonged to his first wife, Margaret.

To his wife and daughter jointly—although he had at first decreed that, with the exception of the meadow and barn aforesaid, all his lands freehold and leasehold were to be sold as soon as might be—he reserved 'A liberty to dwell in the kitchen, the lower house thereto adjoining, called the kitchen chamber, the entrance chamber and the cock-loft over; with liberty to them and their servants to come and go in the usual ways and passages to and from the same, and the use and benefit of his garden, orchard, and cherry garden, with a convenient place whereon to erect a rick of wood, and pasture for one cow.' He bequeathed to them jointly also, 'all the goods in the kitchen chamber part of the messuage where he dwelt; being one standing bedstead, two feather beds and the pillows and bolsters and other things thereto belonging; three pairs of the best sheets, one looking glass called the great olive glass and the table dressing boxes, cabinet and brushes, thereto belonging; two carpets suitable to the curtains, two chairs, a large trunk and two portmanteaus covered with hogskin and all that was in the trunks; some books and his best silver tankard, six pewter dishes, fifteen pewter plates, all with the coat of arms engraven on them, three bell metal crocks and

two milk pans, one called Drake's pan and one little pan.' And, for the benefit of his daughter, he gave to trustees £500, which was to be hers upon her attaining the age of twenty-one years or her marriage, whichever should first happen.

All this looks very much as if Joseph in his dotage had married a worthy person, but one not quite in his own station of life, and this view is supported by the fact that nothing more is known of Mrs. Joseph Drake or of her daughter, beyond the facts that the latter married a Mr. William Cake of Wringworthy, in the parish of Marytavy, and that she was living in the year 1740.

One more familiar name henceforth disappears from our family chronicles. Anthony Duncomb died in February 1709. Conscious that the infirmities of age were growing upon him and that he could no longer easily travel to Devonshire and back, Mr. Duncomb had a little while previously reconveyed to Sir Francis the freehold of a small burgage tenement in Beeralston, which had been a complimentary present to him from Sir Francis and Lady Drake, given ostensibly that he might have a vote for that borough, but really with the more affectionate intention of oftener enjoying their uncle's company at the Abbey. He was dearly loved by his nephew and nieces, who, indeed, all owed much to him for his helpful kindness and friendship.

Anthony Duncomb's gracefully written will, made about a year before his death, confirms us in the belief that he must have been a delightful person to know. 'Le Style est l'homme même'—nothing can be truer! We should like to quote the whole of this uncommon little document to show the simplicity and clearness of its diction, the writer's thoughtful remembrance of all who had any claims upon him, his true religious feeling, and his peaceful, happy spirit. But we refrain, because his is not a Drake will and little in it concerns the then living members of the family. To his nieces, Elizabeth

Drake, Mary Buller, Ann Duncomb, and Jane Pollexfen, their uncle bequeathed twenty pounds each, a gold locket, and some of his best house-linen. To Henry Pollexfen and 'his beloved wife Gertrude' he gave ten pounds; to Lady Drake his silver-hafted knife, and to her daughter Elizabeth a ring with seven diamonds in it, as well as his best silver tankard. Mementos of lesser value were to be given to her brothers, his great-nephews.

Anthony Duncomb desired to be buried at Albury, where his sister, Lady Pollexfen, had been laid.[1]

With a parting valediction to one of the kindliest, most human figures in our story, we turn away from melancholy topics and present to the reader a new and interesting acquaintance, viz. Captain Francis Drake, R.N. He was third son, and eventually the heir, of John Drake of Ivy Bridge, for his two elder brothers, William and John, having died unmarried, he inherited from them whatever land and fortune they had received from their father. Following the example of his brother John, Francis entered the Royal Navy when he was about fourteen years old. He appears to have done well. In 1697 he was lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Rye*. In 1702, as captain, he took his ship to the West Indies. The log of his outward voyage is to be found at the Bodleian Library, but excepting from a nautical point of view the document is quite uninteresting. After his West Indian employment came to an end nothing is known of his doings until about the year 1709, at which time, being in England and believing that a little official pushing might tend to his advancement, he turned to the ever-obliging Sir Peter King. Thanks to that gentleman's good offices and through the kindness of Sir George Byng, who owed not a little of his electoral success at Plymouth to Sir

[1] The Rector of Albury writes (March 5, 1908): 'The old church, which is in the park of the Duke of Northumberland, has been dismantled for sixty-five years; I have been there this afternoon, but could find no monument in the church or churchyard to the memory of Lady Pollexfen or to that of Anthony Duncomb.'

Francis Drake's unremitting exertions, Captain Francis Drake was, in August 1709, appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Hunter*. This frigate, luckily for him, formed part of the fleet which, under Sir George Byng, escorted the Archduchess Anna Maria of Austria to Lisbon to be married to the King of Portugal.

The honours of a queen were accorded to the Archduchess, as her marriage by proxy to King John V had been celebrated in the previous July. Our Court approved the match, and 'readily offered to send her Majesty to Lisbon on board a British Squadron. In the beginning of the month of September she set out for Holland where Rear-Admiral Baker attended her with a small squadron to bring her over, which he accordingly did on the 26th of that month and landed her at Portsmouth. She stayed some days there at the house of Thomas Ridge Esq. : and the Queen being then at Windsor, instantly sent the Duke of Grafton to compliment her Majesty on her part.' Luttrell's 'Diary' says that the rich bed presented by Queen Anne to the Queen of Portugal was 'the finest ever made' and that it cost £8,000.

On the 6th of October, the Queen of Portugal went on board the *Royal Anne*, where her Majesty was received by Sir George Byng, and the next morning the fleet weighed and went to sea. Sir George proceeded with a fair wind and after an easy passage brought her Majesty safely into the river of Lisbon on the 16th of the same month.

The King went on board the *Royal Anne* to welcome the Queen, and their Majesties landed at the Bridge of the Palace, under a magnificent triumphal arch, from whence they proceeded to the Royal Chapel, where they received the nuptial benediction and heard the Te Deum sung. . . .

The Queen having graciously expressed her great satisfaction at the entertainment she had received, the King was very liberal to the Admiral and others who conducted her. Her Majesty made a present to Admiral Byng of her picture set in diamonds, and she gave a diamond ring to the Duke of Grafton.

Officers of lesser rank were not forgotten, as we gather from a letter of Captain Francis Drake to Sir Peter King.

Hunter. Gibraltar.
May 16, 1710.

HON^RD SIR,

According to my desire, came out of England with Sir George Byng, about twenty months past, in command of one of the ships that convoyed the Queen of Portugal over, where we received presents of gold chains and medals about £100 value, much more than was expected. But I believe Sir George Byng was a help to us in that matter.

And since, he hath converted us into a fifth rate frigate, giving a commission that takes post and put us into a very good station here, where I hope, by the help of God and my own endeavours, I shall do very well with it. We have taken two prizes and are in a very fair way of taking many more. Sir George hath always been extraordinarily kind, much more than at present is expressed. I hope you will be pleased to thank him in your next writing or when you see him in the House, as well as to yourself, and not forgetting former favours, which I hope I shall always own with true gratitude

And I am, Sir, Your very
humble and obedient thankful servant
FFRANCIS DRAKE.

P.S. If you please, favour me when you write with my humble service to Sir Francis Drake.

How long H.M.S. *Hunter* remained in commission we have no means of knowing, for the old naval biographies are very incomplete in respect to the ordinary services of individual officers under the rank of admiral. But of Captain Drake's doings in his private capacity we shall have more to say later on.

We come now to the year 1709, a period in Sir Francis's life when he was passing from middle age to old age. He was still in the enjoyment of good health, but the vivacity of

spirit which had formerly enabled him to make light of cares and troubles was no longer his. His letters to Sir Peter King, written between the autumn of this year and 1711, show signs of depression, caused for the most part by private worries, aggravated by circumstances connected with the fall of the Whigs from popularity and power.

The downfall of the Whig ministry was the immediate consequence of their ill-advised impeachment of Doctor Sacheverell for preaching and publishing his foolish sermon upon passive obedience and Divine Right.[1] At his trial—which was held in February 1710—Sir Peter King was leading counsel for the prosecution, and there can be no doubt that Sir Francis, being in complete sympathy with his friend's opinions, shared also his satisfaction when the Doctor was sentenced to three years' deprivation; but their exultation was quickly damped.

The Tories cleverly seized the opportunity to raise the old cry, 'The Church in danger,' and by encouraging mobs, promoting demonstrations, and sending Sacheverell around to pose as a martyr, in a sort of progress through various counties and dioceses, they so inflamed public opinion that the Queen took advantage of the occasion to make a gradual change in the ministry, and by the end of September 1710, all the leading Whig statesmen were displaced.

During the recriminations between the persons who had taken the lead in this unfortunate affair, Lord Stamford quarrelled bitterly with Lord Cowper, and carried his resentment so far as to threaten that, at the next triennial election, Spencer Cowper, the Lord Chancellor's brother, should lose his seat for Beeralston.

In his wrath Lord Stamford seems to have overlooked the

[1] In a letter dated May 5, 1710, Sir Francis says, 'Sacheverell is to be at Tavistock next Wednesday to accompany Atterbury in his visitation, which is notified to Mr. Creed and I suppose to all of the clergy of this Deanery.'

fact that, although the predominance of Sir Francis's influence in Beeralston depended in some measure on his position as lessee of Maynard lands, he might be unwilling to break with old and valued friends and join in ousting Spencer Cowper from a seat offered to him originally with the full concurrence of Lord Stamford himself.

The position was an uncomfortable one, and Sir Francis's letters show how anxious he was that the difference should be composed before the general election. In this hope he advised the Lord Chancellor, for his brother's sake, to go a little out of his way and make some conciliatory advances; but when these proved unavailing, Sir Francis withdrew from interference, for, as he wrote to Sir Peter King, 'being in no way concerned in the rise of the quarrel between the two Lords, I am not compelled to come in now as a party thereto.' This neutral attitude was misunderstood by Lord Stamford, who, hastily assuming that Sir Francis was working against him, without making inquiry or offering any explanation, gave Mr. Diggory King, his steward, a free hand 'to carry the war into the Enemy's quarters.'

Much, therefore, to Sir Francis's surprise, he suddenly found himself subjected to opposition and petty annoyance on all matters connected with his interests in Beeralston; next he heard, casually, that a deputation of the shooting over the Beeralston woods, hitherto enjoyed by young Frank Drake during his vacations, had been granted to a friend of Mr. Diggory King. At first Sir Francis was inclined to attribute these discourtesies to the ill-will of the steward rather than that of the master, for it was a matter of common knowledge that the management of the Stamford estates was left almost entirely in the hands of not always scrupulous agents. But when, upon his again applying to be recouped for half the expenses of the fishery suit, which were long overdue, he met with fresh excuses, and even some insinuations that there was

no actual undertaking for the repayment,[1] he began to wonder how far Lord Stamford was responsible for these proceedings, and what could be their drift.

These things happened towards the end of April, and the feud between Lord Stamford and Lord Cowper was at its height when Sir Francis learned that, a few weeks previously, a yeoman named Ford, heir of the last surviving trustee of some parish lands within the electoral borough of Beeralston, had, for a nominal consideration and without any declaration of trust, conveyed the said property to a tenant of Lord Stamford, a Mr. Nicholas Clark, son-in-law of the Reverend Thomas Hurrell, Rector of Beerferrers.

It was rumoured that on the land thus acquired Mr. Clark intended to immediately erect a number of small tenements, and that, by arrangement with the steward, the occupants thereof were in the following September to be admitted to burgage. Thus sixteen new poor votes would be created, which, if the scheme were carried out, would turn the scale at the next and future elections.[2]

[1] The undertaking for this repayment is still among the family papers. It is possible that Lord Stamford found great difficulty in meeting his engagements, for the offices bestowed upon him by King William (of which he had been deprived at the accession of Queen Anne) had profited him but little. 'His zeal for the publick, it was said, led him from the care of his own private affairs, which he did not mend by his employments. . . . From a good estate he was become very poor and much in debt.'

A 'character' written by a Mr. Mackay for the information of the Electress Sophia describes Lord Stamford as honest but narrow-minded, suspicious of every man not of his party, and very jealous of the power of the clergy, who he feared might some time or other influence the civil government. A defect in his speech deprived him of elocution, nevertheless it was reported that in council he spoke well and sensibly.

Dean Swift, on the contrary, told Stella that Lord Stamford 'looked and talked like a very weak man' and, grounding our opinion on what we know (through Sir Francis Drake's correspondence with Sir Peter King) of Lord Stamford's vindictive temper and want of good judgment in the management of his Devonshire concerns, we are inclined to accept the Dean's estimate as the truer of the two.

[2] The electors were those owners of freeholds within the borough who paid scot and lot, i.e. rates, and an acknowledgment to the lord of the manor.

Upon the receipt of this disquieting intelligence, Sir Francis hurried to Exeter, where he interviewed and thoroughly alarmed 'this poor Ford,' who declared his penitence and anxiety to set matters right. Ford explained that one day Mr. Diggory King and Mr. Clark had come together to see him, bringing with them a document which, after they had drunk a good deal of wine together, they requested him to sign, and by telling him that it would be for the good of the parish, 'they prevailed upon him to comply thereto.' Ford said further that 'afterwards, happening to fall into a concern about what he had done, doubting the management towards him'—in other words, suspecting that he had been purposely stupefied—he wrote to Mr. Clark for a copy of the deed in question, but no notice had been taken of his letter. The repentant man, who was then prostrated with illness and supposed to be in a dying condition, expressed a wish to make an affidavit of all the circumstances connected with what he styled his 'surprise,' adding that, if it were still possible, he was willing to make a fresh conveyance of the lands to five persons with a full and sufficient declaration of trust. As delay was hazardous under the circumstances, Sir Francis permitted him to do this; he also took Ford's deposition, had it legally attested by two witnesses, and sent both documents up to Sir Peter King, who thereupon advised that Mr. Clark should be forthwith informed of the steps taken, and be invited to surrender the transfer wrongly made in his sole favour. At the same time, he was to be explicitly requested to act as trustee jointly with the four others upon whom it was intended that the property should thenceforth be settled, in trust, that the income derived therefrom should, as theretofore, be used for keeping up the fabric of the parish church.

Hugh Pyne, son of a popular doctor resident in Beeralston, was deputed to lay these proposals before Mr. Clark, but the latter peremptorily refused to entertain them. He said

'that having bought the lands he should keep them, and at his death pass them on to whom he would, in the same manner as he had received them, without declaring any uses.' Warned by Mr. Pyne that proceedings in Chancery might be taken against him, and that the Lord Chancellor, who had formerly represented Beeralston in Parliament, had the best means of knowing the rights of the case, Mr. Clark cynically replied that 'Chancery suits did commonly last some years, and that the wind did not always blow from one quarter. Meaning as if the Chancellor was not upon very sure ground.' The aptness of these observations was so obvious that, at Sir Francis's request on behalf of the parishioners, Sir Peter promptly filed a bill in Chancery against Mr. Clark. Whereupon, lest this scandalous affair should come into court and Lord Stamford's part in it be made public, Sir Francis was clearly given to understand that unless these proceedings were dropped no part of his expenses in the fishery suit would be repaid to him. The sum appears to have been considerable and he could ill afford to lose it, but that he should be a consenting party to the iniquity proposed was not to be dreamt of, nor had he any intention of tamely suffering an attack upon his borough interest; 'therefore,' he wrote to Sir Peter King, 'we must return this land just in statu quo, whatever may be the trouble and cost. . . . If Lord Stamford own this thing and come in with his foolish ill-natured Tenant and greedy Steward, he will break up a part of our honest interest, and his own—for ever. I will positively never come in under him, his Chaplain and Steward or Tenant, nor will my son, I am sure.'

That Sir Peter, whose present fortunate worldly position was largely due to Sir Francis's unvarying kindness in providing him with a seat in Parliament, should exert himself to the utmost in defence of a borough interest of which he had for so many years enjoyed the advantage, was not too

much to expect. We cannot, therefore, wonder at the growing note of disappointment in Sir Francis's letters as he began to perceive that his friend was no longer actively pushing the case forward, but was rather courting delays. It would have been easy, Sir Francis thought, for Sir Peter, who was in frequent communication with Lord Stamford, to have at the least endeavoured to put an end to his misapprehensions. Special opportunities for an amicable explanation had not been wanting; for, in the beginning of June, when Spencer Cowper had definitely withdrawn his intended candidature, Mr. Lawrence Carter, the Recorder of Leicester, had been selected as future member for Beeralston. This arrangement was, almost certainly, brought about by the dexterous management of Sir Peter King, and yet he had made no attempt to get the affair of the parish lands settled, either by promoting a better understanding with Lord Stamford or by process of law. Consequently, losing patience, Sir Francis determined that no more time should be wasted, and plainly indicated this resolution to his friend and counsel.

In truth, Sir Peter was in a quandary. He was regarded as Whig leader in the House of Commons, and now, by the irony of fate, just at the moment of a most vicious attack upon the Government as hostile to the Established Church, he was called upon to expose the complicity of one of the ministers in a scheme for robbing Church property! To appear then in such a case, small as may have been the public esteem for Lord Stamford's abilities, would offend the party and damage his own chances of promotion. If, on the other hand, ignoring his obligations to Sir Francis and to the Beeralston people, he threw up their brief, he could not retain his seat for that borough, and at the approaching election might very likely find himself without a constituency.

Being human, Sir Peter hesitated, and lawyer-like sought by temporising and suggestions of compromise to avoid

bringing the matter to a crisis. But Sir Francis set his face steadily against further procrastination.

Sir (he wrote, or rather dictated, for he was suffering from an attack of gout, which may account for some incoherence and a downrightness of language not usual with him), I have the favour of yours by the last post. Though it seem not to have the spirit of the former, I verily think you will do all the service in your power to maintain the interest of your Friend in that Borough which has so very unreservedly served you. I have never hitherto nor ever will engage you in anything but what will appear righteous before any judicature here or the Great Tribunal hereafter; before either of which the noble lord cannot appear at the head of his sixteen sacrilegians without confusion. If these two knaves who have drawn him into this horrid exposing piece of folly had not thought it prejudicial to their base ends, they could have told his good lordship that I have more land yet undisposed of, which have honestly bought and paid for, than will make twenty votes, upon any one of which there is not the least blot or colour for one. And, moreover, I do now say that if he go on I will give him, God sparing my life and present abilities, such a stunner as he can never recover. The lords of this manor have had the benefit of my purchases—as Sir John Maynard would own for his part if he were alive. So must this ungrateful man say. He knows (besides about Beeralston) my coming to London to settle his militia, and my doing it at the expense of a great sum of my own money besides paines, but with that reputation to him as got him his places. He knows also that I have never had anything from him worth sixpence but what has bona fide cost me eightpence at the least; and in the height of his friendship he took about £160 of me (for which he had no power to sell) and in the same height of goodwill engaged me in the fishery suit, by a letter to his Steward with a promise to pay me one half the costs. And since that when his word has been more solemnly given me by Mr. Mariott, both by letter and otherwise, I must come into his Church robbing or lose my money! . . . Far be it from me to make him easy unless he will vomit up his male quaesita, and put it exactly into the power and method of managing it was before.

I hope upon perusal of what I sent you by last post you will be confirmed of the base design and management I complain of, and also in your resolution to stand by me and take the speediest and most effectual methods of putting this matter to rights again. If the Neighbourhood or any other consideration make you choose to be unconcerned, engage some very Able Judicious Lawyer to make the beginning to prevent loss of time, and it shall suffice. For I never can treat until this matter, as I say, is put to rights. I am as much resolved as his lordship, and of the opinion shall carry it through with more honour than his lordship is likely to do. What I have written may seem warm, but things are really so as represented and really intended by me. Not but that at the same time I would choose in all respects to live friendly with the lords of this manor, and can do them all the services in my power if I can have satisfaction of my just complaints. And hereof it has been my intention to acquaint Sir John Hobart,[1] if this lord continue in his present temper. It would swell this letter into too great a bulk to state the provocation pretended to be given him, which being truly looked into, no Gentleman can blame me. Every wise one must think I acted a part which anyone else would have thanked me for. Pray, Sir, lose no time.

This letter and Sir Francis's determination to maintain the supremacy of his borough interest at any cost, convinced Sir Peter King of the uselessness of further pleas for delay. He might for his own convenience withdraw from the case if he chose, but another lawyer, unrestrained by the same political considerations, would quickly be found to conduct it, with the result that the exposure would be all the greater. Under these circumstances, the only thing to be done was to make the situation known to Lord Stamford and to urge him, before it was too late, to consider how unfortunate it might be for his party, as well as for himself, if in the course of the trial it were shown that, in inducing Ford to betray his trust, Mr. Clark was acting not for himself

[1] Son of Sir Henry Hobart and Elizabeth Maynard, co-heiress with Lady Stamford of their grandfather's property in Devonshire.

but under instructions from Lord Stamford's agent, Mr. Diggory King.

The delicate business of personally laying this unpleasant contingency before Lord Stamford could scarcely have been undertaken by Sir Peter; probably Mr. Mariott, a most honourable, upright man, was the intermediary. To make a long story short, the outcome of the affair was that, when Lord Stamford clearly apprehended what the cost to himself would be, both in money and credit, if the plaintiffs won a verdict, and that whether they did so or not he could still only command a minority of votes, he decided to relinquish his hold upon the Church lands.

By the tactful management of Sir Peter King, the case was settled without compromising disclosures or any mention of Lord Stamford's surreptitious part in it. Ford's dubiously legal transfer passed unchallenged, conditionally upon its becoming the basis of an indenture, executed by Mr. Clark, which restored the property to the Church and vested it in the names of five trustees, viz. Thomas, eldest son of Mr. Nicholas Clark; Francis Henry Drake, Esq., son and heir of Sir Francis Drake; Thomas Jope, Ambrose Ryder and John Foot, freeholders in the parish of Beerferrers.

Thus these lands, which had been the inheritance of the Church for such a long period of years that the very name of the donor was forgotten, were by the spirit and determination of Sir Francis Drake preserved from alienation. Age and decay had rendered the ancient title deed undecipherable, but by the evidence of 'Relators,' grounded upon family and parochial tradition, it was shown that from time immemorial the rents and profits had been appropriated 'as of right' to the repairs of the parish church; and to this use, by the trust deed signed on September 27, 1710, they were thenceforth in perpetuity secured.

Honesty and uprightness had prevailed, although at the

cost to Sir Francis of his expenses in the fishery suit and of frequent annoyances over local matters which in former times had been settled in a friendly spirit between him and his 'neighbour lord.' Their estrangement continued until the spring of 1712, when, through the intervention of Mr. Mariott, Lord Stamford made amends and a reconciliation was effected.

As a step towards the resumption of amicable relations, shooting was offered for Frank Drake over lands in Beerferrers in the occupation of Mr. Clark; good partridge ground, which must have been acceptable to the young sportsman, for we find his father directing that before he left London, where he was pursuing his studies at the Temple under the friendly eye of Sir Peter King, he was to 'offer his services to Lord Stamford' and to take counsel with Sir Peter as to 'the best means of gratifying Mr. Clark.' Some little tact was required here, because the latter, although described as 'gentleman,' was not an esquire; neither was he a freeholder or leaseholder with a long enough term to be entitled—as the law then stood—to shoot, even with permission, over lands not actually his own.

In Queen Anne's reign and throughout those of the Georges, the enjoyment of sport was fenced about with restrictions, certain of which admitted of extremely harsh interpretation. Sir Francis's letters mention several times the case of some young gentlemen of Tavistock who, not having the advantages of primogeniture, were, through the malice of a neighbour, 'brought before Mr. Harris of Manadon, convicted and fined for carrying guns for hunting. The least of those young fellows,' he says, 'will have considerably more than £100 a year of inheritance; no hare killed or so much as started, and their parents so nettled as to resolve upon reprisals, and threaten James Courtenay's[1] younger sons and servants.'

[1] Owner of the ancient mansion of Walreddon, near Tavistock.

Such hindrances did not stand in the way of Frank Drake, because, being legally an esquire and also heir apparent to estates producing a rental of more than £100 a year, he might rightfully hold a deputation to shoot game upon lands of other owners. But his brothers, for lack of the second qualification, were not privileged even to carry guns. They went out, however, on their father's manor, and were encouraged to become good sportsmen.

Methods of 'fowling' varied in those days. Shooting flying was then just coming into fashion. The new style is described in 'The Gentleman's Recreations,' [1] the standard book on such matters published in 1710; but it is recommended rather as a counsel of perfection than as an accomplishment to be met with every day. Gentlemen of the old school, faithful to the custom of their youth, still with skill and diligence, aided by a clever spaniel, 'pearched' their pheasants on a mound or bank before shooting at them. But the smart young men of the rising generation for the most part adopted 'the new mode,' and, armed with guns of from four and a half to six feet long in the barrel, according to the nature of the game to be killed, shot their birds on the wing.

'To powder and shot for the boys,' is a frequent entry in Lady Drake's account books, but Sir Francis's own sporting days were long past; yet, until the spring of 1713, in spite of his age and occasional attacks of gout, he led a most busy, active life, making distant journeys on horseback, quite as a matter of course, even in the depth of winter. We find him now at Exeter for Quarter Sessions or county business;

[1] The instructions to beginners have a quaint, old-world flavour about them. 'For your learning to shoot flying, Spring is the best time for Swallows and Swifts and you will not miss of them in Churchyards and such like places. . . . If you design for cocks and in a wood you may use two or three spaniels . . . and have three or four men on trees to observe that when the spaniels flush any, he that seeth it should say "I have marked," which gives notice to him that shoots to come and take his shot. . . .'

now at Yarcombe, attending to estate affairs there ; and again and again at Nutwell, helping in the unravelment of Henry Pollexfen's difficulties about rights belonging to his London properties, or coming to terms for him with bankrupt mortgagors, from whom as much was to be obtained by arrangement as by lawsuits, in which Henry was, for one of 'his unhappy temperament,' too frequently involved.

Near or far as Sir Francis's ambulations might take him, he diligently kept Sir Peter *au courant* of all happenings which could affect the electioneering prospects of the Whigs in those boroughs where his own interest chiefly lay. He vigilantly watched the doings of successive mayors of Plymouth, lest disloyal Tories and Jacobites should find encouragement, and missed no opportunity of adding to the number of votes which he and his friends could decisively influence. Just before the elections of 1710, Sir Francis mentions 'a little purchase which cost me about £45, that upon another occasion would not be valued at £7.' And again, on December 1, 1711, he says :

I have this day, very foolishly as I think, advanced £70 upon a purchase within the borough of Tavistock, only to save two votes from falling into the Enemy's hand. Had it been within yours I should have had pleasure in it, now I take none, it being likely to encumber me and procure me no thanks, but the bargain is cheap enough. Have also this week taken a mortgage of Powell's lands in Beeralston and paid him £22.

Such investments, and others of a like nature made in previous years, were in Sir Francis's case rather tempting than prudent. Notes of sundry small borrowings—£30, £100, £200 twice, and £300 (not quickly repaid)—remind us that ready money was at times less abundant at the Abbey than can have been altogether agreeable when hospitality was to be shown and so large a family had to be maintained, educated, and provided for.

'Daughter Betty,' the eldest child of Sir Francis's third marriage, was nineteen years old in 1711. She was slight, fair, and, if not actually pretty, certainly nice looking. She had, moreover, enjoyed the then uncommon advantage of instruction from a resident 'French Mamselle'; but if she was to have good matrimonial prospects a suitable dowry was indispensable, for, in the eighteenth century, parents and guardians, if not bridegrooms, were more unabashedly mercenary than they now like to appear.

The most expensive member of this juvenile family, however, the one for whose advancement sacrifices were ungrudgingly made, was the eldest son, Francis Drake, who at the age of eighteen, early in 1711, was sent to London that he might acquire some knowledge of law. Young, good-looking, light-hearted, and without a mentor, it is not surprising to find that he was thoughtless or disposed to be extravagant. 'I am a little in pain about Frank's late managements,' wrote Sir Francis in November, 'if he is out, I suppose a few years will set him right again.' Of reproof or remonstrance—if he met with any from his fond parents—we hear nothing. He was permitted to remain in town until the following March, when Sir Francis told Sir Peter (rather as though he were framing an excuse) that, as his wife began to be impatient to see her son, he had desired him to come home, 'being determined for a little discourse with him to take him into the consult where it is best to set him down for another little while next.'

In analogous circumstances a modern father would unhesitatingly place his son at one of the Universities, but in Queen Anne's reign that would not have been quite the right thing to do. Junior members of good families, for the most part, went to college because they had to depend upon their own abilities for success in life. Not so the heir to his father's acres; he, on leaving school, usually studied law for

a while in London, as Frank had done, or ought to have done, and then was sent abroad for further culture, under the care of an experienced tutor. But, whilst this country was at war with France, it and the Netherlands were closed to English travellers; hence it was that for at least another twelvemonth Frank remained at home, reading a little, we may suppose, by the purchase of 'a book desk for Mr. Drake,' and also paying a good many visits, with or without his parents, to their relations and friends at Nutwell, Newnham, Blatchford, Kitley, Halton, and other country houses.

The contrast between the education bestowed upon Frank and that given to his next brother, Pollexfen Drake, who was one year his junior and very like him in appearance, is particularly noticeable. With equal fatherly affection a far greater strenuousness appears. If Frank would not work, great was the pity, but if Pollexfen frittered away his time, the evil would be of deeper development; for he had to make his own way in the world, and Industry was expected to be his perpetual watchword. At the age of fourteen we find him 'of the Inner Temple' nominally—an indication merely of the profession he was meant to adopt. His early education was at a grammar school, and when that course finished he matriculated at Oxford, on May 2, 1711, being then seventeen years old. Soon afterwards he went to Pembroke College, where he stayed the usual time.

Duncomb Drake, the third son, was the first to be off his father's hands and in a measure independent. In 1709, when he was fourteen years old, he began his career in the Royal Navy, serving for the first year, whilst being instructed, on board a ship stationed at Plymouth. We get glimpses of his boyish affairs by entries in his mother's cash book. Sugar, wine, nutmegs to take on board, and on one or two occasions, fowls, '5*s*. to each of the Captain's men and to the Dr. £1.' Then, in 1710, 'a wigg made for Duncomb when Sir

Francis's long one was repaired ' is set down, and the items of his small outfit are enumerated, viz. ' 2 pairs of shoes, 2 pairs of gloves, 4 shirts, 4 nightcaps, a hat, silk thread, and a bundle of black ribbon, which things with £1 1*s.* 0*d.* for his pocket, £1 1*s.* 0*d.* for his master on board and 10*s.* for the Doctor, were delivered to Duncomb on November 1, 1710, being the day he sail'd for the Downs.' A year later he came home on leave, and departed on December 17, 1711, ' going from us to Porchmouth.'

Of the boyhood of George and Harry Drake [1]—the last a child in the nursery, and much younger than his brother—we know little. George went for his first schooling to the Grammar School at Plympton St. Maurice, where Mr. Othamar, the predecessor of Mr. Reynolds, was his master.[2] It is small wonder that the father of Sir Joshua did not grow rich upon his labours, seeing that fifteen shillings was the whole fee charged at Plympton for a quarter's schooling. The pupils, of course, lived out. George ' tabled ' with the family of a Huguenot refugee, Mr. Majendie, being paid for at the modest rate of £1 14*s.* a month—physic included! He was a sport-loving boy with resources. Too young to be much of a companion to his elders in the holidays, he found amusements for himself; powder and shot and fishing-lines for him are little items mentioned in his mother's cash book; and, ' Given George for his pocket when going with Sir Francis to Yarcombe, which is 31st of January, 1712, a little piece of gold, and for catching rats 2*s.* 6*d.*'

This journey of Sir Francis, made in mid-winter, was

[1] Harry was born in February 1709–10. He was named after the baby born in 1702, but since dead.

[2] The Rev. Jonathan Othamar was appointed Master of Plympton school in 1698. Under his unfortunate management, the pupils, who till then had numbered about fifty, dwindled down to five or six. In 1710 the trustees requested him to resign, but he refused, and retained possession of the office until his death in 1715, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Samuel Reynolds.

followed a little while later by his very serious illness, the result, perhaps, of cold and over-fatigue on that occasion. He may have had a slight stroke; we can only guess at the nature of his sickness from a letter of Lady Drake to her 'Dear Cousin Saussure,' asking her to lend £30 to 'honest Harry Mildron,' one of Sir Francis's tenants, who was behindhand with his rent. She had the fullest confidence in him and would herself be his security. It seems like a roundabout way of filling her own purse, and that, maybe, was how 'Cousin Saussure' understood it, for she sent the money, and as Harry Mildron went bankrupt soon after, it was well for her that she had put away the letter. But to return to its contents; Lady Drake says, 'I beg of you as freely to command me or mine, as I am always forward to use your friendship. Sir Francis, I thank God, is free from pain, but the visited limbs remain as yet very unserviceable. I beg you to excuse my haste.'

Thanks to the skill of Mr. Vinson [Vincent ?], who was paid '£8 8*s*. 0*d*. and one guinea more for his attention,' Sir Francis completely recovered, but from that time we notice that his letters to Sir Peter King become less frequent, although not less affectionate. This was a year of sickness. 'Madam Betty' had the measles, and required during her convalescence to be supplied with grapes from 'the French gardener's.' George took smallpox, and was removed from Plympton to Moretonhampstead, to recruit and pursue his studies under the direction of the Reverend Matthew Atwell.

A little before Christmas, Duncomb came to bid farewell to his parents, preparatory, we suppose, to a distant cruise in foreign waters. The especial present given him, £16, 'the day he took his journey for London, his ship then lying in the Downs,' suggests that his absence was expected to be a longer one than usual and that this was his first real separation from his people.

Early in the spring of 1713 the family party from Buckland came on a visit to Gertrude and Henry at Nutwell Court. Sir Francis's other married daughter was now established near her elder sister; for in the year 1711 Frances and Henry Drake left Netherton, in Buckland Monachorum, and settled at Souton House, in the parish of Lympstone. More land must have belonged to that place then than does now, for Henry Drake's rate was the highest in the parish. Whilst at Souton, several children were born to them, but only two survived.

We may well believe that the coming of her favourite sister to live within a mile and a half's distance from Nutwell was a joy and solace to Gertrude and Henry Pollexfen, who, as we gather from a letter of Sir Francis, written, however, some years previously, were not very popular with their neighbours. 'Here I see an unkind spirit towards this Family, but for no other reason that I can learn but that they live and spend their money among them.' Probably, that was but a passing phase, connected with a hot dispute over the next presentation to the Rectory of Lympstone, which four different persons claimed to have purchased either directly or indirectly—Chief Justice Pollexfen having been, as his son maintained, one of them.

Since Lady Drake's last visit, Henry and Gertrude had done a great deal to improve their house; they had added a new dining-room and spared no expense to adorn it with a beautiful ceiling and fine marble mantelpieces. They had bought furniture in excellent taste and had made gardens—the same kitchen garden as now exists. With much satisfaction, no doubt, these alterations and embellishments were exhibited to their guests. We have a well-grounded impression that Gertrude was a more capable manager than her step-mother, that her establishment was better regulated and much more comfortable. We judge from the account

books of the two families. It is true that Gertrude herself kept no books, but she had them kept for her, clearly and systematically. Elizabeth, on the other hand, conscientiously, even prayerfully, wrote down every disbursement just as she made it. Shoeing the oxen, hair powder, the window tax, deal boards, a dozen oysters, silk stockings for Frank, payments to labourers, a chine of beef, red baize for petticoats, and such things, are entered one after another on the same page. Servants were given a few shillings at a time 'on account of wages,' as there chanced to be cash in hand; sometimes the whole amount due to them was two or even three years in arrear. Nothing but marketing was paid for with any regularity, and no classification of expenses was attempted. Disbursements usually exceeded receipts; and although for that Elizabeth could not have been wholly to blame, we are left with the impression that, in her close attention to pence, pounds slipped away unobserved.

It is, perhaps, a little ungenerous to draw attention to her shortcomings, for without her industrious jottings we should know much less of the family movements than we do. We certainly should not have guessed that, although Sir Francis and the Henry Pollexfens went not near Wembury, Lady Drake maintained occasional intercourse with her aunt and cousins. When Sir Francis and the others of the party returned to Buckland, she took advantage of the opportunity to go on from Nutwell to Sandford (Creedy), upon a short visit to her widowed cousin, Abigail,[1] Lady Davie, and did not rejoin her husband until the middle of March, when Sir Peter King came for a few days to the Abbey.

Kind-hearted Sir Peter seems to have transferred the interest he formerly took in Frank to the more industrious Pollexfen. He had invited the youth during his last vacation to come to him at Wells, to their mutual satisfaction

[1] Daughter of John Pollexfen of Wembury.

apparently, for upon Pollexfen's leaving college, an arrangement was made for his residence in London, where he was to be more or less under the supervision of some one recommended by Sir Peter. 'Please to acquaint Polly,' says Sir Francis in one of his letters, 'that when I am fully satisfied that he is well settled and in a studying humour, I shall not forget my usual tokens.'

These gratifying appreciations must have been forwarded in due course, for the conduct of the admirable, steady Polly was evidently such as to encourage his father to follow the same system with George, who in November of this year was likewise sent for further improvement to London. George was then just turned seventeen, and as we hear of him no more until we find him in the civil service of the Hon. East India Company, we presume that he was being trained with a view to his intended career in the far East.

CHAPTER VIII

In one of Sir Francis's letters, written in the spring of 1712, whilst the Treaty of Utrecht was on the tapis, he tells his friend, with the odd circumlocution so many people used in referring to the Pretender, that 'the most intelligent of our French who are upon parole in the neighbourhood think that a certain party to whom they wish well will not be able to hold it.' For nearly twelve months longer, however, the Chevalier de St. George remained in France, and when peace was agreed upon and he was compelled to leave, he went no farther than to Lorraine. Meanwhile, the Jacobites on both sides of the water were busy and extremely hopeful, as indeed they well might be, when the foremost ministers of the Crown justly suspected each other of plotting to defeat the Hanoverian succession and bring in the Pretender. Towards the end of the summer of 1713 the Queen's health was known to be precarious, and as the triennial parliamentary elections were impending, it became more than ever incumbent on all whole-hearted supporters of the Act of Settlement, whether Whig or Tory, to be watchful, and, on the matter of the Protestant succession, to be absolutely united. The Devonshire constituencies did not lightly change their representatives, but some new candidates were expected to stand. Concerning their chances of election and the prospects of the Whigs generally, Sir Francis had opportunity to discourse with Sir Peter King and with her

Majesty's judges, when, for the summer assize, they passed through Plymouth on the way to or from Cornwall. Upon their return journey Sir Francis and his friend appear to have ridden a few miles together towards Exeter.

Sir (he wrote on August the 8th, not many days after their parting),

I have been extremely concerned about what hath been the event of your very wet travelling on Monday. The weather was very bad indeed and I have been (in a manner) lay'd up ever since. Copies of the Plymouth letter are sent into the country by an unknown hand, and one of them was yesterday lay'd before me by a parson. Pray write me your opinion of what is fit for me to do, for I have sent him off for a few days. If you know a reputable straying Tory who is willing to oppose one of the corrupt ones, I shall thank you to inform me.

I hope you have made my compliments to the Judges, and (with all our thanks and services) wish you an happy return to Lady King and your fine fireside.

I am

Dearest Sir, Yours,

and your very faithful friend and servant

ffrancis Drake.

Mr. Creed[1] is, I hear, at Exeter. If you understand he has any designs towards the law or being further troublesome to his parish, you shall please to give me an hint of it. I shall be very just to you in managing it.

In this and previous letters Sir Francis distinguished clearly between 'corrupt Tories'—Jacobites at heart, ready upon the first opportunity to plunge their country into all its late distresses—and 'honest gentlemen' who, although their politics differed widely from his own, served the Government as sincerely and were no waverers. These he respected, and, staunch Whig though he was, where the election of a member for the Commons' House of Parliament could lie only between Tories, he would at the present juncture not refuse to

[1] Vicar of Buckland Monachorum, in succession to Ames Crymes.

vote for one, if it were a question of supporting a loyal subject against a Jacobite.[1]

In thus writing, some borough other than Plymouth must have been in his thoughts, for Sir George Byng's seat was not in danger, and local feeling, as shown by the September municipal elections, was inclining in the direction the Recorder desired. He was probably well pleased that the mayor then chosen was his old acquaintance, Mr. William Hurrell, 'a man honest, more sense than money, much to the Whiggish side,' and if, as the note-keeping town councillor added, 'he made no figure,' this was of small consequence as compared with the advantages derivable from his co-operation in furthering the interests of their party during the elections for the Parliament which met in March 1714. Then, for the first time after many years, two Whigs were returned for Plymouth, Admiral Sir George Byng, who had already represented the town in former Parliaments, and Sir John Rogers of Blatchford, near Ivy Bridge; 'a sensible man,' Sir Francis appreciatively styled him. The Beeralston electors were, of course, faithful to their allegiance. At Tavistock, Sir John Cope, a Whig and frequent visitor at the Abbey, was re-elected, and at the same time one whom Sir Francis always regarded as an interloper in the borough, Mr. James Bulteel, with whose opinions he had no sympathy whatever.

Throughout Sir Francis's long career he had been a zealous and consistent Whig. In Parliament and out of Parliament, in private as well as public life, he had worked heart and soul with his party to uphold the principles upon which the Act of

[1] It was, we believe, in preparation for this election that Sir Francis had the quaint horn snuffboxes made which he presented to some of his political friends in the borough of Tavistock. Two of these boxes, with the Drake arms embossed upon them, are in the British Museum. Another is in the United Service Museum, and examples may still occasionally be met with, frequently labelled as having belonged to Sir Francis Drake of Elizabethan fame; but the maker's name was John Obrisset and the time of their production was in 1712.

Settlement is founded. Now, after all the oppressions, the dangers, the constitutional struggles of past years, plots abroad and intrigues and treachery at home, his surprise must have been almost as great as his rejoicing when, upon the death of Queen Anne (August 1, 1714), George I came to the throne as easily as if he had always been the recognised heir.

Of Sir Francis's personal impressions at this time, the anxious suspense that he and all anti-Jacobites must have endured, both during the last few days of the Queen's life, and until the proclamation of the new sovereign's accession had been peaceably received throughout the three kingdoms, we would give much to find a record under his own hand. Unfortunately, the packet of correspondence with Sir Peter King ends abruptly with the last letter quoted. We know that others were written and that amongst them one was certainly of great interest, but they have not survived. In any case, the interchange of letters between the friends must gradually have become less frequent, from age on the one side and from want of leisure and reason for writing on the other; for, at the beginning of King George's reign, when the Whigs immediately came into office, the Great Seal was again given to Lord Cowper, and at his recommendation Sir Peter King was raised to the Bench as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The refuge of a close borough, for which one could be elected with certainty and at no great expense, was now more useful for others than himself; accordingly, at the next dissolution he retired from the representation of Beeralston. By his advice the seat was bestowed upon Horace Walpole, brother of the minister, and, as we shall see when vacancies occurred later, it was still Sir Peter's influence which guided both Sir Francis and his son in the choice of members for their borough.

In March 1715, when the first Parliament of the Hanoverian

dynasty was called, the members elected for Tavistock were 'Sir John Cope, Kt., and Francis Henry Drake, Esq.' Thus the warm personal interest Sir Francis had never failed to take in the affairs of his old constituents and the willingness he had always shown to be serviceable to them, was acknowledged in the most gratifying way possible. He had the satisfaction of seeing his eldest son enter public life with opportunities of usefulness, sitting for the same borough as he had done in his own youth, but with a clearer horizon and a more prosperous outlook.

A great cloud gathered before the year was out; mercifully, it passed quickly away, for if the Jacobites in the north had been successful, if the Pretender had been seated on the throne as James III, and another despotic reign had begun, it would as surely have been followed by another revolution. In fear of such a consummation, all England was in commotion, but the Government was on the alert, the scheme of some Devonshire Jacobites to seize Plymouth was disconcerted, and although the Duke of Ormond landed on the coast with a few officers, they found no men to command, and made haste to depart.

The only memorials we have of this time of disturbance are some old posse and militia commissions. One, dated November 1715, appoints Francis Henry Drake, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel, to take command of the Stannary forces in the Tavistock district in the event of their being called out. Another, signed by Lord Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire in February 1716, appoints him 'lieutenant in a regiment of foot soldiers commanded by Sir Francis Drake, Bart., being part of the militia of the said County of Devon.' And a third, dated a year later, promotes him to be a 'Colonel and Captain' in the same regiment.

Sir Francis was certainly too old to command troops in person, hence, perhaps, Francis Henry's rapid promotion, in

spite of what must have been a very inadequate amount of military knowledge. Such an unprofessional state of things, however, was not peculiar to Devonshire, as may be seen by Lord Cowper's report on the condition of the King's forces at this time.

> The militia of the Counties was quite out of order, so that no remedy remained but for your Majesty's troops to countenance and assist such of your subjects as voluntarily took arms in defence of your Majesty's government and of the public peace. These together have been able to disperse the Rebels and make some degree of quiet whenever they have appeared, but in so gentle a manner that the disaffected rabble have been rather encouraged thereby to try their fortune in another place, finding by experience that where the troops come 'tis but dispersing for the present and they are safe as if nothing had been done.[1]

The insurrection was quelled, but a Jacobite invasion still threatened, and, as in these circumstances it would have been unsafe to risk a dissolution of Parliament, the ministers brought forward the Septennial Bill, which passed through both Houses in April 1717.

Whilst public affairs were in a troubled state, sorrows of a personal nature began to overshadow the closing years of Sir Francis's life. Early in 1716 he seems to have felt that he would do well to divest himself of responsibilities which would be better undertaken by younger people; he desired, therefore, to surrender the trusteeship of his sister-in-law's fortune. The matter was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and we only reproduce his nephew's letter to show that, whatever may have been Mary Buller's differences with her husband and his people, the breach had been closed, and she was now residing happily with her daughters at her son's seat in Cornwall.

[1] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. iv. p. 358.

Morval, June 21, 1716.

Hon^ed Sir,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your favour of executing the surrender, and have now executed a counterpart exact, examined by your servant, and am sorry for giving you so much trouble, especially by mistakes occasioned by my servants, but hope it is now to your satisfaction. My Mother is obliged to you doubly, both for what relates to my own part and as to hers. I pray you present my humble duty to my Lady and to my Aunt Jane. My Mother joins with me in our humble services to all relations, and

I am truly,
Your affectionate Nephew
F. J. Buller.[1]

A little later in the same year, Pollexfen Drake, who had held the appointment of Commissioner of Appeals in Excise, sickened with fever at Exeter and died after a very short illness. He was buried at Meavy on September 6, in a new vault made under the Drake transept.

Seven months after this Lady Drake died; whether she was suddenly taken ill or had been long ailing we know not. It is possible that grief for the loss of her excellent son Pollexfen may have hastened her end. She was laid by his side on March 25, 1717.

The next member of the family to depart was Sir Francis's son-in-law, Henry Drake, who was buried at Lympstone on May 4 following, in the vault where the remains of two of his children had already been deposited. Frances, his widow, removed about this time from Souton House to Upper

[1] Sir Francis's nephew, Francis John Buller, who was at this time making arrangements for his marriage with Rebecca, daughter of Sir John Trelawney, Bishop of Winchester, was not very long afterwards the hero of a strange adventure. Having contracted smallpox, and being to all appearance dead, his body was laid in the coffin ready for interment, when his wife, coming into the room to take a last farewell of her husband, finding the atmosphere oppressive, opened the window wide. To her amazement, she saw the corpse move one of his fingers. Assistance was called, restoratives given, and Mr. Buller completely recovered.

Nutwell, a smaller place, but more cheerfully situated and nearer to Gertrude and Henry Pollexfen.

After Lady Drake's death Sir Francis appears to have resided more or less permanently at the old Strode manor house at Meavy. It had been bought with his wife's money and settled upon her as a dower house. For this purpose it was well suited, being then twice its present size, dignified but not too big, with sufficient land belonging to it for amenity, and nothing about it expensive to keep up. As a residence for elderly people, the 'High House' had some advantages not to be found at the Abbey. The comfortable oak-wainscoted parlours on the ground floor, and the fairly large bedrooms above, reached by a wide, easy stairway, had a cheerful southerly aspect. In front was a formal garden, with a paved path through it, bordered with cut box hedges. Close by is the church, before the gate of which stood, and still stands, the great oak, supposed to be a thousand years old, and known to have been an old tree in the reign of King John.

During the last few years of Lady Drake's life the house had been kept in hand. It was at any rate partly furnished; some servants were put in, and occasionally for a change she and Sir Francis spent a week or fortnight at Meavy. His wife had been interested in the place and enjoyed staying there, and now that she had been taken from him he shrank from going back to the Abbey—at least, we gather as much from the tone of a letter written to Mr. Thomas Martyn of the Middle Temple, who, we believe, was then on the Western Circuit and much a *protegé* of the Lord Chief Justice King. Owing, perhaps, to this young man's friendship for Pollexfen, whose administrator he was, 'Francis Henry Drake renouncing,' Sir Francis had become well acquainted with him, and occasionally asked questions through him, rather than trouble Sir Peter unnecessarily.

The business then requiring attention was the resettlement of the Drake estates. Rightly or wrongly, Sir Francis had little confidence in his son's 'managements,' and as he was making his will afresh, he wished, in order to prevent possible alienations, to cut off the existing entail, and, with his own additions to the property, to re-entail it to the same uses as before. The first step was to 'suffer a recovery,' and for this his heir's co-operation was essential. Sir Peter King had been consulted, and the documents were in preparation, when Francis Henry made difficulties about joining in the matter with his father. Sir Francis was deeply hurt, and we think—though we have no proof of this—that he asked Sir Peter to see his son and bring him to a better mind; but getting no answer, and being ill and very impatient, he wrote to Mr. Martyn.

June 1st. I have the honour of yours and thank you for minding the recovery, but the Lord Chief Justice taking no notice of it have written him upon that subject, and seeing so little hopes of wise managements from the young gentleman in other respects, I content myself as well as I can, having no prospect of living to see it perfected. God knows what is best for me,—but I thank you. The greatest troubles of my life have come from friends, some of them such as I might almost say I had done inestimable favours for.

During the next month things went from bad to worse, and Sir Francis resolved that 'if his son played the fool he should smart for it.' In the height of his indignation he prepared a will wherein, subject to deduction for the payment of his just debts, he gave to his heirs and successors all the additions he had made to the property in the parishes of Buckland, Beerferrers, Yarcombe, or Tavistock; but, in order to mark the sense of what he regarded as his son's ingratitude, he bequeathed to his 'dear daughter Elizabeth,' for her life, the house at Meavy, all that it contained, some closes of land around it, and liberty to cut wood for her use anywhere upon

his estate without impeachment of waste. In addition to this she was to have a fortune of £3,000, which was to be paid to her immediately upon his decease and to be absolutely at her own disposal.

This will was signed on July 17, 1717. The knowledge that it had been executed or, let us hope, worthier reasons, induced Francis Henry to alter his behaviour and, before it was too late, seek to be reconciled to his father. Sir Francis, who was really devoted to him, readily forgave, put the angry will in the fire, and forthwith made a new and kindly one, which, on the promise that his wishes respecting the entail would be faithfully carried out, he duly signed on August 17.

Bygones may be bygones, but remembrance remains, and some circumstances which occurred later make us wonder what part Mr. Martyn played in the affair. Was he a peace-maker ? Did Madam Betty intercede for her brother to her own disadvantage ? We incline to think that she did so unselfishly ; nevertheless, there are indications that Francis Henry had misgivings and imparted them to his father—that if she were independent, she would marry whom she chose without regard to his wishes. Evidently there were discussions on the subject which did not tend to harmony.

In the midst of all this turmoil over family matters, whilst Sir Francis was sick at heart and wearily striving to set his affairs in order, the news of an impending election for Beeralston was suddenly sprung upon him.

It happened soon after the time when there had been a split in the cabinet and Sir Robert Walpole had sent in his resignation, that Horace Walpole was obliged to evacuate his seat on the acceptance of a sinecure office to which he was entitled under a reversionary grant. As it was no secret that he owed his election in the first instance to Sir Peter King's

influence with Sir Francis, Sir Robert wrote to both, urgently soliciting that his brother might again be returned for Beeralston. His letter to Sir Francis has not been preserved, but the one to Sir Peter King ran as follows :

August 17th, 1717. We have received such accounts of Mr. Blathwaits's desperate state of health, that we have reason to apprehend my brother's seat in parliament, to whom the reversion of Mr. Blathwaits's place is granted, may be immediately vacant. As 'tis to you alone we owe the recommendation to Sir Francis Drake, you will not wonder that I make this early application to beg your friendship again, to have my brother re-elected. I have wrote to Sir Francis Drake by this night's post, upon this subject, and I must entreat you to second my request, which I am sensible will be of the greatest weight and service to my brother, and therefore you may be assured we shall be both always ready to acknowledge so great an obligation in the best manner we are able.

But no satisfactory answer was received, and the rumour gained ground that a dependant of Lord Sunderland was to be returned. Thereupon Sir Robert penned the following persuasive epistle :[1]

August 31st, 1717. I hope you will forgive me if I write to you upon this occasion with some freedom and a little importunity. I am not at all insensible what applications will be made to you and how acceptable it will be to some to give us this disappointment ; but I flatter myself that I do not stand in that light with you, being not conscious that I have done anything that should make it a pleasure to you to put such a slight upon me. Experience teaches everybody how little of the regard that he meets with from the multitude is to be ascribed to himself, and how much is owing to his power only ; but as I never could look upon you in that view, I cannot persuade myself but friendship, old acquaintance, and a long knowledge of me in my public capacity, was my

[1] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. iv. p. 605.

chief recommendation to you. It is not to be supposed but that Sir Francis Drake and yourself may have other friends that deserve as well or better of you than we can pretend to, and that you may have an equal inclination to serve; which were this a common case, and upon the election of a new parliament, I must admit would be a reasonable answer; but you will consider that a refusal now is an absolute exclusion of my brother, and should you oblige anybody else, it must be done at our expence; and I verily believe you will meet no solicitations that will not be more out of a desire to offer an indignity to me, than to oblige anybody else. You know the world too well not to be sensible how grievous, to speak plainly, this disappointment must be to me at this juncture, to have my enemies gain this triumph over me. The satisfaction or advantage they can have by it, unless in crossing my expectations, can be no ways equal to the dissatisfaction and concern that, I very freely confess, it would give me. To others your answer is plain and ready—upon pre-engagements and present possession. To me I know but one—that you think me no longer worth obliging. After I have expressed myself thus plainly and earnestly to you, I can add nothing but to tell you, that as I am sure this depends upon you alone, I will ever own the obligation, which, you may plainly see I do really think as great as you can possibly confer upon me; and if after this I should ever be wanting to show you a just sense of it, I should be worthy of the last reproach. I must beg one thing more, that you will give me a direct reply, which if it is to be in favour of my brother, will be an answer to all other sollicitations. I am very much, your most faithful humble servant

R. Walpole.

It is not surprising that, believing this appeal to have been irresistible, Lord Campbell supposes 'that such a service at such a pinch was remembered by Walpole' when eight years later Chief Justice King was made Lord Chancellor and a Peer. But he is in error. The member returned was Edward Carteret, Esq., a judge of the High Court of Admiralty, Postmaster-General, and uncle to the newly appointed Lord-

Lieutenant of Devonshire. Horace Walpole, consequently, was excluded from Parliament for nearly two years. The wonder is that this bitter vexation should have been forgiven by such a man as Sir Robert Walpole, but the truth seems to be that, upon this occasion, Sir Francis, consulting his son's interest equally with his friend's, had promised the next vacancy at Beeralston to Mr. Carteret. Therefore, unless this gentleman would voluntarily stand aside, it was impossible to oblige Sir Robert.

The issue of the affair really most nearly concerned Francis Henry, for the election did not actually occur until November, by which time his father—then in his seventy-sixth year—was near his departure, and thoughts far removed from the strife of parties must have occupied his heart and mind.

At the end of the year 1717, in the last week of December, Sir Francis's long and useful life closed; and on January 5 following he was, according to his desire, buried at Meavy, beside his wife Elizabeth and his son Pollexfen. He had seen many changes. Born eight years before the death of Charles I, educated during the strenuous days of the Commonwealth, he had served his country and his county in the reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, and Anne, and he died in that of George I. When he first saw the light, the civil and religious liberties of England were overthrown and trampled in the dust. According to his abilities and station he took an active part in their vindication, and lived to see these blessings permanently secured to us by the establishment of the Protestant line of succession to the throne. It was his good fortune to live in the Golden Age of England, an 'illustrious period' when, as Lord Stanhope assures us, the people of this country enjoyed a larger measure of happiness than has been theirs at any other time. The sorrows that befell him were such only as are common to all,

and they were more than counterbalanced by an abundance of blessings which are less equally distributed. Upon the whole, we may say that the lot of this Sir Francis Drake is the one most to be envied amongst those either of his predecessors or of his successors.

PART VI

SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, 4TH BARONET

1718–1740

PART VI

CHAPTER I

THE last will and testament of Sir Francis Drake, the 3rd baronet, had been so much under discussion towards the end of his life that, when it was read, its provisions could have been no surprise to any member of the family. The document is a long one, and into its technicalities, dealing with the settlement of the Drake estates to the same uses as before, there is no need to enter.

Sir Francis bequeathed his soul to God, expressed unfeigned and hearty sorrow for all the errors and sins of his life or whatever had been amiss in thought, word, or deed; commended his children to live always in the fear of God and to be helpful to each other, and to do honestly all the good in the world for which it should please God to give them opportunity. To his daughter Elizabeth he gave £2,000, and particularly recommended her to her eldest brother's 'respect and care, being fully persuaded that she would always be mindful of his good and of the Honour of the family.' He appointed her, together with his daughter Gertrude and his sister-in-law, Jane Pollexfen, to be guardians of his son Henry (Harry), and requested Betty to make this charge as little burdensome to her aunt as possible. To his three younger sons he bequeathed £1,000 each, 'promising himself that their eldest brother would be very kind to them.' He desired that £3 10*s*. a year should be given to a school for infants lately established in Milton by Lady Drake, and £5

yearly to the house for the poor at Buckland Monachorum; but he ordained that the appointment of the poor inmates and of the children to be instructed should remain with the owner of the Drake estates. He requested his heir to pay within six months of his death £20 towards the repair of the market house lying in the borough of Beeralston, and he gave to the trustees of the parish lands £40, to be applied to the repair of those houses (then fallen down) belonging to the borough of Beeralston but within the parish of Beerferrers, 'the profits of which houses belonged to the said parish church and had always been applied towards the use thereof.' He gave legacies to servants and to the poor, and 'as a grateful acknowledgment of the many favours the Town of Tavistock had bestowed upon him,' he gave 'to the Masters of the Town £100, to be applied in setting forward young persons who had been apprenticed to the woollen trade and to husbandry.' He desired that the great jewel and covered cup given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake, his great predecessor, should continue in the possession of the heir male of the family. He appointed Gertrude Pollexfen, Jane Pollexfen, his sister-in-law, the Reverend Matthew Atwell, rector of Moreton Hampstead, Thomas Pyne, M.D.,[1] and the Reverend Christopher Furneaux to be his executors, and bequeathed to each of them £20, wherewith to buy a piece of plate. He directed that his personalty should be applied to the payment of his debts and legacies, and he gave to trustees, for a term of years, all the lands he had purchased, in order that out of the profits thereof they should make up all that was lacking to complete the portions due to his younger children.

Of the five executors appointed under this will, only two, Mr. Atwell and Mr. Furneaux, were disposed to act. Their task was not an easy one, but they carried out the testator's directions as far as was possible with the money in their

[1] Thomas Pyne, M.D., of Derriford, in the parish of Egg-Buckland.

hands, together with that which accrued from the sale of his personal effects and farm stock.

Thus, outstanding bills, wages, small legacies to servants, Cousin Sassure's £30 (of which till now she had seen neither principal nor interest), and funeral expenses were soon settled. The last-named item, quoted in one lump sum, is the only one which calls for notice. Seeing that the vault was not a quite new one, that no equipages whatever could have been required, as at Meavy the garden and the churchyard adjoin, and that, although Sir Francis had expressed a wish that a monument should be put up to commemorate his wife and himself, nothing of the kind was done, one cannot but wonder how so much as £193 could have been spent upon the funeral.

'Madam Betty's' needs were the first to be considered; she received £1,800 down on account of her fortune. Duncomb was paid the whole of his share—£1,000—which his brother immediately borrowed as a help towards purchasing his father's furniture and farm stock; £500 on account was sent to George, and, no more ready money being available, other apportionments had to be deferred. To this, apparently, the legatees willingly agreed, upon the understanding that they would receive interest until the capital sum due to them could be made up. Thus matters drifted on for a while; Mr. Atwell died within the twelvemonth, and then the whole burden of the executorship fell upon Mr. Furneaux, who could do little towards a definite settlement because, owing to a fault in drafting the will, the executors were not permitted to sell any of the lands conveyed to them, and the amount to be raised by leases was intermittent and uncertain.

Elizabeth Drake (Madam Betty), who was in her twenty-fifth year when her father died, remained in her brother's house, having charge of the little orphan, Mr. Harry, a delicate, spoiled child, whose upbringing must have given her many an anxious hour. The boy's other guardian, Mistress Jane

Pollexfen, may have been a very useful stay and prop at this time, as she had in past years been much at the Abbey and was held in affectionate esteem by her nephews and nieces. When eighteen months had elapsed, and Harry was in his ninth year, he was sent to a school kept by a Mr. Anthony Porter,[1] somewhere in the neighbourhood of what is now Devonport, but which was then a suburb of Plymouth, called Dock, and Betty, being thus relieved of her very onerous responsibility, began to make plans for her own future.

Of the lineage of Mr. Thomas Martyn, with whom probably she had long had an understanding, we know only that his father was Thomas Martyn of Plymouth—an offshoot of the Tonacombe or Lyndridge branch ; and that his mother—a widow in 1716—was nearly related to a well-to-do family named Addis, owners of property in the parish of Egg-Buckland. Thomas was born in 1690, graduated at Pembroke College, Oxford, entered the Middle Temple in 1710, and was called to the bar, *ex gratia*, in 1714. Whether Sir Francis Henry approved his sister's choice of a husband we cannot be sure. He may have liked Mr. Martyn personally, and yet, if the latter had neither fortune nor helpful connexions, have been justified in believing that the marriage was unsuitable for Betty and not one which could be regarded as ' for his good and the honour of the family.' It is possible that he was not consulted ; yet at the last he must have been aware of what was intended, because marriage settlements were signed, and that could hardly have been done without his knowledge. He may, indeed, have strongly objected to the conditions agreed upon, for, as the event proved, they were not strict enough to prevent the dissipation of Betty's fortune.

Although we cannot point to any reason for the mystery which surrounded the arrangements for this marriage, there

[1] Two generations of little Drake boys learned their rudiments at Mr. Porter's ; in later letters we frequently come across allusions to him and his wife.

must have been peculiar circumstances connected with it. In London, on July 1, 1719, Mr. Martyn procured a special licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury, but for three months it lay inoperative. Then, coming into Devonshire (possibly on circuit), on October 6 he and Betty were married at Buckland—we suppose secretly at the Abbey.[1] We infer this because ordinary private weddings, or ' marriages incognito ' as they were called, for which the curate was only warned in time for the ceremony, were then so customary as to excite no remark. They took place on the sly, it is true, but in church, and the usual one-guinea licence sufficed for them.

Misson, ' the intelligent foreigner ' of those days, observed that ' to proclaim banns is a thing nobody cares to do. One of the reasons that they have for marrying secretly, as they generally do in England, is that they avoid a great deal of expense and trouble. Persons of quality and many others who imitate them have lately taken up the custom of being married late at night in their chambers and very often at some country houses. The ordinary weddings are generally incognito.'

This being so, and as the Martyns could not afford to be prodigal, we cannot but wonder what contingencies made it worth their while to indulge in the heavy expense of an archiepiscopal licence ?

The spectacle of Elizabeth Martyn's content, for we may believe that, although imprudent, she was happy, was perhaps the determining cause which led Mrs. Jane Pollexfen, who had lost one of her homes by all these changes, to accept the hand of Captain Francis Drake of the Royal Navy, an admirer with whom for years past she must have been very well acquainted. We have already glanced at his career when quoting his letter written from Gibraltar in 1713. Since then, in 1715, he had commanded the *Swallow*, of fifty guns, one of the fleet sent to the Baltic under Sir John

[1] Mr. Martyn was thirty years old and the bride twenty-eight.

Norris. In 1718 he was appointed to the *Dunkirk*, of sixty guns, a ship belonging to Sir George Byng's fleet in the Mediterranean; 'consequently he was one of those fortunate commanders who by their bravery and good conduct had the happiness of contributing to the very memorable victory obtained over the Spanish fleet at Cape Passaro in August 1718.'[1] As a capable officer and well befriended, opportunities of capturing prizes had come in his way, and, as he aptly admitted, 'with God's help and his own endeavour he had done very well with it.' So that there was no question of his being dependent upon his wife's fortune. He was fifty years of age and she was forty-two. There is always a touch of originality or of the unexpected in what we hear of Jane Pollexfen, and it is not lacking now. Having waited to marry until she was past middle age, when she did take the plunge, it was in such a hurry that there was no time for getting settlements made. A post-nuptial one, however, was executed on May 19, 1720. It recites that Mrs. Jane Drake inherited a fortune of £4,000; that £300 thereof had been spent in paying debts contracted before her marriage; that £3,000 was settled upon her absolutely, and that the residue, £700, was to remain in her husband's hands; he in return covenanting to leave her by his will the house in which at the time of his death he shall be residing, his plate, jewels, personal effects, and the household furniture of which he shall be possessed; but he is careful to add that if any more of the said Jane's pre-nuptial debts should come to light, that she must pay them out of her own means, and he be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of his £700. There is every reason to believe that the union of this middle-aged couple was happy. They settled down in the parish of St. Andrew, Plymouth, and until Captain Francis's demise, which occurred on December 26, 1729, no more is heard about them.

[1] Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*.

The adventures of secondarily important members of the family have, owing to their chronological order, kept us too long from matters of more consequence, but, strange to say, of the life of Sir Francis Henry Drake, the 4th baronet, we know infinitely less than we do about his much more distant predecessors. A very few pages will comprise all that has to be told about him.

Sir Francis Henry was, as we have seen, twenty-two years old and a member of Parliament when he inherited his title and estates. No cash in hand was bequeathed to him, and yet he was compelled to forthwith purchase his father's personalty, on pain of seeing the family possessions dispersed. What could he do but borrow ? The mischief was that he never thought of the interest owing upon the loans, and as to the great debt of £1,000 to his sister Frances (her fortune, for which only a bond had been given her on her marriage), that and the portions due to his younger brothers seemed to him so impossible to satisfy that he hopelessly gave up the attempt. His creditors were patient—quite amazingly so—but interest mounted up and the debt grew like a snowball.

The extent of the evil was first clearly perceived in 1720, when, three years after his father's death, Sir Francis Henry wished to marry Mistress Anne Heathcote, daughter of Samuel Heathcote of Hackney, Esq., and sister of Sir William Heathcote, M.P. for Buckingham. The young lady was eighteen years of age, and she had in present possession, besides diamonds and jewels inherited from her mother, a fortune of £13,000. In consideration of this round sum her trustees required that a liberal jointure should be secured to her, wherefore the affairs of her future husband had to be investigated.

After a good deal of negotiation, the agreement come to was that Sir Francis Henry should settle upon his wife Buckland Abbey and a dowry of £400 a year for her widowhood ;

that she should upon her marriage give to him for his own absolutely £2,000; that £3,000 and her jewels should be settled to her own sole use; and that the residue of her fortune should remain at interest in the hands of trustees, until Sir Francis Henry obtained an Act of Parliament enabling him (in return for a gift of part of her capital sufficient to pay his debts) to make over to Anne's trustees property which would at his death give her an annual income equivalent to the interest of the money thus surrendered.

These preliminaries being arranged, on September 27, 1720, Sir Francis Henry Drake and Anne Heathcote were married at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, by the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Hoadly, Lord Bishop of Bangor (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). This was no incognito wedding, but a very fashionably attended function. The solemnities of the day when 'the envy'd lord of all those Charms' folded 'the beauteous Heathcote in his blest arms' are immortalised in a poem by Elkanah Settle, 'Thalia Triumphans,' which, splendidly bound in crimson and gilt morocco,[1] was presented to the happy pair.

A very short quotation will, we are sure, satisfy the curiosity of the most long-suffering reader.

> Whilst Love then does to all this feast invite,
> To bliss so ravishing, joys so exquisite;
> What can the duteous Muses less than joyn
> Their liveliest Airs t'assist these Rites Divine:
> A theme enough, in its whole bright Array,
> To bless the Morn and consecrate the Day.
> What songs can Hymen want? His Rites to cheer
> Whole constellations of the Great and Fair,
> With their best Vows, the Blessing and the Prayer,
> All met to see the sacred Gordian ty'd,
> And with bent knees salute the beauteous Bride;
> Whilst one join'd smile does in all eyes appear
> Envy itself is an adorer here. &c., &c.

[1] This book is in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Hervey.



ANNE, LADY DRAKE

(daughter of Samuel Heathcote)

WIFE OF FOURTH BARONET

From a painting in the possession of Colonel Heathcote.

Elkanah concluded with the prophecy that 'Copies should the original renew, and make the stock immortal whence they grew'; but the first child, Anne, born in July 1721, lived only a few short weeks and was buried in the Heathcote vault at Hackney.

During the earliest years of the married life of this young couple, their home when in the country was not the Abbey, which we conclude must have been shut up, but the old house at Meavy. Whilst residing there in the winter of 1721, Sir Francis Henry had some correspondence with Lord Chief Justice King respecting the borough of Beeralston, which, from having been 'as close as old Sarum'[1] and an immense convenience to Whig Governments, was now through foolish management in danger of losing its peculiar usefulness. Whilst the compact or bargain made between Lord Stamford and the late Sir Francis Drake lasted—whilst both survived—the number of voters had been carefully kept down to as nearly as possible from eighteen to twenty-one persons. But Sir Francis had been dead three years; Lord Stamford had been dead one year, and the Beeralston estate had passed to his nephew, Sir John Hobart. Meanwhile, a new steward had been appointed, a man without the judgment requisite for controlling the affairs of a close borough. Although as an able collector of rents Mr. Foot may have commended himself to the lord of the manor, his impolicy and blunders on borough matters very nearly destroyed this far more valuable interest. Regardless of the fact that the fewer the electors the easier the management, the steward admitted people to burgage who had not previously been permitted to enjoy that privilege, and these new voters being, it seems, in league with some scheming old ones, planned to get power into their own hands, by setting up a method or methods of

[1] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. iv. p. 605.

electoral return different from the time-honoured one in the borough.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Foot's intention was only to reinforce the Hobart interest, in view of the gradual increase of Drake influence—brought about by judicious purchases of small holdings. But the result of his unfortunate action was that when it was known that for personal reasons Mr. Edward Carteret would soon vacate the seat, two opposing Whig candidates prepared to stand, one supported by Sir Francis Henry Drake and his friends amongst the well-qualified freeholders, the other by the portreeve, who, contrary to custom, had been elected by the inhabitants generally.

When Sir John Hobart realised how much his influence and prestige had diminished, he had recourse to the old friend who had for so many years been the adviser both of his late uncle and of Sir Francis Drake; and Sir Peter, deeply anxious to preserve the closeness of a borough so precious to the Whigs, recommended a *rapprochement* with the Drake interest. Sir Francis Henry was quite willing to help, but he wished to make certain conditions, without which all effort to save Beeralston would, he knew, be futile. In answer to the Chief Justice he wrote:

Meavy, Janry. 20th, 1721.

My Lord,

I am particularly obliged for the honour of your Lordship's, and could wish the Affair of Beeralston could be settled without me, because 'tis impossible for me to be in Town before the month is expired. Your Lordship knows our Circumstances there;[1] and I will be entirely guided by your Lordship.

'Tis plain they think themselves insufficient without us, therefore 'twill be reasonable to make the best terms for the preservation of the Borough we can. Sir John Hobart may assure himself I am sincere in maintaining that interest

[1] At Beeralston.

which ought to be his, otherwise the Borough Cormorants would soon devour it. However, my meaning is this. For the preservation of the Borough I think two things absolutely necessary; the establishment of our method of electing a Portreeve by the free Burgesses only, and settling the Rental of the Borough. Without the latter we shall always be subject to Controversies, and unless the former be done we shall never have a Returning Officer. 'Tis easy to satisfy Sir John Hobart that 'tis to his interest so to do, since their managers have introduced so many different principles. They will assist him no longer than serves their turn. I do again empower your Lordship to assure him I've no other desire than to go on with him to the end of the chapter Hand in Hand. I desire your Lordship will present my services to him.

I am Your Lordship's most obedient
and most obliged humble servant,
FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE.

For that time, however, the affair had gone too far. On the day of the by-election both candidates claimed to have been returned. In due course a petition was presented, and the House declared in favour of the Hon. St. John Broderick, who, though not favoured by the majority of votes, had been chosen in the regular way. We are led to conclude that the experience gained upon this occasion was salutary, because thenceforth the two powers in the borough acted in friendly concert and admitted of no third; yet some mischief had been done, as letters written at a later date show. The number of free burgesses had been increased, thus the election of a member was no longer the little family affair it had been in the old days.

Every vote was now of consequence, and in preparation for the next general election, which was due early in 1722, Sir Francis Henry arranged that the Lord Chief Justice, who could not be expected to come to Devonshire, should temporarily make over his freehold in Beeralston to a Mr. Robert Tapson, 'a very honest man,' who engaged to return the

title deeds as soon as the election was over. Similar methods were adopted in regard to a tenement in the borough belonging to George Drake, who, having been in England on leave of absence and since promoted in the service of the Hon. East India Company, was just then returning to Madras.

A good many gentlemen in the West of England, besides the owners of Beeralston, willingly put the seats they could command at the disposal of Lord Chief Justice King, in whose integrity they safely confided; for although he was, as Lord Campbell admits, a great boroughmonger, 'he made no corrupt bargains for others and had no ambitious views for himself, his great object being to support the Whig party and the Revolution settlement.' At times, of course, it happened that his political influence enabled him to be useful to his friends, and it must be said to his credit that he was always anxious to help them.

At the request of the Chief Justice, Thomas Martyn had been zealous in a difficult and, as it turned out, impossible business, and so, when it seemed likely that at the general election a new member would be wanted for Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness Borough, and Sir Francis Henry Drake 'adventured' to suggest his brother-in-law as a suitable person, Sir Peter 'Condescended to Chime in with what was offered for his Consideration.' Sir Francis replied that 'the Gentleman would be grateful [for a recommendation to the electors of that borough] and glad to take his Lordship's Thoughts to form measures for his behaviour.' Thus it came to pass that when the second Parliament of George II met in May 1722, and Sir Francis Henry sat again for Tavistock, Mr. Thomas Martyn found himself in the House, with seven years before him, as member for Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness. Many a rising barrister has owed all his success in life to such an opportunity, but Mr. Martyn was a man of solid rather than of brilliant abilities, and in his case nothing

very remarkable came of it. We know, indeed, little of his career, beyond the fact that it was an honourable and highly respectable one. In 1725 he was appointed Secretary of the Commission of the Peace to Lord Keeper King, and in June 1726, upon appointment as one of his Majesty's justices for the counties of Carnarvon, Merioneth, and Anglesey (an office for profit under the Crown) he had to vacate his place in Parliament. He was immediately re-elected, and held his seat until the dissolution, which occurred in the following year. From this time until his death, in May 1750, he contented himself with the exercise of his judicial functions, for which, as the value of money went, he was not ill paid; the emoluments of his place are supposed to have amounted to between five and six hundred a year. Elizabeth Martyn survived her husband, but for how long we have been unable to discover. Of the two daughters of this union, one remained single, the other married a Mr. Butterworth; her descendants in the second generation became extinct with General Butterworth of the Hon. East India Company's service.

But to return to Devonshire in 1722. On August 29 Francis Henry, first son of Sir Francis Henry Drake and Anne his wife, was born at Meavy. The child's baptism, which was delayed for more than a year, took place there on September 3, 1723. Soon after this event and the birth of another little boy—Francis Duncomb, who died in infancy—the family quitted the old manor house and returned to the Abbey, where thenceforth they permanently resided. At Buckland, a third son, Francis William Drake, was baptised in August 1724. Next came a daughter, Ann Pollexfen, born in 1726; then two more children, Francis Samuel and Sophia, who were christened together on September 14, 1729, although the boy was then a year old and his sister was a baby in arms.

With the exception of these domestic events and the fact that George Drake had married in India Mistress Sophia Bugden, by whom he had sons and daughters, we have nothing to record of interest respecting members of the family until the winter of 1729, when, on the day after Christmas, Captain Francis Drake, R.N., departed this life, aged sixty-one years. His widow, who continued to reside at Plymouth, erected a tablet to his memory in the north aisle of St. Andrew's parish church.[1]

Another, and probably less expected, bereavement was the death of Gertrude Pollexfen, who, on January 28, was buried at Buckland Monachorum. The choice of this resting-place for her remains must have been her own, and unless it chanced that she died unexpectedly when on a visit at or near the Abbey, it implies that to the end of her days the home of her childhood and youth was dearer to her than Nutwell Court. Yet her marriage had brought her all that she could reasonably have expected from it. Her husband was devoted to her, and she had been the stay and solace of his life, but whether she was really happy or had any true peace of heart, may be doubted. How, indeed, could she ever have breathed freely with a perpetual anxiety hanging over her? We feel sorry for poor Gertrude, as for an invaluable, helpful woman who, because her lamp was always burning, had not half the delights of the foolish virgins of whom no one expects self-sacrifice. We should like to think that her interment at Buckland was merely an accident of convenience, but, notwithstanding diligent search, have been unable to find any evidence to lead us to this conclusion.

Henry Pollexfen did not long survive his wife. On March 5, 1731–2, he was buried near his father at Woodbury. The last years of his life were made more comfortable by the propinquity of his good friend and sister-in-law, Frances

[1] This monument was removed not long ago; it is now behind the tower screen.

Drake, who after her widowhood resided close to him. She outlived him only six months, and then, her course run, was buried on September 23 at Lympstone, in the family vault, where her husband and three little girls had preceded her. She left a daughter, Prudence, of full age, and one son, Francis, eighteen years old, a lieutenant in the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

By Henry Pollexfen's will, Sir Francis Henry Drake became possessed of the manor of Nutwell and other properties in the parishes of Woodbury and Lympstone. This comfortable addition to his income should have assisted him in clearing off the debts and legacies left by his father, and it may have helped him to pay interest, but we find no record that it was of any solid advantage to those unfortunate members of the Drake family who had for thirteen years waited for their money.

They had looked forward hopefully to the year 1731, as the period of deliverance from their embarrassments. The petition to Parliament for a private Act, the terms of which had been agreed upon at the time of Francis Henry's marriage, had been ready for some time past; a copy sent to George Drake in India had been returned duly executed, and nothing was wanting but the legal consent of Harry Drake, which could not be given until he came of age. When this was obtained the necessary steps were taken, and, after the delays inseparable from all parliamentary procedure, the Act was passed in the spring of 1731–2. It permitted the settlement of part of the entailed estates upon Dame Anne Drake, in compensation for £4,000 of hers which was given up to her husband for the payment of his father's debts and legacies. If this could have been done immediately upon her marriage, a sum of £2,000 would have sufficed for the purpose, but now the full amount granted was barely enough, so greatly had overdue interest increased the indebtedness.

The Act provided that the creditors were to receive their due by the end of the following September, but they were subjected to fresh disappointment because, instead of burdening the Drake estates with these payments, as had been intended and prepared for, Sir Francis Henry now chose that the Nutwell Court property should be answerable for them, and this change led to further complications. Another ' recovery ' had to ' be suffered,' with the result that the long-delayed date of settlement was again postponed *sine die*.

Meanwhile, Captain Duncomb Drake, to whom the Act of Parliament offered no relief, because he had received his £1,000 and voluntarily lent it to his brother, began to feel that the time had come when, really needing the use of his money for himself, he might without unkindness ask to be repaid. Duncomb had done well in his profession. In 1728 he was appointed captain of the *Gosport*, of forty guns (one of seven ships, all of the same force, put in commission at the same time), and latterly he had been promoted to the command of the *Argyll*, sixty guns. His pay as captain in the Navy had, with other professional emoluments,[1] hitherto sufficed for his bachelor requirements, but now he was desirous of marrying Grace, daughter of Sir Nicholas Trevanion, and a suitable provision had to be made for her. We quote Duncomb's letter to Sir Francis Henry, as it shows something of the character of both brothers and the excellent feeling which subsisted between them.

Dock, Oct. ye 29th, 1733.

My dearest Brother,

This waits on you to know how you and my sister do and likewise to acquaint you that I have not been at all well since you left me.

This morning Sir Nicholas talkt to me of what past when you was here concerning the making of a settlement; agreeable thereto he desires you would give me a new Bond for the

[1] His salary as a Commissioner of Appeals was £200 a year.

whole sum due to me, which I desire ye favour of you to doe. It is only for his satisfaction. I herewith send you ye old Bond that you may cancell it when ye new one is executed, and as soon as you go to London that you pay the money in, this new Bond shall be also cancelled. The interest due upon the Bond is seven hundred and seventy-five pounds, it being fifteen years and a half since the Bond was executed. Though it will be sixteen years gone the beginning of January that my Father dy'd, therefore if you could make it eighteen hundred you would for ever oblige me. I herewith send you a sheet of stamp'd paper for you to execute, which I once more beg you will comply with. Mr. Rowe, no doubt of it, is capable of writing it if it should be too much trouble for yourself. My very best affection attends my dear Sister and

I am sincerely and truly,
Dear Sir,
Your most affectionate Brother and
most faithful humble servant
DUNCOMB DRAKE.

The business in question must, we suppose, have been arranged to the satisfaction of Sir Nicholas, for amongst the family papers is the surrendered bond; evidently nothing intervened to prevent or delay the marriage of Captain Duncomb Drake with Mistress Grace Trevanion, which took place very soon afterwards at Plymouth. The licence is dated December 3, 1733.

Before turning to other matters, we should like the reader to notice, in the letter just quoted, the name of Mr. Rowe, because, later, we shall often have occasion to mention him. He resided in Buckland, and appears to have been most intimate with the Drake family, acquainted with all their concerns, and warmly interested in them. We have been unable to trace his parentage with certainty, but there is strong reason to believe that he was grandson to the Rev. Joseph Rowe, who was Vicar of Buckland from 1646 to 1683.

In swift succession during this decade members of the Drake family one after another were swept away. The next

to go was 'Aunt Jane,' a lady of such distinct personality that we may be sure she was missed. She left a most lively will, with several holograph codicils, so strangely expressed that the Court refused probate until, on February 27, 1733–4, two persons of good credit (Thomas Martyn and John Slater, a servant who for more than seven years had known her well) attended and swore to her handwriting and that she was to the last of perfectly sane, sound mind. Her dispositions in themselves were not unreasonable, although—especially in the matter of rings and gloves and a money legacy to her Spicer cousins—subject to change in every codicil.

She appointed Sir Francis Henry Drake, her nephew, to be her executor and residuary legatee, and to him she gave all her real property (the third part of an estate called Polsloe in Exeter), £20 for himself, and £100 for his wife for her own use. To Elizabeth Martyn she gave £20, to Thomas Martyn £20, and £50 to each of their two daughters; to Duncomb Drake £100; to Harry Drake, her godson, £1,000; to George Drake £10; to her cousins at Wembury gloves and rings only, but to some cousins descended from Sir Henry Pollexfen's sister, Judith Spicer, she gave £500, which she afterwards reduced to £300, and to one of them only. She desired to be buried at Woodbury, as near as possible to her father and brother, but requested that her funeral sermon should be preached at Buckland. Her obsequies were to be 'private but decent,' with which intention she lavishly bequeathed scarves and gloves to clergy, gloves and hat-bands to attendants—including her 'two chairmen'—and mourning rings and gloves to relations and friends. She provided liberally for domestics, and, in particular, for her servant, Grace Drake, to whom she at first gave only her wardrobe and the greater part of the furniture of her bedroom, but each codicil added something, till in the end her maid Grace was, 'if still in her service,' to receive £250 for herself, £60 'about which she was to be asked

no questions whatsoever,' certain articles of furniture, and a large oil painting of Charles II, which the said Grace had expressed a strong wish to possess.

A number of little things were described which Jane Drake begged her ' dear nephew to keep in the family and never part with them '—a worked Bible, a gilt cup, a picture of Lazarus worked on cloth, some china, and a few pieces of furniture—but all have disappeared excepting a little wainscot table, a silver ' bodkin,' the china mugs, and the picture of Charles II, which the maid Grace was glad to sell to the family as soon as her mistress was dead.

The clause in Mrs. Drake's codicil which so scandalised the Probate Court was one bequeathing ' forty shillings a year to be paid quarterly to two persons to be named in a paper under my hand and seal ' ; because, somewhat later, recognising the obscurity of this bequest, she added a sort of postscript : ' This I desire you will do and not expose her that was your most affectionate Aunt. The two persons mentioned in my codicil are my two little dogs. Jane Drake.' This, with certain other peculiarities and incoherences, gave rise to inquiry.

Sir Francis Henry must have benefited to the extent of about £1,400 by his aunt's will, but to none of the legatees did a present come more deservedly than to Duncomb Drake, from first to last a useful, creditable member of the family. He had, however, little time to enjoy his good fortune, for only four months after his Aunt Jane's death, and six after his marriage, his own life ended. Probably, he was not long ailing, as his last letter—describing some French ships he had sighted about two leagues distant from Dungeness—was written from aboard the ' *Argyll* in the Downs ' on April 25, 1734. He was buried in the chancel of the church of Upper Deal, in the county of Kent, a plain flat stone being laid over his remains. On it is the following inscription:

Duncomb Drake Esq. a son of Sir Francis Drake of Buckland in Com: Devon, bart. by the daughter of Sir Henry Pollexfen, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He married Grace, daughter of Sir Nicholas Trevanion, Commissioner of his Majesty's dockyard, Plymouth. He was one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Appeals and Commander of his Majesty's ship *Argyll*, man of war. As he lived beloved, he died lamented by all that knew him, on the 22nd of May, in the year of his age 40, of Our Lord 1734.

As Duncomb Drake left no will, upon his demise letters of administration were granted to his widow, who, in common with every person whose affairs depended upon Sir Francis Henry's diligence, had to suffer discomfort and inconvenience through his fatal habit of procrastination. Fully a year and a half after her husband's death, we find Sir Nicholas Trevanion writing on behalf of his daughter to request that Sir Francis Henry ' would come to some resolution about laying out the £1,000 ' belonging to her, reminding him that while this money remained in his hands it was useless and profitless to her. To invest it in bank stock, at which Sir Nicholas hinted, would have called for very little exertion, but to take trouble in such matters, either for himself or others, was a constraint always as long as possible evaded by Sir Francis Henry.

The one member of his family who could stimulate him to any degree of promptitude in money affairs was George Drake, who, being a thorough man of business, was quick to seize a favourable opportunity. About once in ten years George came back on leave from India, and, being in London about the time when Sir Francis Henry received £2,000 upon his marriage with Miss Heathcote, George contrived then to get the whole balance of his fortune paid to him, although the equally just claims of more patient creditors remained for many years longer in abeyance. Nothing was done for them until the summer of 1735, when, every conceivable precaution

having been taken for the protection of the trustees, and also, as it seems to us, every legal pretext for delay having been exhausted, Sir Francis Henry mortgaged the Nutwell estate to his wife's trustees, and obtained from them £4,000 of her money, wherewith, in accordance with the agreement made by the private Act of Parliament, he paid off his father's charitable legacies—fully eighteen years overdue—and all that remained owing upon the portions of his brothers and sisters. The relief to them was profound, and although he was himself no less in debt than before, his burden was made more endurable.

One very possible reason for the long continuance of Sir Francis Henry's indebtedness was that, being in the House of Commons and liable to uncertain and heavy calls upon his purse, he could not prudently divest himself of all available ready money.

Although as member for Tavistock his expenses were less than they would have been in many another borough—because he could reckon on the support of the Bedford influence—the elections were, nevertheless, almost always contested, and, to strengthen his position there, he, like his father, was forced to purchase small holdings, or parts of holdings, whenever any were offered for sale.

In the very stubbornly contested election of 1734, Sir Francis and the junior member for Tavistock both lost their seats, through the opposition of Lord John Russell, who very soon afterwards succeeded his brother as 4th Duke of Bedford. The Drakes were 'Walpole Whigs,' and so until lately had been the Russells, but in 1731, when Lord John attained his majority and married a daughter of the Earl of Sunderland, he threw all his influence into the scale of Walpole's opponents and became one of the leaders of the so-called 'Boy Patriots.' Sir Francis could do no less than strive to keep the seat he had held in four Parliaments, from 1715 to 1732, but it is

evident that he foresaw the probable result of the contest, for at the same time he allowed himself to be nominated for Beeralston, where his election was assured.

For many years past, by influence with the owners of Beeralston, Lord Chancellor King had been able to arrange that, whilst they made use of their opportunities to get themselves elected for other places, the seats for their close borough should be at the disposal of the Whig party leaders. But the Chancellor, falling into the ill health which compelled him to retire from public life in 1733, gave up the management of those matters, and, thenceforth, both Sir Francis Henry Drake and Sir John Hobart consulted their own convenience and represented Beeralston themselves, whenever it suited them to do so.

It is fair to add that there was no longer the same motive, the same imperative necessity for the sacrifice of personal considerations, that had existed when the Protestant succession to the Crown was in danger and Whigs were the only genuinely whole-hearted supporters of the House of Hanover. George II now sat on the throne of his father, ruling—in England at least—over a fairly contented people, by no means disposed to imperil the good government they enjoyed for the gratification of sentimental theories concerning Divine Right. The excitements of politics had resumed their normal proportions; men were no longer compelled to come to decisions which, if they were misguided, might place their necks in danger. For these reasons, even if Sir Francis Henry's character had in force and energy equalled that of his father or of his great-uncle, the story of his life would never compare with theirs in interest.

We may presume that, as he was re-elected again and again for Tavistock, he was a useful member of Parliament and a popular county gentleman, but neither in public nor in county business was he so conspicuously active as his

predecessors had been. His abilities were good, and if through life he was more inclined to evade difficulties than to overcome them, the fault was in some degree attributable to the over-indulgence of his parents, who, by educating him almost entirely under private tutors, deprived him of the discipline of a public school and of university training.

For the rest, Sir Francis Henry appears to have been an excellent husband and father, amiable and beloved by his relations. He was colonel of the Devonshire militia, and may have held other appointments, but the only one we know of was the Rangership of Dartmoor Forest, an honour rather than an employment. Little more remains to be told about him, but before we concern ourselves with his successors we must cast a glance at the closing days of the only member of the Drake family who has enjoyed the distinction of living to extreme old age. In every sense this is true of Mrs. Prudence Sassure, for even when she was in her eightieth year she was still in possession of her faculties, and both able and willing to be serviceable to her relations. We in this generation owe her a special debt of gratitude for the pains she took to rescue one of the most precious family relics from alienation.

In 1736 the large red and green enamel medallion with pearl drops,[1] which contains an early miniature of the first Sir Francis Drake by Isaac Oliver, had passed by inheritance into the possession of Gertrude Bamfield, one of the seven daughters of Joan, Lady Wyndham. Mrs. Sassure induced her cousin Gertrude to sell it to her for six guineas, and, wrapping it up with the signed receipt, she sent it to Sir Francis

[1] The history of this locket is not difficult to trace. There can be no doubt that it was one of the things of which Dame Joan Drake became possessed as executrix of her husband, the first baronet. It will be remembered that after her marriage with Mr. Trefusis, when she agreed to sell the Drake heirlooms to her son, she reserved for herself 'all the jewels and ornaments proper for the person of the said Dame Joan,' and not unnaturally regarding this beautiful ornament in that light, she kept it for her own use, and at her death passed it on to her youngest and favourite daughter, Joan Wyndham.

Henry. It seems that she wished to have presented it to him, for, on the same sheet of paper, she added a few words in a feeble handwriting, now so faded that they are only partly legible, but enough remains to show her intentions, '. . . for yr self, to sons, for want of ym to daughters never to go out of the family. With due regrat ye wont except it. Prudence Sassure.'

Orthography was evidently not the old lady's strong point, nevertheless, she must have found pleasure in reading or in being read to, for it was to her that her brother, Captain Francis Drake, R.N., bequeathed all his books. Mrs. Sassure died in November 1737, 'aged about ninety.' A short inscription to her memory was added to the tablet which commemorates her brother in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth.

Of the years 1738 and 1739, the two last of Sir Francis Henry's life, nothing of interest has to be recorded. He attended to his parliamentary duties and was occasionally at Nutwell. Some letters written from there show that he was then on excellent terms with his Pollexfen cousins, who under the will of Henry Pollexfen had succeeded to the Stancombe property, which their father had so long and so desperately coveted.

'Sir Francis Henry Drake died on the 26th of January, 1739–40, of Pleuretic fever at his lodging in Covent Garden.' His body was brought to Devonshire and was buried in the family vault at Buckland on February 15 following. His will was proved a month later in London by his widow, Dame Anne Drake, to whom he bequeathed everything of which he had power to dispose.



SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE
FOURTH BARONET



SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE
FIFTH BARONET

PART VII

SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, 5TH BARONET

1740–1794

PART VII

CHAPTER I

For two years after the death of Sir Francis Henry Drake, few changes were made in the establishment at Buckland. The Abbey, with the home farm, the demesne lands in hand, and an annuity from the estate, were settled upon the widowed Lady Drake for her life. She enjoyed also the interest of her own fortune, and, as none of her children were wholly dependent on her, she was amply provided for.

During her eldest son's minority the care of his landed property devolved legally upon her, and—as a duty rather than a pleasure—she gave it her attention; but the management of his parliamentary interest required to be conducted by one more accustomed to such business. In this she had the good fortune to be well assisted by Mr. Nicholas Rowe,[1] a resident in Buckland, who has been mentioned before as a confidential friend of the Drake family.

Mr. Rowe had inherited a small freehold in Beeralston, a circumstance to which he owed his thorough acquaintance with the electoral methods of the borough. His father had

[1] It is matter for regret that we are unable to exactly establish Mr. Rowe's parentage. His name, his coat-of-arms, and occasional reference in his letters to his influence with the 'Lamertonians,' suggest that he was more or less nearly connected with the family of the Poet Laureate.

bequeathed part of a holding there to Sir Francis Henry Drake (4th baronet), and it was always Nicholas Rowe's pride and pleasure to be of good service to Sir Francis's sons, for whom he entertained the warmest affection. He corresponded regularly with the young Sir Francis, endeavouring at first to direct his regard towards Beeralston affairs, and later to keep him well informed on all local events which could affect his political interests. It is through these letters that we get occasional glimpses of the doings of some members of the family, of whom otherwise we should know next to nothing.

Although Lady Drake was the sole guardian of her children, we find that matters which concerned the education of her eldest son were usually referred to the management of one of her brothers, Sir William or Samuel Heathcote. This arrangement had its advantages, and was not unacceptable to Sir Francis. The choice of Winchester for his early training, rather than any other public school, was probably owing to the influence of Sir William Heathcote, who, living at Hursley, within five miles of the college, could then in a general way have an eye to his nephew's well-doing. Such a precaution was advisable on more grounds than one, if a contemporary description of life at Winchester College during the headmastership of Dr. Burton is to be credited.[1]

Prior to 1743, only the seventy 'Scholars' were resident in the college. No part of the buildings was allocated for the wealthier boys; these, we are told, boarded in the town with their tutors, and by means of cock-fighting and tavern life, not unfrequently acquired 'a polite taste for fashionable vice.' The school was divided into 'Georgites and Jacobites.' Thus, the headmaster was a Jacobite, the second master a Georgite, and the boys amongst themselves, holding

[1] Journal of David, Lord Elcho. *Affairs of Scotland*, by the Hon. E. Charteris.

partisanship to be of more account than learning, vindicated family politics with their fists. In all this the college merely reflected the manners of the larger world, but at Winchester degrees of social precedence were more sharply defined than elsewhere. 'At church on Sundays peers and the sons of peers were conspicuous in robes of blue, red or green, baronets and knights in black, while the untitled gentlemen sat apart in the ordinary dress of the time.'

It is not clear why Sir William and Samuel Heathcote desired that their nephew should complete his education at Cambridge, rather than, according to family custom, at Oxford. Considerations of personal friendship perhaps dictated the choice, or it may be that sound Whig opinions were more in favour there than at the sister University. Whatever the reason, we find that Sir Francis was sent to Bennet's College, Cambridge, and went into residence almost immediately after his father's funeral.

Before he left home, however, it was agreed that the seat for the close borough of Beeralston, then vacant through the death of its late owner, should, for the better preservation of the family interest, be offered to Mr. Samuel Heathcote, who might hold it until his nephew was old enough to represent the place himself.

It chanced that neither of Sir Francis's paternal uncles was at the time eligible. George Drake was in India—months must elapse before he could even hear of his brother's death—and Harry Drake was too impossible to be seriously thought of as a member of Parliament. For, sad to say, years had not remedied the defects in his character. The spoiled boy had grown into a restless, thriftless man, always in money difficulties, yet never willing to settle down to any useful employment. Harry Drake's follies and extravagances had long since exhausted the benevolence and patience of his relations, and he was well aware that he would get no countenance

from them. Nevertheless, presuming upon the minority of his nephew, and urgently requiring the immunity from arrest for debt which a seat in Parliament afforded, he appeared in the Buckland neighbourhood and began to canvass the Beeralston electors on his own account. This caused Lady Drake and Mr. Heathcote some uneasiness, but Mr. Rowe reassured them. 'None but good Dr. Creed as I know is in his interest, and he, like the Ethiopian, can't change his Hue.'[1]

The support of the Vicar of Buckland was, as Mr. Harry soon found, inadequate to the occasion; but, as the existing Parliament had then only another year to run, he regarded his election as merely deferred, and tried a more direct method for the ultimate attainment of his purpose. On this and other topics, some letters which passed between Sir Francis and Mr. Rowe may be quoted, especially as they are the first of a series extending over a great number of years.

Mr. Rowe to Sir Francis Drake.

Buckland.
27th February, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

I received your favour of the 15th with much pleasure, it being always one to me to hear of your welfare, which none more sincerely wishes. Whenever your studies will permit, a flight from Bennet Coll: will be very agreeable here. I am very glad that you have some of your Winchester Schoolfellows with you; that early acquaintance carries a Friendship with it as lasting as Life, and often very useful. I am charmed with your reflection on that Contemptible Vice; it destroys more than the Locusts of Egypt, and has marr'd more bright geniuses than Mahomet's Paradise. . . . Silenus is more a beast than the ass he's put upon.

[1] Dr. Creed was possessed of part of a small freehold in Beeralston, given to him for voting purposes by Sir Francis's father, upon certain written conditions, which he was perpetually endeavouring to evade.

Mr. Edgecumbe[1] and the majority of the Beer people are your Friends. I'm sorry your Uncle Harry attempts to make a Schism among them, as I am that he has occasion to put on such measures. I hope you'll soon be enabled to act for yourself, you 'll then distinguish who are for, or who against your Interest.

In order to that, may Alma Mater infuse that Light which no false appearance may be able to extinguish. May you reap all the advantages of a generous Education. May it raise you to a sphere becoming Yourself and Family, and agreeable to the Interests of Both.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your most affectionate
Humble servant,
N. Rowe.

Sir Francis Drake to Mr. Rowe.

London. March 3rd, 1740.

Sir,—My omission is so great that I really have no plea to make. I informed Mr. Edgecumbe that you would give him a perusal of my letter to you, which I have not yet sent. The information I would give Mr. Edgecumbe is of my Uncle Drake's application to me.

Last Wednesday was sennight, I was surprised with Intelligence Mr. Heathcote gave me of Mr. Drake's proceedings; and not half an hour after the receipt of this news, I had an additional surprise with notice of his being at Cambridge. He waited on my Tutor the next morning, where I breakfasted with him. After breakfast he broke silence with saying he thought it proper to speak before my Tutor, lest people should imagine he said anything improper to me. He then said he could inform me (if I were not as yet acquainted with it) that upon my Father's coming to his estate, he had in his power the election of one member at Plymouth, Plympton, Dartmouth, Totnes, Tavistock, which interest was now lost, but if my interest at Beeralston were placed in the hands of a person who had interest with the superior powers, these

[1] Mr. John Edgecumbe, the family lawyer and agent to the Drake estate owned property in Beeralston and was a free burgess of the borough.

boroughs might be reclaimed. I told him that I had intrusted my interest with a person whom I thought most worthy of that trust, and one whom I was confident would make a proper use of it. He then shewed me Mr. Heathcote's letter on my Father's death, which you read. He asked me whether he had not sufficient grounds for his application to me, when he had received such a letter from Mr. Heathcote ? I told him I thought the letter was nothing but what common civility required, that though he [Mr. Heathcote] said he would make no application, yet he did not say that he would refuse a pressing offer from my Mama. There were some things that dropped that would exagitate Mr. Rowe ! . . .

' Nothing,' replied Mr. Rowe, ' can exagitate me but an attempt on your Interest, and when my honest endeavours are misrepresented. I only wish you were able to undertake what can't be so well effected by another. The Interest in Boroughs, if ever so many, was lost long ago, and it don't look feasible that they may be so easily recovered. You may now judge how practicable such Schemes are ; and, whether from such means it is probable matters might be reinstated, you are best able to conclude from your present choice. These are tender topics for me to touch on ; your own good sense, no doubt, makes the proper distinction.'

Harry Drake's dreams of Westminster and influence faded into nothingness. We gather from subsequent letters that he turned his attention to more promising ' châteaux en Espagne,' and, after a short visit to Buckland, where he appeared ' in a gay equipage with a valet and a brace of geldings, bills and cash in poco,' he went on a party of pleasure to Lostwithiel, where for the time being mining speculations attracted him.

Mr. Heathcote, as the Drake nominee, was, of course, chosen member for Beeralston, and at the general election in the following year he was again easily returned. Mr. Rowe kept Sir Francis *au courant* of these events.

To Sir Francis Drake
at Bennet's College,
Cambridge.

Nutwell. 19th of May, 1741.

DEAR SIR,

I have your obliging letter, which I should have answered sooner, but the hurry I have been in prevented me. As to your writing to me there is no need of any apology; whenever you do it, it is a pleasure to me, but pray don't let it interrupt the more necessary—your Studies. That, my dear, may be your assistance when I and all your friends may be removed; I don't know how soon it may be in my case. As I have ever watched your Interest, so I would willingly give you all the light I can, and personally. In order to it I have sounded your Mama and Uncle, who are both willing you should come down in the vacation for a month, of which before the time I will be more particular. The election at Beeralston was Unanimous, as I hope the majority of your Father's Friends will always be to serve his son. On the other side are the names of those who did on this occasion; for the rest I'll defer it till I see you, when I will in the most explicit manner impart to you my heart, and make you master of everything I can.

Your Uncle and his Lady went hence a Sunday. Pray write to him; he is your Friend, as is, dear Sir,

Your most faithful
N. ROWE.

For the last I can only say Dulce Riventum, etc. . . . Your brother Sammy goes with Mr. Porter to-morrow morning to Plymouth, to be settled in the school there.

The list of twenty Beeralstonians who voted at this general election and our knowledge of the names of the abstainers show that, by reverting to the ancient custom which vested the right of election solely in the freehold owners of the original burgage tenements, and by the policy of buying up and consolidating these holdings, the number of persons who had contrived to get upon the roll of electors in 1720 had been so greatly reduced that, in 1741, the free burgesses

numbered but twenty-eight in all.[1] Five or six of these were non-resident gentlemen who held their little freeholds or parts of freeholds merely for the sake of the vote. The others were, for the most part, village tradesmen or farmers in a very small way of business. Only two members of this fairly solid phalanx appear to have been frequently troublesome, and they were the last people one would have expected to find in opposition. One was the rector of the parish, the Reverend Thomas Hurrell, the other the Reverend Dr. Creed, Vicar of Buckland, upon whose 'ingratitude' Mr. Rowe frequently dilates. Neither pretended to Toryism, but they strove to make themselves of importance and not improbably harboured the design of some day being in command of a 'cave,' if they could contrive to get following enough.

At the lord's biennial 'Court Leet and view of Frankpledge,' this wily pair were always on the alert to favour the splitting of holdings, and, if the occasion seemed favourable, one or other would suddenly propose a fresh burgage tenant and try to surprise the jury into letting the claim pass. Mr. Rowe attended every Court and never failed to give Sir Francis an account of the presentments. In October 1741, when some new faggot votes had been made, or attempted to be made, he wrote:

If they multiply tenants upon you in this manner and a dispute arises, you can have no relief but in St. Stephen's Chapel. It therefore behoves you to look about betimes and to make yourself master as soon as possible at least of Election Law, and I hope you will think the rest worth your while, and find it so. Not knowing what may happen, you should always be present at the choosing the Portreeve, to keep your friends together and, though you are not of age, to let

[1] An increase in the number of voters sometimes took place unavoidably, as when, in 1742, a Mr. Kemp died leaving four married daughters co-heiresses to his small property in Beeralston. Each of the four husbands claimed the vote and obtained it. Fortunately for Sir Francis, they were all 'friends.'

them know how soon you shall be. For if these things are done in a green tree, what may be done in a dry ? Keep the trust of the parish lands as long in yourself as you can, and don't let complaisance draw from you what you have a power to keep. I wish more were in my power. None can have a greater inclination to serve you.

The choice of the portreeve (according to ancient custom, the returning officer of the borough) and the annual election of jurors were matters of some consequence, because it depended upon them whether to present or not to present new burgesses. If the jury were agreed in favour of a claim, the steward, on behalf of the lord, could hardly refuse to admit it, and thus, by the jury's too great willingness to oblige, the closeness of the borough might be endangered. A minor evil, too, but one not to be disregarded, was that any increase in the number of voters must inevitably bring disappointment to already existing ones, for the Beeralston people were indefatigable place-hunters, and snug little posts could not be multiplied.

Mr. Rowe was the medium through whom the hopes and aspirations of the electors were conveyed, *viâ* Sir Francis, to Mr. Heathcote, and they gave their member little respite. Small appointments in the Customs or Excise were most coveted, but nothing with a salary attached came amiss, and the requests were of all sorts and kinds. After a Court in 1742, Mr. Rowe writes :

My humble service to your Uncle ; if you could prevail on him to get John Doidge made an extraordinary-man at Plymouth, it would be of service to your interest to let people know that you can provide for your friends, as nothing is done for them Elsewhere.[1] . . . Captain St. Lo is ordered to Portsmouth, he waits but for a wind. I have got him to take Mr. Serle's son, and he has made Jo Blanchard's son his Carpenter's mate. Could a warrant for a Bomb be got for him, 'twould add a lustre to the little Corps.

[1] The member put in by Lord Hobart did nothing for them.

Next, we are told of 'a most respectable young sailor,' belonging to Beeralston, who, under a misapprehension, had been run in by his captain as a deserter. A widow to whom he owed money entreated that Sir Francis would get his 'R' removed, in order that she might prosecute her debtor, who likewise would be grateful! Others, too, in quite a strong position as petitioners, were 'honest friends' on the verge of bankruptcy, which might lead to an enforced sale of their holdings.

The easy confidence with which all these people made known their wants shows how natural it was to them to rely on their member's willingness and ability to serve them. They were habitually faithful at the polls, but none the less looked forward in due time to a recognition of their merits, for at Beeralston it was never 'sufficient to have deserved.'

Another less pleasing, but, we suppose, inevitable feature in the management of a close borough when it did not appertain wholly to one owner, was the assiduity displayed by the agents on either side to persuade aged or infirm burgesses to make wills or codicils bequeathing their holdings to one or other owner of the borough interest. A good deal of cautious scheming and manœuvring was necessary sometimes to get the thing done with the desirable secrecy. Thrice Mr. Rowe's diplomacy triumphed, but it must be admitted that upon each occasion valuable consideration was given to the testator in his lifetime.

To Sir Francis, however, an acquisition of this kind, whether obtained by will or by purchase, had a drawback. If he kept the place in hand, that annihilated a vote, and, having regard to the balance of power between himself and Lord Hobart, it would have been imprudent to let one drop. Therefore, in these cases, the usual course was to give, or for a very nominal sum sell, the small holding to a relation, or some other reliable friend who could be trusted not to dispose

of any part of it in a way prejudicial to Drake interests. We gather further, from Sir Francis's comments on Dr. Creed's behaviour, that, if the grantee could not exercise his privileges, or if he had no direct heirs, honour and custom required that he should in due time return the title deeds to the donor.

It was in this way that, as will be remembered, Anthony Duncomb had formerly been possessed of a cottage at Beeralston, probably the same one which, in 1725, was in the ownership of George Drake. In 1741 George's name had ceased to be upon the list of burgesses, not on account of his death, for he lived until the end of that year, but because, as he was more in India than in England, it had been found useful that his freehold should pass to Sir Francis's first cousin, Lieutenant Francis Drake, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who, when not at sea, was usually stationed at Plymouth.[1]

We have been unable to discover in what year George Drake retired from the Company's service. The books at the India Office make no mention of him after the year 1726–7; nevertheless, he may have been on the Council as a 'senior merchant without employment;' and this is likely to have been his position if, as legend says, he had been somewhat too arbitrary in his treatment of the natives. In 1737 he was at Fort St. George, when he made his will styling himself of that place. Whether he was there in the Company's service, or had engaged in business on his own account, we know not. In either case he had prospered, for he acknowledged that 'it had pleased God to bless him with good strong health and a competent fortune.' He most heartily thanked his two most esteemed friends, George Morton Pitt, late Governor of Fort St. George, and Richard Benyon, then

[1] Lieutenant Francis Drake married October 9, 1742, Emblen, daughter of ——— Yeo.

Governor of this place, for their great friendship and civility to him, and he appointed them his executors—trusting that after his death they would have the same concern for his family as they had all along expressed for him whilst he was alive. He desired that £20 apiece should be given to his 'brother and sister Martyn,' and 2000 pagodas to each of his executors. One-third of his possessions was to pass to his wife, and the remainder to his four children, viz. Dawsonne, who was in the East India Company's service; Anne, who in her father's lifetime married Samuel Barlow, Esq., and secondly, George Percival, Esq.; Jane, who a few years later became the wife of Colonel Temple West, of the Guards; and Sophia, who married first, Commodore Digby Dent, R.N., and secondly, Admiral Sir George Pocock, ancestor of the present baronet of that name.

A codicil, added to George Drake's will in 1741, was written at Madras, but he must then have been on the eve of sailing for England, for he died at sea whilst on the voyage home in the ship *Normanton*, and his will was proved in London at the beginning of November 1741.

Mrs. George Drake was not long inconsolable. In September 1743 she married her late husband's friend and executor, George Morton Pitt, Esq.,[1] a member of Parliament and owner of a well-known riverside residence at Twickenham. By her second marriage she had one daughter, Harriet, who married the 5th Duke of Ancaster.

In August 1743 Sir Francis attained his majority, and in the following summer he quitted Cambridge. His university studies appear to have been supplemented by a course of reading in London, which lasted about a year, during which time he was little, if at all, in Devonshire. A letter of Mr. Rowe, written in April 1744—the last we will

[1] George Morton Pitt, M.P. for Old Sarum in the 6th Parliament of Great Britain, and M.P. for Pontefract, 9th and 10th Parliaments, died January 5, 1756.

quote concerning Beeralston matters, lest we weary the reader—gives such a curious picture of a Court day in a close borough, that it would be a pity to omit it.

April 3, 1744.

Yesterday was the Court at Beer. Enclosed is a copy of the presentment. It was not thought proper to present Luce [as deceased] till next Court, when you would produce your title to his lands. After the jury had concluded the presentment, and all but two or three had signed their names, Dr. Creed bolted into the room with his nephew and tendered his deeds to the jury.[1] We told him that as we had finished the presentments and signed them, he was come too late. However, he insisted to have them received, but being rejected, went down to the Steward, and offered to Strike him, upon which the new Parson of Beer, Mr. Snow, Commanded the Peace. The good D^{r} was very insolent to me too, but this I disregarded. Mr. Edgecumbe did not spare him,—behaved extremely handsome and zealous for you. The D^{r} is a very bad man (to speak in the softest manner), a Harden'd Wretch, in contempt with all mankind, and the more so, if possible, for his yesterday's behaviour, when he showed his Iniquity and Ingratitude in the most Flagrant manner, to the Astonishment and Detestation of all—and yet—I could perceive a Pleasure upon some faces. No doubt Mr. Edgecumbe will write to you more particularly. To Crown all the vile Wretch got drunk. Such an Eclaircisement, tho' acted in such a manner, puts people upon thinking more than they otherwise would, and more in favour of Themselves.

Jno Doidge is, no doubt, capable of doing the duty of a tide waiter, though how far he'd be regular I can't say, and less for T. Rich. As for Wm. Bealey, whatever his circumstances may be, he's more pressing, and his wife too, than if they weren't worth a groat. I wish you would write to them yourself. Mr. Tapson, though so old, was at ye Court, and declared openly he would serve you and your Family as long as he liv'd. At this juncture, if you would write to him, take some notice of his sons, though unknown, it would be vastly agreeable to 'Em. His place is Insdon, near Ashburton.

[1] Dr. Creed wished to create a faggot vote for the benefit of his nephew, Peter Creed.

As mankind grow more depraved they must be more attentively observed. Your Friends seem for the generality untainted, yet your presence and acquaintance with them you 'll find more and more necessary. . . . I don't doubt you 'll endeavour to prepare yourself for all Events, and I pray God assist you. I had almost forgotten to mention it, but your Friends were yesterday very full of an Address, and that you would get one drawn and sent down, which they desire you with the Members would present to his Majesty. This they have desired me to communicate to you and are in full expectation of an Answer.

I am, Sir,
Your most faithful humble servant,
N. Rowe.

I am very sorry your Mother is dissatisfied with Mr. Edgecumbe. I am sure 'tis without just grounds, he being not only a faithful servant but a Friend to the Family in general.

Your brother comes up in the coach next Monday, and, indeed, it is time he should be fix't somewhere where more Effect might be produced upon him than from the Country which he seems to be above.

Before we turn our attention to the family matters alluded to in Mr. Rowe's postscript, we must explain that to the people of Beeralston, the mere mention of an address awoke stirring memories. Always mindful of the notable occasion in King William's reign, when their small borough had set an example which was followed by the whole of England, Beeralston seems to have come to the front whenever opportunity arose for presenting a loyal address to the sovereign. But a recent crisis had caught the borough unprepared. As four months had elapsed since the destruction by tempest of a French fleet collected at Dungeness for a Jacobite invasion of England, the members for Beeralston intimated that they hesitated to comply with their constituents' wishes, lest they should lay themselves open to 'receive Tiberius's Compliment upon a late address;' an

answer which even Mr. Rowe regarded as a little disappointing.

We have but one more letter of his written during this year, and in it he urges, as he had already done many times, that without Sir Francis's more frequent presence in Devonshire, the influence and popularity of the Drake family at Beeralston could hardly be maintained. 'I have laboured in the Vineyard,' he says, 'but things cannot be done at second hand now. If you would but know your friends, you would soon fix such an interest in 'Em that no one would remove, which is worth your Thought.'

Perhaps Mr. Rowe's exhortations did make the impression he so earnestly desired, but we have no means of telling, for, between April 1744 and January 1749, no letters whatever to or from Sir Francis are to be found. Either he was during the greater part of this time at Buckland, which is improbable in the absence of his mother, who had taken the lease of a house in London; or else, for a couple of years, perhaps, he was too far off to receive Mr. Rowe's letters with any useful regularity, and thus for a while the correspondence may have dropped. We incline to the latter hypothesis, because Sir Francis was not yet twenty-two years old, and if, as was usual, foreign travel formed part of the plan his uncles had devised for his education, now was the opportunity for it. Parliament was not expected to dissolve for three years, and, before entering public life, he had a continuance of leisure such as he might not later be able to command.

Another reason which may have made absence from home desirable just then was that differences of opinion between Lady Drake and Mr. Edgecumbe had become acute. Mr. Rowe had the most implicit faith in Mr. Edgecumbe, and Sir Francis always trusted him, but Lady Drake, who, it is hinted, 'expected marvels,' was altogether 'dissatisfied

with the results of his management.' Moreover, she declined to lay out any money on the up-keep of the Abbey, supposing, probably, that this was an estate expense not to be borne by her; consequently, nothing was done but what was absolutely unavoidable. She stayed for months together in London, and year by year dilapidations accumulated.

Lady Drake was not altogether happy in her rural management. Being determined to have as few dealings as possible with the bailiff employed by Mr. Edgecumbe upon her son's affairs, she resolved to entrust hers to a hind of her own, and, as he was to live in the house and act as caretaker in her absence, she took the unusual course of engaging a delicate gentleman. Not long afterwards this worthy fell into ill health, and thus her farming did not prosper.

Meanwhile, the fact that her youngest son, Samuel Drake, was rapidly growing out of boyhood, appears to have been overlooked. Less fortunate than his brother William, who in his father's lifetime had been put into the Navy, Sam was allowed to reach the age of sixteen unprepared for any useful profession. In the spring of 1744, having finished the curriculum at the Plymouth school, he came home and was permitted to remain at the Abbey, idling away his time without suitable companionship. It chanced just then, however, that Harry Drake and some cheery comrades visited the neighbourhood, hunted with the Plymouth hounds, spent money lavishly, and apparently were not models of deportment. The noise of their doings awakened the family to the necessity for keeping Sam out of mischief, so, although he was past the age when it was usual for a boy to begin a naval career, he was hurried off to London, and very soon afterwards started in life as a volunteer on board one of His Majesty's ships of war.



BEERALSTON

Under the tree in the centre is the place where they used to elect their members for the borough

[*Copied from King's Maps, &c.* xi. 66–1 *Brit. Mus.*

CHAPTER II

We have now to fill a space of five years in our records without being possessed of any private documents to assist us in amplifying and giving coherence to a bare register of facts. Yet during this period there were at least two red-letter days in the Drake calendar, concerning which we might reasonably have expected to find some letters or memoranda.

July 2nd 1747 marked the accomplishment of Sir Francis's long-cherished desire to be elected member of Parliament for Beeralston. By the education he had received, no less than by his personal qualities, he was well adapted to fill the position usefully, and he may reasonably have felt that it was a distinction to follow in the wake of the men of high ability who, for the most part, had hitherto represented the borough.

Where, as in this case, election was a foregone conclusion, polling day presented none of the usual elements of excitement; but at Beeralston a picturesque old custom was then still kept up. The free burgesses, with the portreeve at their head, assembled under a large tree which stood at the top of the village (where Fore Street now is) and, having given their votes, probably by acclamation or show of hands merely, the portreeve made formal declaration of their choice. The members elect then gave a dinner at the inn to their supporters, a few complimentary speeches followed, the remains of the feast were distributed amongst the poor of the place, and that ended the day's proceedings.

The next event of interest to the family circle was the marriage, celebrated on June 10, 1748, between Sir Francis's elder sister, Anne Pollexfen Drake, and Lieutenant-Colonel George Augustus Eliott of the 2nd Horse Grenadier Guards, eighth son of Sir Gilbert Eliott of Stobbs, in Roxburghshire.

Colonel Eliott was tall and good-looking, of a lively, genial disposition, and highly educated. He spoke and wrote French and German both fluently and correctly, and was a lover of books. As a soldier he had already won distinction, having served with his regiment in the wars of the Austrian Succession from 1742 to 1746. He had been present at the battle of Dettingen, where his horse was killed under him and he was wounded in the leg, and at Fontenoy, where he received a bullet in the neck.

He was now just thirty years old, and his fiancée, Anne Drake, was twenty-two—an ideally correct difference, if, as is said, a bride should be half her husband's age and seven years added.

The wedding of this happily assorted couple took place at St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, a church in itself not ill-suited for a function, but so far away from the lady's residence in the west of London, that one wonders for what reason it was chosen. We can only account for so unusual a selection by supposing that the Horse Grenadier Guards had quarters near Newgate, just as at the present day some companies of Foot Guards are always stationed at the Tower. To judge from the elegance of the bride's attire, the wedding was a fashionable affair. Her dress of richly embroidered ivory white satin, and the bridegroom's waistcoat of white striped satin adorned with little red and silver sprigs, are, together with the lace ruffles worn upon this occasion, still amongst the family heirlooms.

The amount of fortune Colonel Eliott possessed at the time of his marriage is unknown. As the cadet of a Scotch

family, he could scarcely have been wealthy, but he must have had some private means, for the price of even a cornetcy in the Horse Grenadier Guards was five hundred guineas. This first commission in the regiment was, no doubt, given to him by his uncle, who was its colonel, but we know that his subsequent promotions, up to and including that of lieutenant-colonel, were acquired by purchase.

Anne Drake's portion did not exceed £1,250, her share of the £5,000 which, according to her father's and mother's settlement, was to be raised from the Drake estate for the benefit of their younger children.

The unfair but not uncommon practice of throwing upon the heir to a property the duty of providing for his brothers and sisters, fell more heavily upon the fifth baronet than it had done upon his father. The late Sir Francis Henry Drake had simply borrowed his wife's money for the purpose, and troubled no more about the matter. Thus, a double burden was cast upon his heir, who had to clear off the mortgage made to his mother's trustees and to provide for his brothers and sisters as well. Francis William Drake had come of age in 1745, and as no mention occurs of any demand from him, we may conclude that his portion had been given to him; but, in 1749, Samuel Drake's claim was about to mature, and, as Sir Francis had so lately found the money for his sister's fortune, it was a question whether or not the debt due to Samuel might be permitted to stand over for a time, if interest thereon was punctually paid.

Upon this and other matters, we may turn for information to Mr. Rowe's letters, which, after an interval of five years, now begin again. We shall find little difference in the character of the correspondence. Borough interests are still the topic most frequently discussed, but there is no longer any question of Sir Francis's want of acquaintance with his electors; it plainly appears that he knew them all

very well indeed, and that their affairs were as familiar to him as to Mr. Rowe.

Enough, however, has been said upon that subject; future quotations will be from letters bearing chiefly upon Sir Francis's personal concerns; it is only to be regretted that some of these are so cautiously worded as to be almost as unintelligible to us as they were intended to be at the local post-office.

When politics were on the tapis, initial letters, or Latin words easy to interpret, were used to veil the identity of the persons or places alluded to, but upon the ordinary affairs of the family Mr. Rowe expressed himself without ambiguity. The first letter of the new series treats of the money difficulties above mentioned, and of a misfortune that had befallen Captain William Drake, occasioning some anxiety to his relations. It should be explained that in January 1748, William Drake, then in the West Indian squadron under Rear-Admiral Knowles, had been promoted to be captain of the *Fowey* (20 guns), and that in the autumn of the same year his ship was wrecked in the Bay of Florida. The crew were saved, and no blame appears to have attached to him, for, at a court-martial held in England upon the captain's return, he was not only honourably acquitted, but was also forthwith given the command of the *Mercury*, a vessel of the same description as the *Fowey*.

Mr. Nicholas Rowe to Sir Francis Drake, M.P.

27th January, 1748–9.

Sir,—I should have acknowledged your favour before, but indeed I am quite out of frame and unfit for anything.

Your Father has now been dead nine years. I could hope, as I wish, that all family difficulties will soon be determined, and that amicably too, as we know not how soon it may be out of our power. As the demands on you have been and may be sudden and uncertain, you will do well to be

provided against all Events, and I am glad it is now in your power; *keep it so.*

I hope your brother has got well over his trial; the Country have it that he is to have the *Unicorn,* a new twenty gun ship, building here. I wish it may be so. Pray my services to him. I congratulate you on your popular favours at T. . . . The compliments of the season attend you all. I hope you have your health as I wish you—multos et felices vive et vale.

I am
Your faithful friend to serve you,
N. Rowe.

The next letter, written towards the end of the same year, tells us of an oddly conducted attempt to rear pheasants at Buckland Abbey, and of the beginning of poor Sam's misdoings.

Decr. 27th, 1749.

Dear Sir,

I should answer your letters and do a great many things more regularly, but indeed I am not able, the days are come in which I must say, I have no pleasure in them. I am truly sorry you have no success in the pursuit of your health. I heartily wish it, and you, everything that's agreeable; pray use all methods conducive thereto.

As to your Pheasants, I fear they won't answer your expectation here, as things govern. . . . Ben put but six of the hens and one cock in the Hall-garden, one of which (the hens) has been killed, not known how or owned; the Garden is secur'd as to Cats, but the doors are so frequently opened about the cyder, so that nothing is to be depended upon in statu quo nunc. All the other pheasants and cocks and hens are in the gardens, pigeon-house and pond. Sol this morning found one of the pheasants had been eat by something, whether hawk or vermin is not known, for both frequent there. The hind makes great complaints about the havock they do in the gardens, and I hear has wrote about it. What your cousin, the Captain,[1] has wrote to you about putting them in

[1] Captain Francis Drake of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, now returned from sea service and settled again for a while in the neighbourhood of Buckland Monachorum.

the plantation in the paddock seems most feasible, but I fear without a proper person's care, all won't do.

I am truly concerned for your brother Sam, his uncle H. D. should be a light to him to avoid those breakers. There, if you pay him you have done your part, but I fear the blood of the Nelsons is not extinct.

I am very truly
Your affectionate friend,
N. Rowe.

Since my writing the above, Sol brought in three cocks and two hen Pheasants kill'd by Something. I have sent to the Capt. to consult what to do . . . and have got all the pheasants out of where they were in to the Hall-garden. I think the number is twenty-one hens and thirty-five cocks . . . I am not able to be exact.

The breakers on which Harry Drake had by this time wrecked his life were, as far as we can gather, gambling and extravagant living, but what is meant by the strange remark about 'the blood of the Nelsons' is quite incomprehensible, as we can find no trace of relationship with any family of that name.

After the lapse of a few weeks, another epistle (undated, but written in March 1750) gives us news of both Sir Francis's brothers.

Sir,—Your brother, the Captain, surprised me with a visit last Sunday sen'night at night, and (on an Express that one of the India-men under his convoy was safe at Falmouth) returned to Plymouth at one in the morning, but came again next day. It was very Providential, very much so, such stormy weather we have had of late, that he put in or rather gained this port. In all human probability he might else have been lost. He's an honest young Fellow, who, tho' he has seen the world abroad, wants to be better acquainted with that at home. A perfect Harmony between you, which I greatly wish, may be a great means thereto; I need not mention to you the obligation. His health is better than I expected, and would be more so if he'd use the means.

Your Brother, the lieutenant in expectation, was with him here. He's an object of great compassion. Lord, what can he do without your assistance ? You must overlook his weakness, I entreat it of you. Natural affection pleads strongly for him and moral Duty commands it. As God has given you better sense, I'm persuaded on Reflection you've better Sentiments than I can presume to inculcate. To save a soul from death has a great Reward, and to save a brother from destruction carry's a great Satisfaction here and a greater hereafter. I've talked to him roundly and he pleads necessity, and promises to better things. Think, I beg of you, of a brother on the Brink, pull him back and he may live to thank you in a better manner than I can express. As I love you all, I wish you well ; nothing but that could induce me to give you or myself this Trouble.

Samuel Drake was really to be pitied, for there is every indication that, as a boy, he had no especial desire for sea service. He had been put into the Navy simply because his people had omitted to make arrangements for his future, and because in that direction they had good interest. At sixteen, when he left the Plymouth school, he was too old to be sent to the Royal Naval Academy at Portsmouth, and the only other way for a youth to enter the Navy was to go to sea as a volunteer under the captain of a man-of-war ; then, after some ten or twelve months' instruction, he could obtain a passing certificate as midshipman.

The temptations to which volunteers and midshipmen were exposed, the discomforts inseparable from their position, and the humiliations which an ill-bred or passionate captain might inflict upon them, are vividly described in Captain Thompson's ' Letters of a Seaman.' ' It will be thought,' he says, ' an indulgence to let you sleep where day ne'er enters, and where fresh air comes only when forced. You must get up every four hours, for they never forget to call you, though you may forget to rise . . . your light for day and night is a small candle which is often stuck at the side of your platter at

meals, for want of a better convenience; your victuals are salt and often bad.' Volunteers, it seems, and midshipmen had no table, they messed where they could, and they were sometimes compelled to perform the most menial offices; yet that was not the worst, for Captain Thompson continues: 'Avoid low company; nothing can save you from it but a necessary pride, which must be supported in spite of all the lures thrown out by vice to corrupt and debase you.' He says further:

The disagreeable circumstances and situations attending a subaltern officer in the Navy are so many and so hard, that had not the first men in the service passed this dirty road to promotion to encourage the rest, they would renounce it to a man . . . such scenes of filth and infamy, such fatigues and hardships, are sufficient to disgust the stoutest and the bravest. The state of inferior officers in His Majesty's Navy is a state of vassalage, and a lieutenant's preferment is the greatest in it; the change is at once from a filthy maggot to a shining butterfly.

The moment of Samuel Drake's metamorphosis had not yet arrived, and the debts he had contracted could not wait—they must be forthwith paid or his career as a midshipman would be ruined. In less than two years he had squandered the whole of the small patrimony provided for him at his eldest brother's expense: it is, therefore, not surprising that the latter now declined to make any further sacrifices. Mr. Rowe, who saw the gravity of the situation, was anxious that the scapegrace should have at least one more chance, but he wisely refrained from insistence, and in his next weekly letter returned to the safer subject of dilapidations.

The Fountain's bottom must be taken up. The pipe is broke that play'd the jet d'eau, and the Boy[1] is defective. You know how things are. A little may be done, but all in general is in Decay, and I am sorry to say the management is so raw,

[1] Neptune, alas! still more defective now.

to call it no more, that there is little Encouragement to be explicit; and the misfortune is the greater that it is not Thought so. But time will soon convince though nothing else will.

Then in a postscript he added: 'I am truly sorry for your unthinking brother Sam.'

The 'privilege' of helping others was one very freely accorded to Sir Francis Drake. Two months later we hear of the death of Judge Martyn, with whom latterly his wife's family had not been on the best terms. At his death, Mrs. Martyn and her two daughters were reduced to extreme poverty, and Mr. Rowe, who remembered 'Madam Betty' in very different circumstances, was grieved.

May 18th, 1750.

Sir,—When mortality is the subject, all resentments subside. I am truly concerned for Mrs. Martyn and her unhappy daughters, made so by a Freedom which parents can't justify nor Trustees. I am sorry it is not in my power to assist them, neither can I presume to recommend, but surely the subject is very moving.

The present situation of things here gives no encouragement to improvement; a Chimney-piece to a smoky room and an old wainscot would be no decoration. A dark green stuff to hide the defects when the sun shines is all the place will bear. What is wanting is so much that unless a thorough repair was to be, everything to remain in statu quo, you 'll think best. And I will carry its excuse. For were you to see it, 'twould be enough. Poor Mr. Edgecumbe has been very ill; I fear he has a bad Stamen. I heartily wish you success in everything, and am,

Sir,

Your very faithful

N. Rowe.

I hear your brother S[am] is married and I fear marr'd. Your brother W's Government I don't think any preferment under a Commodore.

If you have a good offer for Stancombe you'd certainly agree with B[astard] or C[almady]. Your horses and mares answer well, but your pheasants, I fear, will come to nothing. . . .

Thus cautiously, without comment, mingling his news with matters of no moment, Sir Francis's old friend tells him of a current rumour. It was too true: Samuel Drake, who was barely twenty-two years of age, had filled up the measure of his iniquities by marrying a Miss Elizabeth Hayman of Deal, a penniless girl who, we are led to believe, was not by birth his equal. This seems to have been the last straw. Lady Drake would not receive her daughter-in-law, and Sir Francis, who had been negotiating a sale of family property to meet the drain on his means caused by his mother's claims and his brother's debts, turned sternly from him, and left him and his wife to sink or swim as they might. For nearly two years no mention of them occurs.

Meanwhile, Captain Francis William Drake had shifted his command from the *Mercury* to the *Boston*, a ship of the same calibre as before, built as an experiment in America. Early in 1751 he was appointed to the Newfoundland station under Commodore Rodney, and in May 1752 he succeeded Rodney as Governor of Newfoundland, a naval appointment which usually lasted two years.

The correspondence which passed during this interval calls for little notice. A few improvements were made to the gardens at Buckland and at Nutwell, and we hear of much tree planting, in which Sir Francis was always especially interested. Also, we gather from a letter of Mr. Rowe's, written at the beginning of 1752, that a dispute of long standing, between Sir Francis's men of business and his mother, was at length in the way of adjustment. It concerned £1,700, the value, we believe, of a 'fine' paid into Lady Drake's hands during her son's minority. The question was whether this sum was to be regarded as principal or interest. In the one case it was Sir Francis's, in the other it was hers; but whilst she retained the money, the trustees kept back the interest due to her on the mortgage they held for her

benefit on the Nutwell estate, and this deprivation had caused unpleasantness.

Mr. Rowe, always a lover of concord, took advantage of the opportunity to slip in a word in season. Touching lightly upon public affairs just for an impetus, he came at a rush to his point.

The Duke of Cumberland's late accident and the Repeated Breaches so quick after one another, must be very affecting to the King and to all well-wishers. There, who is without their Trials ? Sir—I have forgot the languages I once had a smattering of, I have almost forgot my own—but I hope I shall to the end be able to make a right construction of ' Memor et oblivisсor,' to the most extensive definition.

Old sheets of accounts, dated May 1752, show that the £1,700 ' was conceded to be principal,' that it was accepted by the trustees in part payment of the sum borrowed upon mortgage, and that, warned by sad experience of the unwisdom of money dealings between kinsfolk, Sir Francis then paid off the whole debt due to his mother. The amount required for the purpose was raised by the sale of outlying property and by loan. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Edgecumbe, who obtained this accommodation for their client, were not, we think, without *arrière pensée* in the matter ; for the mortgagee they proposed, Miss Margaret Archer of Whiteford, was young, handsome, and charming—a beauty without blemish, as Mr. Rowe somewhat later declared.

To return to the spring of 1752. We gather from a letter dated May 15, that Sir Francis had met with a rather unusual misadventure, and that at about the same time Samuel Drake had thrown himself upon his eldest brother's generosity.

I am very glad (wrote Mr. Rowe) to hear from yourself that you have got over the accident so well. There, you see how soon, and by what small means, a humane creature may be demolished. Even a bare bodkin may do the business. . . . Your brother, the lieutenant, came up last

week for some sheep he had bought of the Hind, the only time I have seen him since his return from Ed—— and once before. As to his request, I am no judge; but for God's sake overlook his imperfections and do what you can for him. I hope he 'll atone for his past indiscretion. It seems to me as if both your brothers would want you. . . .

I am much obliged by your kind enquiry after my health. I am determined never to trouble anyone with my infirmities, but THIS I find daily, that 60 summers are attended with 600 inconveniences to which I humbly submit. . . . I heartily wish you health and happiness, and may you make out this scribble which I am lost in.

The kind old gentleman's appeal on behalf of Samuel Drake was not a waste of effort, for, towards the end of an epistle written a month later, concerning matters upon which we need not dwell, he says: 'As to your brother Sam, you are very good.' Sam, apparently, thought so too, and was grateful, for thenceforth he cast temptations behind him, turned his face towards the light, and stumbled no more. But his relations could not easily believe in the permanence of this amendment; stipulations were suggested, and the attitude of the family towards his wife was unchanged.

The *Torrington*, on which he was then serving, came occasionally into Plymouth, but she was not there in November 1752; consequently, the brothers did not meet when Sir Francis, in company with Lord Anson, General Ligonier, Admiral Bowles and General Mather, came to Devonshire to receive certain civic honours decreed to them by the Plymouth Corporation. Lord Anson was presented with a gold box containing his patent as Lord High Steward of the borough, whilst silver boxes with the freedom were given to the four others. The brilliant services of the naval and military gentlemen well merited recognition, and the corporation appears to have been under some obligations to Sir Francis for parliamentary influence in connexion with dockyard matters

which affected the town's interest; hence the compliment to him.

Hardly had he returned to London, when he received an intimation that he was to be appointed a Clerk Comptroller of the Board of Green Cloth, and, as this was an office of profit under the Crown, his acceptance voided the seat for Beeralston. At that season of the year, he was disinclined for another visit to Devonshire, but Mr. Rowe was able to assure him that he need neither come nor have any anxiety about his re-election, for his friends were all delighted to serve him. 'As to your sudden visit, I don't see any occasion for it, unless to give me fresh pain in parting. You know I do everything for you, and can, Sine Curâ.'

Shortly before Christmas, the *Torrington* came again to Plymouth, and, at Sir Francis's request, Mr. Rowe went there as the bearer of a message to Samuel Drake. Assistance was to be offered him conditionally upon his acceptance of salutary but unwelcome advice. It was not a pleasant business, and Sir Francis seems to have felt that he was asking somewhat too much of his old friend; but Mr. Rowe replied:

No apologies are necessary in any shape. You have nothing to fear, you won't desire anything from me but what is . . . The only thing I have to fear is your welfare, which I am tenderly wrapped up in. There is but one object more: should you both fail, Garrick never feigned a stronger passion in Lear than I should fall by . . .

Your Brother I came here (Plymouth) to see, but missed him. I will inculcate in the best manner I can. The woman I have seen. She deserves a better fate. We 're all sprung from Adam! Certainly to go to sea is better than a guard ship for more reasons than one.

Some weeks elapsed, and after two ineffectual attempts at a meeting, Mr. Rowe was able in February to report to Sir Francis: 'I yesterday saw your Brother, who is convinced

of your favour towards him and Entirely resigns himself to your better Judgment.'

Sam soon became ' much Resigned,' and the last we hear of him at this time is that, on Thursday, April 30, 1753, he sailed for North America

with a brisk wind at the East. They have long been kept here (adds Mr. Rowe). Whatever is past can't be recalled. He behaves very well now, pray regard him. I hope his future conduct will merit your favour. Though he can't retrieve the Lapsus, which will stick by him, he knows it and must wear the Garland ; if it prove a Crown of Thorns, he must make it as easy as he can. I wish I could contribute to it. . . .

From this day we hear nothing unfavourable of Sam. Whatever his faults had been, he more than atoned for them by his personal conduct, and by the zeal and ability with which he served his country.

It would not be just to close this episode in our story without a word about Mrs. Samuel Drake, the wife whose marriage with the young lieutenant was believed by his friends to be such an overwhelming disaster. Mr. Rowe, who as a looker-on saw more dispassionately than those most nearly concerned, thought she did not deserve to be quite so much despised ; and he was right, for, if she possessed no advantages of birth, she certainly had not a common mind.

The remarkable thing is that, in spite of the strong prejudices of her husband's family against her, her worth was after a while recognised. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that she was ever a wholly acceptable sister-in-law to Sir Francis or to Mrs. Eliott, but she merited the respect of her husband's relations, and that in due time established her on a happier footing with them all.

The events most dwelt upon in the letters written during the early part of 1753 are those already foreshadowed :

Sir Francis's appointment as Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, and his re-election for the borough of Beeralston. Besides this, mention is made of the illness and death of his much respected relative, Mr. John Drake (son of the Reverend Bamfield Drake), Collector of Customs at Plymouth and, at the time of his demise, mayor of that town. Both the mayor and the mayoress appear to have been very worthy persons. They had one son, a lieutenant in the 33rd Regiment, who died unmarried some years later, with whom the male line in that branch of the family became extinct.

One of Mr. Rowe's letters, dated January 3, leads us to suppose that Sir Francis's portrait had recently been painted by the famous Devonshire artist, Mr. Reynolds, who was then just beginning his career.

Mr. Reynolds, your Painter, is gone to Town. He has drawn several pictures at Plymouth, I think very well. He intends to wait on you. It looks as if he would turn out a Vandyke, at least as to Family Pieces. Could you not trust him as to a copy of your Ancestor, without risquing it to London ?

There is, however, no known picture by Reynolds of Sir Francis, and it is possible that nothing more is meant here than that he had introduced the talented young painter to his friends, and had been instrumental in getting him commissions, for they were acquaintances of long standing. It is said, indeed, that a picture painted by Reynolds for Sir Francis, about eight years later, was done from friendship, not for money.

The news of the artist's movements appears to have been communicated to Mr. Rowe when he was on a New Year's visit to Mrs. Prowse and her niece, the interesting Miss Archer.

From Whiteford I write this, Solus cum Sola. The Palatine, I am told, is no obstruction. I must come to London to talk with you gravely, inter nos. But beauty without a Blemish

wants no inducement but to see and be subdued. A certain Person intimated Something which I very well understand, and you may be sure of me. But there, inclination is all, and I shan't interfere in that, only to wish you well.

No notice, however, was taken of this hint, and at Whitsuntide, when again upon a visit at Whiteford, good old Mr. Rowe thought it time to put in another word.

The lady enquired after your welfare in a manner peculiar to herself. I would not have you see with my eyes, but with your own. If Virtue, Humility, and Good Sense, join'd with natural Beauties, have their Charms, I think I have seen such an object. Tho' it is rara avis. . . . As I hope soon to see you,

I am, dear Sir,
Your faithful
N. Rowe.

But Sir Francis refused to be led to the water, far less would he drink; and he intimated as much to his old friend, who, however, was not yet so thoroughly discouraged as to give up his benevolent scheme.

The absence of letters from Devonshire in every year between July and November indicates that in the autumn Sir Francis was usually there in person. When in London, he resided, not with his mother and sister in Boyle Street, Westminster, but in rooms or a home of his own. His letters were addressed to Bruton Street, later to Berkeley Square, and then for a number of years to John Street, Mayfair.

We suppose, from the fact that Lady Drake kept the home farm at Buckland in hand, and from allusions to 'her wine' and the 'silver at the Abbey,' that she and her daughter Sophia made it their summer residence, and naturally Sir Francis stayed there with them. When the family returned to town and the house was shut up for the winter, Mr. Rowe resumed his duties as chronicler, and forthwith reopened the

Book of his Lamentations. 'This decayed place,' he declared, 'is a sinker to see and there is absolutely no forethought in the management.' But he was more hopeful concerning matters which came under his own supervision, such as the Tavy salmon fishery, the prospects of Sir Francis's young horses, and tree planting, of which a great deal was done then.

Changes, however, were impending, and vexations which were not irremediable soon gave place to a real sorrow—the death of Mr. Edgecumbe. Many letters passed upon this sad occasion, all more or less beyond the bounds of our family history; but they show the warm feelings of sympathy and hereditary friendship which united men of business with their employers in the eighteenth century.

Sir Francis erected a monument to John Edgecumbe's memory, and appointed his brother, William Edgecumbe, agent in his stead; but, as Mr. Rowe remarked, 'Fratres non sunt similes. Seneschal non est Socrates.'

That being so, and as a general election was due in the spring of 1754, Mr. Rowe undertook to 'Watch the Beacon' himself with especial vigilance. At the approach of these septennial commotions, Sir Francis was invariably a little anxious about the unanimity of his re-election, for, close borough though Beeralston was, there were always one or two independent voters, who could not be influenced. However, in spite of this, Mr. Rowe assured Sir Francis that his position was now so strong that he might command AMBO: that is, in the cryptic language employed when electioneering matters were on the tapis, he could now command both seats if he liked, his own and the one filled by Lord Buckinghamshire's nominee. But this was only an illustration; no breach of the convention was contemplated.

Parliament was dissolved early in April, and about six weeks later, when the general election was over, Sir Francis

returned to London, taking, as it seems, Mr. Rowe with him part of the way, to act as his friendly supervisor at Nutwell Court. Here Sir Francis had many improvements on hand, for by this time he had begun to centre his interest upon the home which was entirely his own, rather than upon Buckland Abbey, where in his mother's lifetime he could not have the sole command. He had a passion for alterations, and in so far as these concerned gardens, land, or landscape, his taste and judgment were good; but with architecture he was less successful. Nothing of primary importance, however, was just then undertaken. A new floor to the 'Great Parlour' and one to the 'Yew Bedroom,' a new ceiling to the 'Upper Chamber over the porch,' fresh doors to the drawing-rooms, plenty of white paint, and a liberal distribution of sash windows, were all that was immediately intended. But in the autumn, when Sir Francis came to view the works, his schemes expanded, and the interest these and the gardens afforded him induced him to stay in the country that year somewhat later than usual. This provoked a whimsical remonstrance from his friend, Dr. Mark Akenside,[1] who, counting on Sir Francis's return to London at the accustomed date, had arranged a Whig dinner-party for November 5. The hospitable poet suggested that, by disregarding the recent alteration of style, they might still keep the 'birthday of the State' together, and upon the genuine day pay their annual tribute to the 'Glorious, Pious and Immortal Memory' so dear to all good Whigs.

[1] Poet and physician. Author of *Pleasures of the Imagination*. Died 1770, aged forty-six. His portrait, painted by Arthur Pond, was in the possession of Sir F. H. Drake, and is now at Buckland Abbey.

Ode to Sir Francis Drake, Bart.

1754

I

Behold the Ballance in the sky
  Toward winter hastily declines,
To earthy cares the Dryads fly,
  And the bare pastures Pan resigns:
Long time the farmer's homely toil
Renew'd the twice mown soil,
  Tainting the year's remaining pride:
He whets the rusted coulter now,
And binds his oxen to the plough,
  And throws his future harvest wide.

II

Now London's busy confines round,
  By Kensington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough descent profound,
  Essexian heath or Kentish bowers,
Where'er I pass I see approach
Some rural statesman's eager coach,
  Hurried by senatorial cares:
While rural nymphs (alike within,
Preparing courtly pow'r to win)
  Debate their dress, reform their airs.

III

Say; what can yet the country boast,
  O Drake, thy footsteps to detain
Where peevish winds and gloomy frost
  The sunshine of thy temper stain?
Say; are Devonian parsons grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
  Champions for George's legal right?
Hath general freedom, equal law
Won to the glory of Nassau,
  Each bold Wessexian squire and knight?

IV

I doubt it much : and guess at least
That, when the day which made us free
Shall next return, that sacred feast
Thou better mayst observe with me.
Besides (since Parker's learned care
Bade the slow year its course repair)
No longer shalt thou now regret
That the vain pedant monarch's tale
Of plots and sulphur dark and stale,
Should load the birthday of the State.

V

For, by our sires belov'd of old,
The fifth of chill November rose :
Whence rightly Orange, wise as bold,
For his great work that era chose.
But, in the late adjusted year,
That day to please the public ear,
Transferr'd its honour with its name ;
And thus too early, by eleven
The church records our thanks to Heaven,
Old Stuart's luck and Nassau's fame.

VI

So let her still : while thou, my friend,
A pattern to thy tenants due,
Dost, when the law directs, attend
Her rites in chancel and in pew.
But here with me be just, and pay
Thy duty to the genuine day,
Which leads November's latter train.
Thus shall the great William be rever'd,
Nor any nauseous flatt'ry heard
Of James and his dishonest reign.

VII

And while the vintage of the Seine
With modest cups our joy supplies,
We 'll fully thank the pow'r divine
Who bade the just Deliv'rer rise;
Rise from heroic ease, the spoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her saviour son;
Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
For Freedom wounded and o'erthrown.

VIII

He came. The tyrant, from our shore
Like a forbidden daemon fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific craft and servile dread.
There sank the barb'rous Gothic reign;
New years came forth, a lib'ral train,
Call'd by the people's great decree—
His name, my friends, let blessings crown,
Fill to the demigod's renown,
From whom thou hast that thou art free.

IX

Then, Drake (for wherefore should we part
The public from the private weal?)
In vows to her who sways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune we will deal:
Whether Eliza's blooming cheek,
Or the soft qualities that speak
So eloquent in Dian's smile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heav'n of Julianne's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

X

For so it is, thy stubborn breast,
Tho' touch'd by many a slighter wound,
Hath no true conquest yet confess'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found;
While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Dion's gentle reign,
Through all the var'ing seasons, own.
Her genius still my bosom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms;
Or I have eyes for her alone.

To others besides Dr. Mark Akenside it may have seemed surprising that Sir Francis, who was now thirty-two years old, had so little inclination towards matrimony. The reason at that time appears to have been that, owing to inherited burdens, he could not have married without adding to his embarrassments, or giving up the hope of freeing himself from them. Moreover, a wife would have asked for a house to live in; but Nutwell Court was undergoing reparations interiorly which amounted almost to demolition, and Buckland Abbey—more Lady Drake's than his—was rapidly falling to decay for want of timely attention. Mr. Rowe's description of the place when he went there to report upon the capability of a bailiff, who had succeeded to the post of the invalid gentleman, is best given in his own words.

To see this place makes me, if possible, lower than before. It rains into all the rooms of the house. Part of the ceiling of the room where you dine has fallen down. The gardens look wild, but your trees thrive. The Hind, the little I've seen of him, seems to manage things very well. They'll make between two and three hogsheads of cyder. This week will finish it. . . . As to this place, you know there has been nothing done to the house for a long time; I mean the part that is inhabited. The Hind intends to new hele it in the spring. Now, if your Mother and you would rough-cast it



BUCKLAND ABBEY

and paint the sash windows at your mutual expense, it might save it. But the hall ceiling, I fear, will come down too.

As to the new room, how the ceiling came to fall I don't know. I fancy the outside pointing has lessened the dampness, though, indeed, till this winter the room was never without constant fire, and the hind will have one often. I fancy he will do very well.

The crisis in the fortunes of Buckland Abbey appears to have been reached. The long-continued neglect of the roof and, in spite of all warnings, the avoidance of the most ordinary necessary repairs had brought the place to the very verge of ruin. Convinced of this at last by the sight of streaming walls and fallen ceilings, Lady Drake consented to partially re-roof the house, and she and Sir Francis agreed to cover the whole of the exterior with a thick coat of rough-cast. Disfiguring as this treatment was, it kept out the wet, which the late hind's pointing with soft mortar had not effectually done.

CHAPTER III

THANKS to the presence of Mr. Rowe at the Abbey in January 1755, and his letters to Sir Francis, we get a little family news up to date. Poor Captain Francis Drake, who had recently returned from Scotland, rejoicing at his wonderful recovery, was then with his wife in lodgings at Buckland. He had burst another blood-vessel and was 'going apace.' We hear of his death on February 24.[1]

We also catch a glimpse (and for the last time) of that irrepressible personage, Mr. Harry Drake, who more or less recently had been liberated from the Fleet prison. From letters addressed to him at Tavistock ('they did not seem to be from ye grand') Mr. Rowe conjectured that he would soon come into the neighbourhood, and a few days later Mr. Harry appeared, 'travelling with his usual parade and talking of settling at Falmouth to carry on the tin trade there in an extensive manner.'

At whose instance Harry Drake had been committed to the Fleet, how long his detention lasted, and, above all, how he managed to float to the surface in style, after having been so deeply submerged, we cannot tell. But we suppose that even in prison he found consolations, for the Fleet was not a dull or solitary place. Anything less like a jail at the present day can hardly be imagined.

[1] He left no children; his wife survived till May 1770.

The Fleet (says a contemporary writer[1]) is on Ludgate Hill, the very centre of the Cities of London and Westminster. It's a large building after the manner of your Monasteries abroad. You enter the great Court Yard by a large strong Gate kept by two Turnkeys. The House itself consists of four galleries, one above another, with eight rooms to a side in each gallery, for the convenience of such persons as do not or cannot take the Liberty of the Rules. There is a handsome Chapel adjoining to it, where prayers are said twice daily and sermons on Sundays and Holidays. Underneath the House is a large Cellar and Kitchen, and behind a large Garden well planted for the Prisoners to walk in. Here are no bolted doors nor iron bars as in other prisons; but they visit one another promiscuously, as in a little garrison, there being nothing that looks like a prison but the height of the walls that environ the whole. There is a travelling market every day of all sorts of provisions, so that you have the cries in the galleries of everything, as you have in the streets. And no place in London is cheaper than the Fleet, for a prisoner is under no constraint, but may send out for everything he wants as he pleases; and such prisoners as can give the Warden of the Prison surety that they won't run away, have the liberty of going abroad and lodging, if they please, anywhere within the Rules, which consist of four or five very good streets; and, indeed, they may go where they please if they conceal it from their creditors. The King's Bench is on the other side of the water in Southwark. The Rules are more extensive than the Fleet, having all St. George's Fields to walk in, but the Prison House is not near so good. By a Habeas Corpus you may remove yourself from one prison to the other, and some gentlemen that are in for vast sums and probably for life, choose the one for their summer, the other for their winter Habitation; and, indeed, both are but the shows or names of prisons.

Henry Drake was not of the number of wealthy debtors who could afford a change of quarters at pleasure, but, from a will made during his detention, we incline to believe that he lodged within the Rules of the Fleet rather than in the House

[1] *A Journey Through England*, by John Macky.

itself. After his release, he lived in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and, we presume, died there, for nothing came of his tin-business scheme. His will, which was proved by the executrix in September 1756, is a queer compound of piety and grandiloquence, but, taken in connexion with what we know of his doings, it is not an uninteresting 'human document.'

I, HENRY DRAKE, son of the late Sir Francis Drake of Buckland Monachorum in the County of Devon Baronet. And now, or late, as the laws of my Country may decide, of the Fleet Prison, London, being of sound mind and body and sensible of the uncertainty of a very frail life, Do now make, constitute and appoint, and by these presents do request, that these lines concluding with my name, wrote by my hand, may be taken and received as my last Will and Testament, notwithstanding any deficiency in point of form whatever. Hereby revoking all other wills whatsoever made before this day. And so resigning into the hands of a most merciful Creator and my most Gracious Redeemer, my Immortal Soul. I give devise and bequeath unto my niece, Elizabeth Anne Martyn, as a mark of affection to herself and my gratitude for the education directed for me by her parents, the choice of twenty of my books, recommending as my best return the Old and New Testament commonly called the Bible, to her for one of them, as containing more really beautiful, true and useful learning than ever her own application to study will find in all others put together, and which unassisted by dark and puzzling commentators, will either procure her the blessings attendant on its precepts or learn her to live without at least the glaring part of them, in a full and pleasing consciousness of having done her duty. And all the residue and remainder of my books Goods and Chattels, Papers, Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments whatsoever I give devise and bequeath unto Mary Blanks my present, or late, servant as she may at the time of my death happen to be (if then living herself) appointing her my sole and whole Executrix and Administratrix to all my said estate whatsoever, as the last token I can give of that great gratitude she so well deserves of me for her unparalleled zeal and fidelity in

the different services performed, as well for myself as her late mistress, during misfortune, imprisonment, sickness and every other extremity it hath pleased Almighty God, Most Mercifully withholding his own hands, to permit to be natural consequences of folly, of trust in men, and of those deviations from the only and perfect wisdom of his paths. I hope and wish I may be a warning against it to others of my age and circumstances, for she continued faithful when even the nearest in blood abandoned me, was an example and a chearful comforter under the severest sufferings, and being ever considered by me as an Instrument in the hands of Providence to partake my good and evil with me, I only second that choice by justly preferring her to all others whatever, and desiring her to accept of the benefits of this Instrument. Signed, sealed, published and delivered to her this thirteenth day of April in the Year of Our Lord One thousand seven hundred and forty-nine, (by) my own hand as the last Will and Testament of HENRY DRAKE.

I, HENRY DRAKE, as above, do by this added Codicil trust and rely on my said Executrix and administratrix Mary Blanks that she will as soon as convenient to herself out of the effects (if of one hundred and fifty pounds in value) that may by this my will accrue to her, perform the following remaining mournful duties for me, of presenting to Mr. Richard Crubey a Ring as a token of my unalterable love and friendship for him, notwithstanding his waining respect for me, this very moment signified to me from himself, and as a small but grateful acknowledgement of his generous regard for me in the worst of times, and likewise one other ring each to Mr. John Boyce senior, Mr. Thomas Edwards and my niece Gertrude Martyn. And that she would likewise apply the sum of twenty pounds to the erecting (near where she hath or I may be buried) some little plain monument to her poor late mistress, with an Inscription in the following words : 'To the Memory of Eleanora Taylor, my every way unequalled and most unhappy mistress—at the last request of her Master.' And I likewise hope I may obscurely be deposited as near as possible to her myself, if my circumstances won't allow me to be united to the dust of my most worthy parents at Meavy Church in Devonshire. Hereby regretting (if not

done) that I have never been able to pay them the tender offices of filial piety in a small monument to their memory, agreeable to their own directions in the hands of my sister Elizabeth Martyn, but have been forced to refer and bequeath this Duty with my little fortune to my servant. As these pious trusts are, however, immaterial to the bequest itself of all my estate real and personal to the said Mary Blanks for ever, if alive at the time of my death, I hereby declare them no ways binding to the tenour of this my Will and Codicil annexed, and am willing to testify my sense of her trust in me during life, by placing these in her and devolving my confidence and friendship to her after death. In WITNESS whereof, desiring that what relates to herself in this Codicil may strengthen and confirm my above Will, I hereunto set my hand and seal, and publish, declare and deliver it as such to her, requesting that no quicks in our unfortunate law may controvert or abate my plain intentions in her favour. This thirteenth day of April in the Year of Our Lord One thousand seven hundred and forty-nine. HENRY DRAKE.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that Harry Drake's dutiful sentiments were as illusory and evanescent as his schemes.

Although he enjoyed seven years of life and, at the least, two of liberty after making this will, the 'tender offices of filial piety,' about which he had been so much concerned in prison, were never performed. Our last view of him accords well with a knowledge of his antecedents. We leave him now with bankruptcy behind him, without capital in hand or in prospect—yet still uplifted by visions of opulence, travelling in style and gasconading about a great export business he was going to set up at Falmouth. His flights of fancy could have deluded no one but himself, for at this time, even if the money to begin with had been forthcoming, outward bound trade was in too insecure a position to tempt West-country men to fresh ventures.

War with France had not been actually declared, but

everyone knew that it was inevitable. Bounties were offered to sailors and marines, ships were hastily commissioned, and in the sea-coast counties the press was soon so hot that young, able-bodied workmen hardly dared to show themselves in daylight.

Such, then, was the actual situation. French aggressions persisted in, notwithstanding friendly assurances expressed by their ministers, had, in 1754, compelled the British Government to send General Braddock to America with troops and two ships of the line. This led France to throw off her mask and to assemble a large fleet at Brest and at Rochfort, destined for Canada. Great Britain prepared to fight, troops were enlisted, naval vacancies were filled up, and great activity prevailed in the dockyards. On February 17, 1755, Mr. Rowe wrote :

Admiral Mostyn came here on Saturday night. They are very busy in the yard. Work day and night and Sundays too. Here are ten ships already in commission, but few men ; that sort of people have been much neglected and now the want is sensibly felt. I saw your brother, the Captain, yesterday ; am now going to Plymouth to meet your brother Sam. *His* Captain has got a bigger ship, could not you procure for poor Sam to go in a better ship than a Sloop ? Now there are such naval preparations making, I hope you will be so good.

Influence counted for much in the Navy of those days. Without it, a meritorious officer might be twenty or even thirty years a lieutenant, or, if by good luck posted, might never get another ship ; so that Captain William Drake's and Samuel Drake's frequently expressed 'reliance' upon Sir Francis was not unreasonable.

Now was the time to make use of interest, for, in the immediate expectation of war, officers who had been for years on the half-pay list came to the front again, and when hostilities began and many more ships were equipped,

younger men found splendid opportunities of service. Sir Francis was most diligent on behalf of his brothers, but sometimes he seems to have felt that they were almost too exacting. In February, after a change of command on board the *Otter*, Samuel Drake became urgent to be removed from her, for the oddly expressed reason that 'he could not agree with his Captain.' Sir Francis thought it a pity his brother should be precipitate, but he had recourse to the good offices of the Duke of Newcastle, at whose request Sam was 'released from a subjection so odious to him,' and was, on May 25, appointed second lieutenant to the *Windsor* (60 guns), then, we believe, cruising in the Bay of Biscay. On this ship he remained until March 1756, when he was promoted to the command of the sloop *Viper*. On November 9 of the same year he was posted to the *Bideford*, a sixth-rate, and from that time fair Fortune waited on him.

Captain William Drake, who at the beginning of 1755 was at Plymouth, and had then been for some time in command of the *Winchelsea* (20 guns), was employed near home during the greater part of that year, but on October 7 he was appointed to the *Falkland* (50 guns), in which, in the following spring, he went on the American station.

Of Sir Francis himself we hear very little during the years 1755 and 1756. He appears to have been several times ill, and was often out of spirits, the result, we should imagine, from the symptoms described, of too sedentary a life. His parliamentary duties, the business of his office, and possibly his own inclinations, led him to reside chiefly in London; but he was a frequent and welcome visitor at Hursley, and other places not too far from his work. We hear of his going upon a short tour in May 1755, out of England, we suppose, as reference is made to his 'good passage over' both going and returning.

The alterations at Nutwell Court, his chief source of interest

in the country, were planned now on a more extensive scale than at first, but, owing to war alarms, the works were almost at a standstill. On Mr. Rowe's return from Buckland, he found that a bomb-ketch and a tender lay at Starcross, that pressing had frightened away all the workmen from the harbour, and that for some weeks neither carpenters nor joiners could be induced to come out of hiding, lest they should be caught by the press-gang. Because of all this 'the neighbourhood had become very melancholy,' and he feared that 'war would lower Lympstone.'

One subject much under discussion at this time by Sir Francis and his agents shows a great difference between domestic customs in the eighteenth and twentieth centuries. The home farm at Nutwell Court had for some years been rented by a man named Coleman, who with his wife dwelt in part of the mansion, accessible, as regarded his upper floor room or rooms, only by outside stairs. Coleman's term was drawing to a close, and, as a condition of his taking a new lease, he asked that a house on the farm should be built for him. To this Sir Francis demurred, and at Mr. Rowe's suggestion it was proposed as an alternative that the farmer's quarters should be made more commodious; that the 'large room called the Camp' should be divided into two, the outside stairs covered in, and a fireplace put into the room next his kitchen. But Coleman remained 'in the same disposition,' saying that 'he had long found the inconvenience of two families living so near.' Mr. Rowe confessed himself at a loss how to advise Sir Francis. 'A middling sized house,' he said, 'will cost near £300 to build, and, if you ever take the home farm into your own hand, such a house will be quite useless. But any other tenant will make the same demand.' A bailiff, on the contrary, would be a domestic, there would be no need to build for him, as he would expect to be lodged with the servants.

Demolition, rather than construction, was the programme at Nutwell for 1755 and 1756. In order to open the house more fully to the south-east, the old two-storied gate-house was razed to the ground. It took much time and labour to pull it down, for it was of stone and very solidly built. Mr. Rowe, who praised most of the alterations, seems to have regretted the gate-house. With a little alteration, he thought, it might have been made 'an improvement rather than an eyesore,' and he could not be induced to admit that any advantage was gained by its destruction.

The chapel built by Sir John Dinham in 1371, approached then by a road which led almost past it, had ceased to be of any public use for Divine Service, when Sir Francis resolved to convert it into a library. He cut through the old waggon roof, in order to hang from it a handsome but quite modern plaster ceiling, bricked up the Gothic windows on the east and north, and divided the room into two, so that he might get more wall-space for books.

It was Sir Francis's intention to have given the painted glass in the east window to a church, but the mason, in taking it out, broke it badly, and we know not what became of it. The pews are said to have been purchased for Bicton, and the old pulpit went to Woodbury Salterton Church, where it is still in use.[1]

Perhaps the worst vandalism perpetrated was the removal of the Gothic windows on the south side of the building, and the insertion of three ordinary square-headed ones in their places.

The treatment of the exterior, though bad, was yet not quite so terribly drastic, for although the south wall was

[1] The canopied tomb, now in the chancel of Woodbury Church, on which are recumbent effigies of Sir Thomas Prideaux and his wife Joan Cole, was originally on the north side of Nutwell Chapel—where the fireplace now is—but it is probable that Amias Prideaux had it removed before he sold Nutwell to Sir Henry Ford, from whom Chief Justice Pollexfen bought the estate.

ashlared, the Dinham coats-of-arms and the little pinnacled niches containing statues of St. Michael and St. George were not interfered with; nor, though bricked up on the inside, was the stonework of the east window damaged.

Of the improvements to the rest of the house we know less, since that was pulled down more than a hundred years ago; but from Mr. Rowe's reports we judge that every part of it underwent a very thorough reparation.[1]

The following letter may be taken as a sample of many which passed at about this time.

Nutwell, 23rd July, 1756.

Sir,—I have your favour of the 13th. The sad description you give of affairs is very melancholy, yet I hope they won't prove so bad as is feared. Tho' we have too much reason to fear it, yet Providence has wonderfully delivered us when our own prudence failed.

Your house has been worse than a barn, but it is returning to its form again: the floor will soon be in, and then the rooms over the Hall will be gone about. They are filling up the window in the Hall and plastering the Parlour, and shall go upon the helling: that is, fitting the parapet stones. For my part such things are new to me, I can only press them to expedition. Your people made an end of hay last Tuesday night; it was saved in good order. . . . They are now thatching the ricks. The several parts of your business shall be expedited all I can. I wish whenever your affairs will permit you to come down, you might find everything agreeable. You must imagine it will require some time to alter the Confusion.

I heartily wish things may take a Better Turne, and that you may be able soon to come down, which would give the greatest pleasure to,

Sir,
Your faithful
N. Rowe.

[1] The most permanent of Sir Francis's beautifications was the least of all in his day—a little pan of cedar seeds, which pushed their small green heads through the earth in July 1756. They are veterans now, those that remain, but they spread their branches to the sun and give grateful shade to a fifth generation. Saving blizzards and the folly of man, they may do so yet for more to come.

Nicholas promises to go about the helling and to expedite matters . . . no doubt your presence would forward them, but as more momentous affairs detain you, will hasten them all I can. His Majesty's visiting the Country will undoubtedly put spirits into the people, which is much wanted. Mahon it is feared is gone.

In other letters, allusions are made to the conduct of the unfortunate Admiral Byng, about which, until better informed, Mr. Rowe was inclined to take the popular view. That such ideas were not shared by Captain Samuel Drake is evident from a letter of his to his sister, Sophia Drake, written from Portsmouth on March 15, 1758, the day following the Admiral's execution. After explaining about a parcel sent to her by private hand, but which would have been better confided to the post, he says: 'I hope you will only esteem it an error of judgment and not sentence me to so severe a punishment as the unhappy prisoner suffered yesterday.'

My duty, not my inclination, obliged me to attend the execution, at which the prisoner behaved with his usual intrepidity and coolness. During the few last days he behaved very composed, talked of indifferent subjects, the night before he suffered slept very well, got up early as ever was his custom, dressed in his common clothes, eat a bason of broth for his breakfast, continued composed; at five minutes before twelve he came out of his cabin on the quarter-deck, with his hat under his arm, turned about and smiled, took a handkerchief out of his pocket, tyed it with two knots over his eyes, kneeled down on his left knee, laid his hat down on his right side, and immediately dropped another handkerchief as a signal to fire. Six men fired, five balls went through him close together, the sixth missed him; he did not appear the least convulsed.

N.B. 'Twas Captain Montague's desire that he would tye on a handkerchief, as he thought the men would not be able to do their duty if he star'd them in the face.

N.B. It was his determined resolution to face them, and

this was his expression : he had never been afraid to face death all his lifetime, and why at his certain approach ?

N.B. From the time he left the cabbin to his death, it did not make a minute ; and he did not speak one word on the deck. Before he left the cabbin he told Captain Montague he could not accuse himself of either cowardice or disaffection ; if he err'd in point of judgment from the Court Martial, he was sorry for it and hop'd God would forgive him. He left 36*s.* pieces to the chaplain, and ten guineas to the executioners.

I am very sorry to add that many of your sex attended, but as they are noted for being curious, that is not to be wondered at. He left a paper with the Marshall to be communicated to the officers of the Navy.

I do not now proceed with the Squadron, but am to wait for some bomb vessels and tenders which are not arrived yet at Spithead. Captain D. is somewhat better,[1] and is very much obliged to you and Lady D. for your advice concerning the care he should take of himself. . . .

I must conclude with our Duty to L. D. and love to you,

I am, dear Sophy,

Your affectionate brother,

FRAS: SAM: DRAKE.[2]

Captain Samuel Drake had three days previously been appointed to the *Falkland*, in succession to his brother William, or, to be strictly accurate, we should say that, in consequence of exceptional circumstances and through Sir Francis's good interest with Lord Anson, an exchange had been permitted between the brothers. William, who had been very dangerously ill and was not yet sufficiently recovered to go to sea, was to take Samuel's place on the *Bideford* temporarily, or on another vessel then fitting out, which Sam was to have had when ready. Thus the younger brother rose quickly from the command of a sixth-rate to a

[1] Captain William Drake.

[2] This letter is in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Hervey, rector of Colmer, Hants, with whose permission it is quoted.

fourth-rate, and sailed forthwith in Commodore Moore's squadron to the West Indies.

Samuel Drake must have left England a happier man than he had been for a long while, for, after five or six years of taboo, his wife had at last been accepted by Lady Drake and Sophia. Soon, indeed, 'the Deal lady,' as Mr. Rowe still called her, grew to be so much in favour in Boyle Street, that Sir Francis and Mrs. Eliott marvelled—not quite well pleased. These minor differences, however, were forgotten in the spring of 1758, in the face of a great anxiety. Small-pox, the scourge of the generation, declared itself in Mrs. Eliott's family. Her children had it only slightly, but she was very ill indeed, and her maid, who caught the infection at the same time, died from its effects.

A migration to the country followed. Mrs. Eliott went to 'the Bath,' Lady Drake tried a course of waters at Buxton, and Sir Francis came to Devonshire, where, busy with his farming and his garden, he remained until early in November.

We close our notice of the events of this year with the announcement of a surprise. Mr. Rowe, who at distant intervals had occasion to visit Buckland on Sir Francis's business, reported to him that on Tuesday, November 16, after a ride of thirty miles, which had 'almost demolished' him, he had arrived at the Abbey, 'where,' he says, 'I found your brother S., his Lady and Sister: of Her, if ever we meet again, I shall have an Eclat! I came away on Thursday with the Ladys, and lay (that night) on board the *Falkland*. Your brother S. is not yet sailed, having received some damage from the *Warspight*, who carried away his bowsprit, etc. He hopes to sail to-morrow if the wind permits. . . .'

Captain Samuel's sudden return was due to the *Falkland* having been detached from Commodore Moore's squadron

and ordered to St. Helena for the protection of the home-bound trade; and, in view of his possible appearance from time to time in charge of convoys, his wife had taken up her abode at Plymouth.

'I wish your brother Sam a good voyage,' wrote Mr. Rowe. 'His mate affects an artful (artistic) woman. Her Sister is a Bollolla!'

CHAPTER IV

COLLECTIONS of old letters written in England during the year 1759 almost always include some in which apprehensions of invasion are expressed with more or less disquietude, according to the distance at which the author found himself from the coast. The few we possess which touch on the subject allude to the embodiment of the Devonshire militia, and show no overweening confidence in the protection our land forces were likely to afford. On July 29, 1759, Mr. Rowe wrote:

Sir William Courtenay came home on Wednesday evening. Sir Richard Bamfield had out his regiment on Tuesday, gave the Officers notice they were to march next week. All the Officers of the French prisoners are sent up the country. Commander Rogers [1] is ordered to communicate every day with the Admiralty by Express. He has sent one to Mr. Brice to hire his ship [2] for a privateer, and orders are sent to all the ports to the same Purpose—so the alarm is great in the Country. Pray God defend us!

Such manifestations of anxiety were not mere panic, for, whilst England was at war in every quarter of the globe,

[1] Then in command at Plymouth.

[2] Mr. Brice's little ship, which had been built in his own yard at Lympstone, was soon taken or sunk; but we hear that, though 'much grieved for her loss,' he was well insured and had resolved to buy another vessel. Her proper business was to go every year to Newfoundland whaling. At the present day it would be hard to find a Lympstone man who in his own craft had been even to the Land's End. But a hundred and fifty years ago they were more adventurous.

France thought she saw her opportunity, and was straining all her resources for the invasion of England and Ireland. With this intention, in the course of the year she assembled three expeditionary forces; one at Vannes in Brittany, which was to be conveyed to England under M. de Conflans and M. de la Clue; one on the coast of Normandy, which was to be dispatched from Le Havre against England; and another, the smallest of the three, at Dunquerke. In view of these hostile preparations, various dispositions of ships were made in order to keep the French ports under observation. Whilst Admiral Thomas Smith commanded a force in the Downs, Rear-Admiral Rodney watched the coast of Normandy, and Sir Edward Hawke blockaded Brest. Admiral Boscawen commanded in the Mediterranean.

Thus, during this twelvemonth, both Sir Francis's brothers —with different fleets—had the good fortune to be in active service against the enemy. Our knowledge of Captain William Drake's doings is greatly assisted by the Autobiography of Dr. Denman, who in 1758 was surgeon on board the *Aurora*, a frigate taken from the French and for a short time commanded by Captain William Drake. When, in February 1759, the latter was removed to the *Edgar*, a new sixty-gun ship, under sailing orders for the Mediterranean, Dr. Denman was at his own request transferred likewise.

I felt myself very happy (says Dr. Denman) in a fine ship with a very worthy captain and a good set of officers. We soon arrived at Gibraltar [April 27th] and after a short stay, proceeded to watch a squadron of French ships of war off Toulon and Minorca. After a cruise of about three months, the *Edgar* was ordered to Villa Franca. . . . During this cruise Captain Drake was very ill of a sore throat, and my care of him upon this occasion laid the foundation of that intimate friendship which has subsisted between us ever since. Having rejoined the fleet, we went to Salo, near Barcelona, for refreshments, and soon after returned to

Gibraltar. While the fleet was in Gibraltar Bay [on August the 17th] a frigate which had been left to watch the motions of the French gave notice of an enemy's fleet. At this time the Admiral and many of the captains were on shore and without the lines of Gibraltar. They hurried on board, and the fleet getting under way, gave chase to the enemy. They had originally fourteen sail of the line, but six of the smallest got into Cadiz; the English fleet consisting of fourteen sail of the line came up with the remainder and they engaged on the following day. Then was fought the action off Lagos between the English commanded by Admiral Boscawen, and the French by Monsieur de la Clue. Two of the French ships, the *Centaure* and the *Temeraire*, were taken, and three others were burnt and destroyed;[1] the rest escaped. . . . The *Edgar* was sent to Gibraltar with the *Centaure*—one of the prizes, and after a short stay we returned to Plymouth, but did not rest long, being ordered to the Bay of Biscay, where we cruised sometimes with, and sometimes without a fleet for seven or eight months, but took no prizes.

Captain Samuel Drake, in the *Falkland*, was meanwhile with that part of Sir Edward Hawke's fleet which was detached under Commodore Duff to watch the French transports assembled in the River Morbihan, preparatory to the intended invasion of Ireland. Nothing very important happened to this squadron during the first half of the year. It had a few brushes with the enemy and a few inconsiderable vessels were captured. One of these occasions, apparently, is alluded to in July. 'I am glad your brother Sam came off so well. I hope he will the same with the Admiralty; as he saved his ship I don't see he could do more.'

[1] Three prizes were taken, the *Temeraire*, the *Centaure* and the *Modeste*. They were purchased by the Government, and under their French names were added to the Navy. That, of course, was advantageous to the officers concerned, as three-eighths of the value of the prize went to the captains who were in sight at the time of the capture. Besides this, the Government gave five pounds for every man on board the enemy's ship when the engagement began, to be shared by all alike as prize-money. The ordinary rate of pay in the Navy was miserable, and it was to such compensations as this that officers always looked forward.

Later in the year, this detached squadron had better opportunities. About November 9, Sir Edward Hawke's fleet, which stood further out to sea than the ships under Commodore Duff's command, was driven from its station by a violent gale of wind, and upon learning this, on November 14, Monsieur de Conflans slipped out from Brest, hoping to be able to effect something against Commodore Duff and free the transports blockaded in the Morbihan. But on the very same day Sir Edward Hawke got under way from Torbay, where he had been forced to take shelter, and, having intelligence that de Conflans had left Brest, he at once made for Quiberon Bay, where he judged he should find the enemy. He arrived in the nick of time. Commodore Duff, warned by a cruiser of the close approach of the Brest fleet, was making desperate efforts to get his little squadron out to sea, but de Conflans had sighted him and had given the signal to chase. 'So near had the enemy come, that the *Chatham*, a slow sailer, was already almost within gunshot of a French 74, when a man on the main top gallant yard of the *Rochester* signalled that he saw a sail, and presently that he saw a fleet. The Commodore quickly made out what the fleet was, and ordered his little squadron to tack and chase the enemy. At first the French were puzzled by this change of policy; but as soon as de Conflans discovered the cause he recalled his chasers, and Duff's squadron was enabled in the course of the day to join Sir Edward Hawke.'[1] On the next day—November 20—in a gale of wind, the battle of Quiberon Bay was fought.

For an interesting account of this engagement, the reader is referred to Sir Edward Hawke's despatch, dated November 24.[2] Here we only note that the *Falkland* came up with the main fleet at 11 A.M., and that until night fell

[1] *Biographia Navalis.* Charnock.
[2] *Biographia Navalis.* Charnock, vol. iv. p. 278.

she was in the action, although not one of the seven ships most closely engaged. After the defeat of the enemy, when Sir Edward Hawke had made the necessary dispositions, he brought his victorious fleet to Plymouth, where it arrived in the beginning of January. The *Falkland* stayed there awhile to refit, and it chanced that the *Edgar* came into port at the same time.

But before continuing the narration of Captain William and Captain Samuel Drake's naval experiences, something must be said of a misfortune which befell their eldest brother during the time that they were so strenuously employed. From August until November, when the threatened invasion was uppermost in men's minds, and we might have expected to find a good deal on the subject in the letters from which we have quoted, all the writer's thoughts seem to have been concentrated on the desire to console and sympathise with Sir Francis in a great, irremediable sorrow, the nature of which is never clearly explained. In attempting to elucidate this mystery, we have little to assist us—only family tradition, the very beautiful picture of a lady by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Rowe's cautiously worded letters. In these, proper names are avoided, and it is often only by the context that we are able to gather that something more than appears on the surface is implied. Mr. Rowe so frequently wished Sir Francis happiness and bewailed his own infirmities, that one might easily miss the significance of the peculiar ending to one of the letters, written in July, when Sir Francis had recently returned from Devonshire to London. After a medley of information about farm, garden, work-people, and local matters, come these words: 'My dear Sir Francis, I wish you every happiness. My head is turn'd and my heart is . . .,' and the rest of the sentence is left blank. Having no other explanation of its meaning, we must conclude from what followed during the next few months, that this was



MISS KNIGHT

From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

written when Sir Francis was at first engaged to be married to Miss Knight, eldest daughter of Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Joseph Knight.

Tradition says that the marriage was delayed and finally prevented by the death of the young lady. A like misfortune has happened to many people without altering the course of their lives; time has softened the bitterness of their regret, fresh interests have arisen, and, former bereavements notwithstanding, happy marriages have been made.

Each day brings its petty dust
Our soon choked souls to fill;
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will.

But Sir Francis could not forget. He adhered so firmly to his determination to remain unwedded, that, having regard to what Mr. Rowe says in his letters, we are inclined to think sorrow for the loss of Miss Knight was part, not the whole, cause of his unhappiness. We are on debatable ground, and where we know nothing for certain, it is unfair to attribute motives: the reader must judge for himself whether or not we are correct in our surmise that Sir Francis loved Miss Knight and that she returned his affection, but that hypochondriacal notions respecting his health had led him to postpone the marriage; that the lady took it to heart, and that, upon her death, which may have been unexpected, he reproached himself for having selfishly disturbed her happiness. Some such presumptions seem to be required to explain the following quotations from Mr. Rowe's correspondence with Sir Francis.

August 10th, 1759. I thought nothing could have made me lower, but your letter has quite sunk me and rendered me unfit for anything. I don't know what to think or write. As I can be no judge of the cause of your uneasiness, I can say

nothing but pray God to support you. Surely nothing can happen to you but what your age, character and every other circumstance will under God be a sufficient . . . And if God give you health, as you say your fever has left you, what can you fear ? Was I able, I would go or do anything to give you ease. Your welfare is my chief happiness. . . . I can have no ease or satisfaction till I hear that you are more comforted.

August 31st. The several melancholy letters I have of late received from you, have given me great concern ; but your last is very affecting. The tender regard you show for the Valuable Person you have such a Respect for in such a melancholy condition is very Commendable, and from your Character justly deserves it, and the more so as such is very Rare. I therefore hope for both your sakes to hear a more favourable account from your Care and Means,—but, dear Sir Francis, as such accidents are the consequences of Humane Nature, what we can't prevent we must submit to, and I dare say your Friend, if Capable, would desire it of you : to arm against the worst is the prudent part of everyone, but who is sufficient for these things ?

You know the value I have for you, you are sure everything with me is with yourself—But you can't conceive the trouble I have for you. God will give an end to Everything, and I hope to your present Grief such as I wish you.

September 4th. Yours of the 29th past quite confounded me to hear you are under such uneasiness, and not to be able to give you any assistance is an inexpressible Trouble. God and your own prudence will, I hope, enable you to submit to what there is no remedy for. I hope the Dr., your good friend as well as Physician,[1] will advise as well as prescribe, and what the one can't effect I trust the other in some measure will ; at least to bear Everything prudently. . . . What I feel for you I can't express, nor can I say any more but to pray God to give you proper Sentiments. . . . Job was better comforted in the Conclusion. I hope you will too.

September 10th. The letter from your servant greatly surprised me, but it pav'd the way to what I fear'd from your own. For God's sake compose yourself as well as you can—Though I must own the Tenderness I have for you, this our

[1] Dr. Mark Akenside.

melancholy correspondence has made such an impression on me that I am like a battered wall, so full of shot that one strikes against another. In my concern for you I have had many conflicts, but none like this, as I did not know till lately the real Cause. Now we know the Worst. Lord Bacon has said, Dolor decrescit ali quo crescat non habet—I am too low in spirits to advise; your own prudence must tell you where there is no remedy we must make our submission to Almighty God, who is only able to keep us, to whose good pleasure we must all resign; as I trust you do in a manner suitable to the present Occasion. My Friendship for you is great tho' insignificant; such as it is you have the command of it, and the only proof I can now give is that I truly sympathise with you. Pray comfort yourself, and Believe me to be with Respect,

Dear Sir,
Your faithful
N. Rowe.

Towards the end of September, after Sir Francis had been for a change into the country and had returned to London, Mr. Rowe wrote,

I am glad you are got up safe, hope you won't tire yourself with such quick journeys. Your great uneasiness I hope time will alleviate and give a Turn to your Spirits. The pain of mind is the worst of maladies. Pray God give you the relief that Humane Reason is incapable of. . . . I am very sorry for your sister Eliott; pray my best wishes to her—we are all born to trouble.[1]

Again in December he writes,

Your melancholy letters give me the greatest concern. For God's sake take care of yourself or you'll destroy your health: the only pleasure of my life is your welfare. I hope your sister will give some alleviation. I dare say she does what she can. I hope for your own sake and those who are interested in your welfare, you will endeavour your part. They are in great concern in Plymouth for Sir Edward Hawke's fleet. Both your brothers are with him. Pray God they be all safe!

[1] Colonel Eliott's regiment had just been ordered to Germany.

The critical state of public affairs, the duties of Sir Francis's position, and, perhaps, the endeavour to share the anxieties of others, helped him to dominate his grief, or at least to moderate its expression, for, after the end of 1759, there is rarely any reference to the subject. The last we hear about it is in a letter of Mr. Rowe's, written in February 1760, when Sir Francis and his sister, Mrs. Eliott, had gone to Bath together.

I hope you will stay some time where you are and that you will find the benefit I wish—a resignation to irresistible Determinations. I am very unfit to advise. Your own judgment must tell you so. Philosophy is the best physic ; I trust God will give you true Consolation. My compliments to Mrs. Eliott. I hope she is well and will contribute her kind endeavours.

It seems strange that of Miss Knight, who was so deeply regretted, not a single letter or memorial exists, other than her charming picture at Nutwell Court. Even her Christian name is unknown to us ; nor are we better informed as to the exact date and place of her death. Her father, Sir Joseph Knight, 'an officer of well-deserved reputation,' was, it appears, highly esteemed by Sir Francis and his brothers ; 'he loved and was beloved by them all.' Phillippina, Lady Knight, the Admiral's second wife, had many literary and artistic friends, and amongst these were Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds, with whom they were very intimately acquainted.[1] Therefore, we may suppose that, when the great artist painted Miss Knight's portrait as a present for Sir Francis, it was done quite as much because he liked and admired the young lady as in acknowledgment of kindnesses received from her fiancé.

But for Sir Francis's personal troubles during the winter of 1759–60, one might have expected that he would have come

[1] See Lady Knight's Letters, published in 1905.

to Devonshire when, after being actively engaged, his brothers were together at Plymouth. The presence there of Mrs. Samuel Drake's surprisingly lively sister, then on a visit to her, was, perhaps, reason enough to prevent him from taking advantage of the opportunity. It was but a short one, for towards the middle of January William Drake rejoined Admiral Boscawen's fleet, which now had a turn of duty in Quiberon Bay. The *Edgar* was employed in watching the motions of three or four French ships which had got into the Vilaine, after the defeat of Monsieur de Conflans by Sir Edward Hawke, and it was whilst on this station that Captain Drake again became alarmingly ill, and, under Providence, owed his life to the devoted attention of his friend Dr. Denman. 'Thenceforth,' says the latter, 'the intercourse between us became more like that of brothers than that of a captain and surgeon.'

Captain Samuel Drake, whose ship had required to be docked, did not get away from Plymouth till March 15, when he sailed, under Commodore Swanton's command, with the squadron ordered to the St. Lawrence for the relief of Quebec.

In one respect Samuel Drake was remarkably fortunate, for, from the time he was posted, he was almost always stationed where something was doing and credit could be gained. When Quebec had been relieved, he joined Lord Colville's force on the north coast of America, and afterwards was with that of Sir James Douglas at the Leeward Islands. Under this commander he was present at the surrender of Dominica in January 1761.

Besides this, he must have enjoyed frequent lesser opportunities of action, for it is said that Sir James Douglas's squadron 'afforded the most complete protection to British commerce in that part of the world and effected the most serious injuries to that of the enemy, by capturing several

of their ships under the guns of their fortresses, and by scouring the seas of the Martenigo privateers, of which many were taken.' When, somewhat later, Admiral Rodney arrived as chief in command, the *Falkland* continued upon the same station, and Captain Samuel Drake took part in the successful expedition against Martinique in June 1762.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Samuel Drake enjoyed triumphs of another kind. The same letter which mentions her husband's departure for Quebec concludes with news not altogether welcome to Sir Francis. 'The Deal ladies are at Buckland to spend the summer! There, what turns there are in Life —some in, some out—nothing is to be wondered at amidst such a medley.'

Success, in fact, had succeeded as naught else could. Lady Drake was now well pleased with her youngest son, and his wife was permitted to enjoy the full sunshine of her favour. For her own *villegiaturas* the Dowager preferred bracing places, and, as she and her daughter Sophy, who had always been inclined to make the best of Sam's marriage, chose this year to go to Malvern, Buckland Abbey was lent for an indefinite time to Mrs. Samuel Drake. She promptly established herself there with her sprightly sister, and, in consequence, Sir Francis had to alter his autumn arrangements, for the society of the 'Deal ladies' was not to his taste. His brother, Captain William, was more genial or less fastidious. In September 1760, when the Channel fleet returned to Plymouth, and the *Edgar* was in dock there for a while, he managed to go very frequently to Buckland, where he and 'the ladies at the Abbey' entertained so much company that Channon, the bailiff-caretaker, was 'rendered very uneasy about expenses, to whom to charge them; his wife and the maids had more masters and mistresses than they could well oblige;' he 'did not know who to obey' and threatened to resign.

Whilst the *Edgar* was getting ready for the sea, and Captain William Drake was in expectation of taking part in an expedition that was to be directed against the coast of France, George II died (October 27, 1760), and the enterprise was for that year given up. The King's death appears to have caused Sir Francis genuine regret. Owing, probably, to his position as Clerk Comptroller of the Board of Green Cloth, he was well known to his Majesty, and had received kindnesses from him, which, perhaps, is the reason why busts of George II and Frederic, Prince of Wales, have long been amongst the adornments of the hall at Buckland Abbey.

A distress which at this period touched Sir Francis more nearly than the death of his Sovereign was the news that General Eliott, who was then in Germany, in command of a brigade of cavalry serving under the Prince of Brunswick, had been severely wounded in the action near Campen on October 16, 1760. The injury, however, was less dangerous than was at first supposed, for the General soon recovered and was able to resume his duties.

Early in the summer of 1761, when arrangements were being made for the marriage of George III with the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Sir Francis received an intimation that he was to accompany Lord Harcourt on his mission to bring the Princess to England. Accordingly, on August 7, he sailed from Harwich in one of the Royal yachts under Lord Anson's command.[1] But whether he went to the Court of Mecklenburg, or farther up the Elbe than to Staade, where the Princess came on board, our old letters do not show; nor do they afford us any indication of the nature of Sir Francis's duties upon this occasion. 'May you succeed in what is expected of you. May the Royal Person prove the delight of her Royal Consort,' is all that Mr. Rowe

[1] Lord Anson received the Princess at Staade on August 28, and landed at Harwich on September 7, after a very tempestuous and disagreeable voyage.

permits himself to say on the subject. We believe, however, that Sir Francis's early introduction to his future Queen was advantageous to him, and that it led at a later date to his appointment as Master of the King's Household.

In the winter of 1762—in addition to England's other hostilities—war with Spain was declared, and, as a small squadron then sufficed to keep the Biscayan ports under observation, the *Edgar* was withdrawn from that monotonous service and ordered to join Admiral Pocock's expedition for the reduction of Havana.

The change was a welcome one. On March 5, in company with the *Oxford* and a convoy of transports and merchantmen, Captain William Drake sailed from Plymouth 'in high approbation of the voyage.' They awaited their admiral at St. Kitts, and with him reached Barbados on April 20. Thence, when reinforced by the whole of the Jamaica squadron and part of that stationed at the Leeward Islands, Sir George Pocock bore away for the old Straits of Bahama, and with his huge fleet arrived within fifteen miles of Havana on June 5.

The military force, with the Earl of Albemarle as first and General Eliott as second in command, landed a few miles from the Moro under the direction of six naval officers, of whom Captain William Drake was one. To him the Moro and other fortifications of the Island of Cuba must have had a peculiar interest, as in their original construction they were the work of Don Pedro de Valdes, who, after his imprisonment in England, was for some years Governor of Cuba. General Eliott directed the attack on these renowned fortifications, but no practicable breach was made in the Moro till July 30. On this day, after a heavy bombardment, the Castle was carried by storm, and on August 11 Havana capitulated. From the naval as well as from the military point of view, the expedition was most gloriously successful; it was also immensely profitable to all the commanding officers concerned,

for, besides stores and merchandise taken in the city, valued at £3,000,000 sterling, nine Spanish ships of the line were captured and others were destroyed in the harbour.

After the capitulation had been executed, Sir George Pocock returned to England, and General Eliott sailed with him in the flagship. At about six hundred miles from the Land's End, the fleet was overtaken and scattered by a tremendous storm, in which twelve of the transports foundered. Sir George and General Eliott, however, landed in safety at Plymouth on the last day of December, and the flagship went round to Spithead, where, with the rest of the fleet, she came in triumphantly on January 15, 1763.

France and Spain were now so fairly exhausted that they made overtures to Great Britain for peace, and on February 10, 1763, the Seven Years' War came to an end. Soon after the cessation of hostilities, when Captain William Drake came home in charge of prizes, the *Edgar* was put out of commission and he went on half pay.

Captain Samuel Drake, who in the previous November had been appointed to the command of the *Rochester*, on the West Indian station, continued in the same ship till she was paid off at Chatham in April 1764. The peace put a temporary period to the services of a great many naval officers, and fortunate were they who, like the Drake brothers, had the interest of prize-money to fall back upon whilst unemployed.

The apportionment of the Havana prize-money, highly satisfactory as it was to the two commanders-in-chief, Sir George Pocock and the Earl of Albemarle, who were each awarded £122,700, and to General Eliott, who received £24,000, was not so well pleasing to officers of lesser rank. Captains in the navy felt somewhat aggrieved at the comparative smallness of the share allotted to them, which was only £1,600 each ; lieutenants received much less, and the amounts given to warrant officers were paltry in the extreme. But

these windfalls, whether little or large, tended in some instances towards analogous results. Sir George Pocock, who was not poor before, was now wealthy, and on November 28, 1763, he married Sophia, daughter of George Drake, Esq., and widow of Commodore Digby Dent. 'Your cousin Sophy is Lady Pocock at last!' exclaims one of Sir Francis's correspondents, from which we conclude that the admiral was an old admirer of hers, for she was not a widow when he sailed for Havana. By her first marriage she had no children; by this one she had a son and a daughter.[1]

Captain William Drake's thoughts also turned towards matrimony, but in his case things were not so easily arranged. This is a subject upon which we had rather have been silent, but circumstances which occurred later oblige us to state the facts of the case.

It will be remembered that, in the year 1750, Captain William Drake was employed upon the North American station with the squadron under Commodore Rodney, then Governor of Newfoundland. Here, it appears, he formed a connexion with Grace Gledhill, daughter of Colonel Gledhill of Placentia in that colony, where, in 1751, a son was born to them and baptised Francis Thomas. Captain Drake succeeded Commodore Rodney as Governor, but he did not break off his intimacy with the lady. Upon his return to England she followed him, and another son, named Francis Henry, was born in 1756.

Although William Drake did not make Grace Gledhill his wife, and never appears to have contemplated such a

[1] Lady Pocock appears to have been most fortunate in her husband. 'As a parent he was with the greatest truth unequalled, as a brother most truly benevolent, and as a relation affectionate in the highest degree to all his connexions. To a consummate modesty which rendered him unconscious of his own high merit, he added an humanity which raised him up as a blessing to all his neighbours, whose indigence called forth his ever attentive bounty. It is said of him that, unlike the generality of naval officers, he was *never* known to swear, even on board his ship.'

step, he was much attached to her, and when she died, not a great while after the birth of their youngest child, he was extremely unhappy, and, we hear, 'had remorse.' Of her father's family we know nothing, but on her mother's side she was well connected. It is clear, however, that the irregularity of the union was never disputed in Captain Drake's lifetime, nor in Grace Gledhill's. We believe that Samuel Drake knew her, but she was not presented to Sir Francis or to his mother and sisters.

In 1757, when William Drake was at Portsmouth, ill, and in expectation of death, he was visited by his elder brother, and then something was said about the existence of these children (no secret to Sir Francis), and of the provision to be made for them. They were, however, spoken of as illegitimate, and invariably so regarded. Nevertheless, their father loved them much, and it was consideration for their future which, in 1763, stood in the way of his marriage.

Elizabeth Heathcote, whose hand he sought, was his first cousin, daughter of Sir William Heathcote of Hursley; she was thirty-three years old, *distinguée*, if not handsome, and in possession of a fortune of £14,000. With these advantages on her side, and in full knowledge of the grave drawbacks to a union with her cousin, she nevertheless consented to marry him. Her friends 'sympathised,' and showed their approval by countenancing arrangements in respect to her fortune so quixotically generous, that no one but herself could have suggested them.

Captain Drake's means were, as we know, extremely small, and, as Elizabeth Heathcote was resolved that the two children to whom he was so tenderly attached should suffer no loss through her marriage with their father, she, prior to her marriage, presented him with two thousand pounds of her own money to be settled by him upon these boys. The trust deed stated plainly that they were 'not born in lawful

wedlock,' and it mentions some other facts concerning them, which preclude any possibility of mistake as to the identity of the persons intended to be benefited. This deed was signed by Captain William Drake as well as by Sir Thomas Heathcote and Mr. Samuel Heathcote, Elizabeth's brother and uncle, both of whom were well aware of the circumstances which gave rise to it.

Mrs. William Drake must have been a high-minded and quite extraordinarily sympathetic woman, for, from the time of her marriage, which took place at Hursley on November 3, 1763, she bestowed as much care and affection upon these boys as if they had been her own sons. The elder of the two, then twelve or thirteen years old, was soon off her hands. He was put into the Navy, and did well in it. The younger one, a child of seven, was sent to school, but spent his holidays at his father's house, and—as he afterwards complained—grew up without knowing what his true position was.

For the first three years after their marriage Captain and Mrs. William Drake resided in a house they rented at Hillingdon, and here their two children, Marianne and Sophia, were born in 1764 and 1765 respectively.

In May 1766 Captain William Drake was appointed to the command of the *Burford* (70 guns), a guardship at Plymouth, in which he continued for the usual period of three years, after which time he held no other commission whilst in the rank of captain.

In the winter of 1766–7 the Dowager Lady Drake's health began to cause her family uneasiness, and in June she became so extremely ill that Dr. Addington despaired of her life. Nevertheless, she survived until the beginning of November 1768, when she died at her house in Boyle Street, Westminster, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. She was buried on November 6, in the Heathcote family vault at Hackney,

where the remains of her first child had been deposited forty-eight years previously.

Buckland Abbey now reverted to Sir Francis, but his mother's personalty, including the lease of her house in Boyle Street and £18,000, passed to her unmarried daughter Sophia, who continued to reside there.

On January 6, 1771, Sir Francis Drake was appointed Master of the Household to his Majesty King George III, and although he already held an office of profit under the Crown, his acceptance of this additional one voided the seat for Beeralston. As he did not wish for immediate re-election, he gave his influence to his brother, Captain William Drake, who, being returned, represented the borough for about a year, until the next general election, when Sir Francis resumed the seat.

In February 1772 Mrs. Eliott, Sir Francis's favourite sister, died at the early age of forty-six. No letters or any particulars concerning her illness or death have come down to us. We know only that she departed this life in London, and that her coffin was deposited in the vaults under the Audley Street Chapel, pending the construction of a tomb to receive it at Heathfield Church, the parish where her country home was situated. It should have been mentioned that, about three years before this time, General Eliott had expended his Havana prize-money in the purchase of Bayley Park, an estate near the village of Heathfield, in the most picturesque part of Sussex. He had at once begun extensive alterations, and these were only partially completed when his wife died.

Anne Eliott left two children—a son in the army, twenty-two years old (afterwards the second Lord Heathfield), and a daughter named, like herself, Anne, aged about twelve.

The only other event to be recorded for this year is that Captain Samuel Drake, who had been for some time on half

pay, was in his turn appointed to a guardship at Plymouth—the *Torbay* (74 guns). He continued in this command for three years, at the end of which time he moved into a house of his own, called ' Prospect.' It is not quite certain where this was, but we believe, from its description as being in a lonely situation, that it is identical with a quaint old house, partly stone, partly wooden, which stands in its own grounds somewhat back from the road, two miles from Plymouth, on the way to Tavistock, and about seven miles from Buckland Abbey. Although Prospect is an unpretentious place, it is approached by a little avenue, and in those days, before the adjoining land was built upon, it may have been attractive in the summer, and comfortable, as well as pretty, in its sylvan surroundings.

The purchase of this little country house seems to indicate that, at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, Captain Samuel Drake had deemed it probable that he might be for a considerable time without employment; but in this he was mistaken, as it soon plainly appeared that a fresh rupture with France was inevitable.

In the spring of the year 1778 it became known to our Government that a fleet of twelve ships of the line and five frigates, under the command of the Comte de l'Estaing, had sailed from Toulon for the American coast, presumably with the intention of assisting our revolted colonies in their struggle for independence. To counteract this interference, a squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Byron, was ordered to North America, and, much to Captain Samuel Drake's satisfaction, he was appointed to the *Russell*, one of the ships of the line belonging to this squadron. It sailed from Plymouth on June 9, but, on July 3 following, a violent gale and continued tempests dispersed the ships, and the *Russell* was so greatly damaged that she had to put back to Portsmouth.

During the remainder of the year, Captain Drake's ship

was employed either as a Channel cruiser or else in protection of convoys, and it was whilst in performance of the latter duty, near St. Helens, off the Isle of Wight, that she met 'with a very extraordinary and melancholy accident,' which resulted in the total loss of the East India ship *London*. The collision is thus briefly mentioned in the log of the *Russell*.

Monday, 28th, 1778. Wind W.S.W. Fresh gales and cloudy. Close reef'd ye Topsails. All the Fleet in company standing in shore, the *London*, Indiaman, ran on board us when in stays. She sunk very soon and damag'd us very much.[1]

A more detailed account, given by the master of the *Russell*, after describing how the *London* came to be right in front of his ship, says :

We put our helm hard aweather in order to wear under her stern. But unfortunately, they did the same, put their helm hard aweather likewise, and both ships came together, our Starbord bow to their Larbord bow. The other ship lost her foremast, we received a great deal of damage, broke the spritsail yard, the headsails and bombkins, Cathead Timbers, and a hole in our Starbord bow with the anchor. We endeavoured to clear the two wrecks as fast as possible, and in about ten minutes got clear. Hove the main topsail to the mast, and sent an officer on board the other ship which proved to be the *London*, Indiaman, Captain Webb, who very soon made the signal, in Distress. We hoist out three boats and sent to their assistance and repeated her signal, and made the *Warwick* signal to speak her. She bore down and sent an officer on board. The *Deal Castle* and *Proserpine* bore down also . . . several King's ships which were near us sent their boats to the *London's* assistance, but in about an hour after we got clear, the *London* went down. The *Russell* saved eighteen of the crew, the other King's ships a great many more. Number not ascertained.

We may suppose from this account that all on board were saved, and as no one appears to have been censured, we conclude that the *Russell* was not to blame.

[1] Admiralty Captains' Logs, No. 777. Record Office.

CHAPTER V

In January 1779, both Sir Francis's brothers were at Portsmouth. Francis William Drake, who a twelvemonth previously had been raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, was there in temporary command, and Samuel Drake was one of the captains appointed to sit on the court-martial upon Admiral Keppel. From family correspondence we gather that both brothers felt the liveliest satisfaction at the unanimous acquittal of the gallant admiral, and at the finding of the Court that the charges against him were malicious and unfounded. If we may judge of their sentiments by those of their friends, we may say very positively that they had no grounds of sympathy whatever with the party which favoured Sir Hugh Palliser.

This notable trial over, Admiral William Drake returned for a few weeks to the house he had recently bought and enlarged at Hillingdon. But in April, having been promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Red, and made Commander-in-Chief of 'H.M.SS.' in the Downs, he removed with his family to the official residence at Deal. He was in good health when he went there, but from that time he was troubled with increasingly severe attacks of gout.

Captain Samuel Drake's delayed voyage now took place. On May 1 he sailed in the *Russell* to North America, with the squadron under Admiral Arbuthnot's command. The account of his services there must, however, stand over



ADMIRAL FRANCIS WILLIAM DRAKE

for the moment, whilst our attention is directed to circumstances which happened concurrently on this side of the Atlantic. In former years, during his absences at sea, Mrs. Samuel Drake had usually remained in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, as the place where she was most likely to have a chance of seeing him if he returned in charge of convoys. But on this occasion she behaved differently. The *Russell* had not long gone, when she resolved to let or sell Prospect. Finding that she 'could not be comfortable there in the absence of her husband,' she went to London, where Sophia Drake welcomed her in Boyle Street. The unprotected situation of her little country house appears to have affrighted her. But, as at a later time we hear 'that she had a mind to make a Solitude a Paradise,' we must believe that it was not lack of society that scared her away, but fear of the impending invasion which everyone was expecting.

At the beginning of May it began to be rumoured that the Spanish government, hoping to cripple England and thereby make an opportunity for the recovery of Gibraltar and Minorca, had entered into an alliance with France, and that an invasion of England by their combined fleets was intended. The French had placed five thousand men at convenient places on the coast, and had collected four hundred vessels for their transport. The Spaniards also were preparing a fleet, presumably to take part in the operations against us. Our Government appears to have had knowledge enough of what was going on to have prevented the junction of these armaments, yet it took no steps to thwart the design of the enemies until June, when the French fleet had got to sea and war with Spain was declared. By this time alarm in the country had become general, and was, of course, greatest in the southern counties. Booms were placed across Plymouth harbour, and a Royal proclamation ordered that all cattle and horses were to be driven from the coast in case of invasion. Such

measures as these, however, were insufficient to allay the fears of the Devonshire folk; for effective protection they relied wholly upon the Channel fleet, commanded at that time by Sir Charles Hardy. These thirty-five ships put to sea on June 15, and throughout the summer cruised outside, on the watch for the enemy, who, it was thought, might have appeared early in July. Owing to Spanish procrastination, however, the junction between the fleets of France and Spain did not take place until nearly the end of the month, and then misunderstandings which arose between their respective commanders caused still further delay, so that not until August 11 did the combined fleets sight Ushant. On the 14th they were off the Lizard; on the 16th they appeared before Plymouth, and there, on the 17th, captured the *Ardent*, one of two frigates on their way to join Sir Charles Hardy. His station was about twenty leagues to the north of the Scilly Islands, consequently he had not been aware of the near approach of the enemy. The combined fleets lay for a week before Plymouth, whilst Comte d'Orvilliers awaited instructions from his government, and these had not come on August 25, when a gale of wind blew him away from his position. On the 26th he sighted the English fleet, which was coming up the Channel, and tried to bring it to battle. But he failed to do so, because Hardy's extreme inferiority of strength compelled him to avoid an action. Therefore, recognising that their opportunity was gone, the French and Spanish admirals sailed away, and, without encountering any manner of opposition, regained their own ports unharmed.

At a later date it became the fashion to treat this abortive invasion as a mere naval parade, and to make light of the danger England had so narrowly escaped. Edward Neville, the playwright, found material for a comedy in the panic of the Plymouth townspeople; but whilst an immensely powerful

foreign fleet blockaded their harbour, standing between them and the force that was to defend them, alarm was not unreasonable. A letter to Sir Francis from the steward of his south Devon estates, gives us a notion at first hand of the real 'Plymouth in an Uproar.'

To the Honble:
Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bart.
at Hursley
near Winchester.

Tavyton, 29th August 1779.

Hon^{D} Sir!

I am much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of us in the midst of our alarming circumstances. Mrs. Carpenter is confin'd by a severe fit of the gout, not improbably hasten'd on her by this shock of the Enemy being at our gates. She is, however, recover'd, though still in much pain, and with my Father and Daughter returns sincerest thanks for the regard shown them in your favour. We yesterday had again the announcement of the combined fleet being in Sight, as the signals were up at Maker, denoting afresh an appearance. We all consider ourselves deserted by Hardy's fleet, as we can get no accounts with certainty where he now is; and all we with certainty do know is that he knows the French and Spaniards are braving Plymouth and the Cornwall coasts. He has had the Wind favourable to come up the Channel ever since last Wednesday, yet he does not come. Our Empire of the Sea being lost, it's not extravagant to conclude we must be a lost people; lost, however, as to all significance in the Scale of Europe beyond a doubt, since hereafter whatever we hold must be by the Courtesy of France and Spain—a Tenure till this fatal aera unknown to Britons. A truth, too, that to hear makes one's ears tingle. God grant us wiser plans, and more vigorous Execution of them when found, than of late we have experienced. All business is at a Stand in this County. Everybody attending to nothing but hiding, burying or removing what little property they possess, to save themselves from Want. 'Tis really affecting to see, and to consider the Consequences much more so. Shoals of People, women and children, daily

coming through the Town, looking like people bereft, and knowing not whither to retire for safety, and lamenting their friends left behind. As to myself, I have pack'd up my material papers, etc. and shall remove them with Mrs. Carpenter and my daughter and Father, as soon as I hear a landing is effected. Myself and my boys will join the troops and stand or fall with them, for 'tis melancholy to sit still and be knocked on the head. We are happy to think you are so far remov'd from the immediate danger threatening us, and hope ere it can reach you Providence will vouchsafe a stop to its progress. My family unites in this wish and their duty to you, and I am, Hon^{d} Sir,

Y^{r} most obedient Servant,
J. H. CARPENTER.

It is a pity that this letter cannot be supplemented by one from Mr. Rowe describing the precautions taken at the mouth of the Exe, of which some legends still survive, but the series of letters from him comes to an end in December 1775. At this time we suppose that, being in his eighty-third year and much a sufferer from rheumatism, he was fain to admit that Sir Francis's affairs might gain by being committed to the supervision of a younger man. In other respects there was no change. Mr. Rowe remained at Nutwell to the end of his life, took interest in what went on, wrote sometimes to Sir Francis, and, from what we hear of him at second hand, must have been fairly active even in extreme old age.[1]

In 1779, when he was in his eighty-seventh year, if he still cared at all about things political, which in youth and middle age had greatly concerned him, he must have felt a pang of regret when the borough of Beeralston, the

[1] A letter to Sir Francis, written in August 1782 by a Mr. Withall, relating to a boat that was being built by the waterside at Nutwell, says: 'Mr. Rowe has been out with us every day and has been down by the side of the new boat. He promised to send me a letter to send to you this evening, but has not.' Mr. Rowe died in 1785, aged ninety-three years.

'Vineyard' wherein he had laboured of yore, passed from the Drakes and Hobarts into alien hands.

For a hundred and thirty-four years a seat in Parliament for this borough had been practically an appanage of the Drakes of Buckland. The second baronet, who succeeded to it *vice* his uncle, William Strode, was the first of the family to represent Beeralston. The third baronet, always vigilant where Whig interests were concerned, strengthened his position by taking leases for three lives, from Sir John Maynard, of lands which, if not entirely within the limits of the borough, were in the same parish, and, being kept in hand, added materially to his influence and prestige there. His successor, in 1717, made a fortunate purchase from a man named Spry of some freehold tenements situated in Wallace Street in the town of Beeralston, and these, together with what he held already and other small additions for which the Drakes were always on the look out, made their interest so strong that, when the Maynard leases expired, nothing was to be gained by renewing them.

But in the year 1779, or it might have been a little earlier, Sir Francis resolved that at the next general election he would retire from the representation of Beeralston, and, after thirty years of useful service, cease to sit in the House of Commons. His duties as Master of the King's Household, entailing as they did frequent residences at Windsor and Kew, were not easy to combine with regular attendance at Westminster; a young man might do it, but Sir Francis was past middle age and by no means robust. One or other function, therefore, had to be given up, and, as he was a bachelor and had been so long at Court that it was more of a home to him than any other place, he preferred to retain his office and resign Beeralston. He might, of course, have retired from Parliament, and have given the seat to his party, or have put in a nominee of his own, as had been done in his minority, but,

for reasons not recorded, he chose rather to part with his borough interest altogether.

There are indications that Sir Francis's action in this respect was ill-pleasing to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, lord of the manor and chief landowner of Beeralston, and that, in consequence, a coolness arose between them.

Under the old arrangement, trusting to Sir Francis's willingness and ability to secure the return of the Hobart candidate, Lord Buckinghamshire had not maintained, or needed to maintain, a resident land agent on his Devonshire estates. In a letter to him,[1] Sir Francis says, 'I have long put into Parliament a gentleman of your lordship's recommendation.' This could not happen again. If Lord Buckinghamshire cared to retain his parliamentary interest, it could only be done effectively at greatly increased expense, and with difficulty, too, if it chanced that the purchaser of Sir Francis's moiety took a different side in politics from himself. All these circumstances considered, it is not surprising to find that, before the date of general election, Lord Buckinghamshire did exactly as Sir Francis had done, and that he sold to the same person—the Duke of Northumberland.

The price paid for the borough is, unfortunately, not now ascertainable. Judging from what we know of other such sales, the sum that passed was probably about £8,000. This, for the permanent possession of two safe seats in Parliament, would not have been accounted an extravagant price, at a time when the cost of a single contested election for one of the large open boroughs would have been nearly as much, and indeed more, if the unsuccessful candidate had petitioned against the return, as he almost always did.

Although the vendors, no doubt, made the best bargain they could for themselves, there is no reason to suppose that lack of money induced either of them to part with his borough

[1] MSS. of the Marquis of Lothian. Hist. MSS., pp. 293, 366.

interest, but rather that the moving cause with both alike was the want of direct heirs as representatives. The only truly strange thing about the transaction is that the hereditary owners of such an out-and-out Whig borough should have been willing to sell it to one of a different shade of political opinion. The explanation suggested by Mr. Alexander in his very interesting pamphlet on 'Beeralston as a Parliamentary Borough,' is that both Lord Buckinghamshire and Sir Francis Drake were elderly gentlemen, 'weaned from Whiggism' by the long enjoyment of comfortable places at Court, and that they cared more to oblige their Sovereign by letting parliamentary influence pass into the hands of 'the King's friends' than for the promotion of party interests.

It may have been so, and that, having regard to future contingencies, Sir Francis's action in parting with his borough property was wise; but the Beeralstonians had been faithful friends to Drake interests for such a great number of years, that one cannot help regretting the severance of the political tie which had been of useful service to both, and had also been the means of bringing some very distinguished men into Parliament.[1]

There can be little doubt that if Admiral Francis William Drake had had sons to continue the line, or even if he had shown a personal inclination for parliamentary life, he might have succeeded his brother in the representation of Beeralston, but politics had little attraction for him, all his interest being in the Navy.

In September 1780 he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the White, and hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*. For one cruise he commanded a division or squadron of the Channel fleet, but he was very ill when he embarked, and it

[1] Out of the sale of Sir Francis's borough property he reserved only one small house in the town, from sentiment, perhaps, for there seems no reason why it should not have been sold with the rest; and this little place, with the farms and agricultural estates he held in the parish, is still in the possession of the family.

is said that the fatigue he underwent in this winter 'greatly impaired his constitution.' During the whole time that he was at sea he was unable to leave his ship, even to attend courts-martial, which, in consequence, were held on the *Victory*, instead of upon the Commander-in-Chief's ship. When the cruise was over, he returned to his station at Deal, where he continued to reside until May 1782, when the term of his appointment expired.

We must now look back a little in order to notice the doings of Captain Samuel Drake, who, meanwhile, was taking full advantage of the tide in his affairs which led on to advancement and honour, if not to fortune. In the spring of 1779, when he sailed to America with Admiral Arbuthnot, the War of Independence had been for nearly four years in progress. Public feeling in England was by no means unanimous about this war, and some officers—Keppel, for instance—would not accept appointments on the American station. But such scruples were for admirals who could choose, not for men 'under authority.'

Some indications point to the fact that Captain Samuel Drake would have preferred to be on a station where his activities might have been directed against the enemies of his country rather than immediately against his revolted fellow-subjects; and such, no doubt, was the general feeling. For the first ten months of his service on the North American coast nothing occurred which gave him the slightest opportunity of distinguishing himself. In February 1780, when Admiral Arbuthnot sailed with the greater part of his forces on the expedition against Charlestown, Captain Drake accompanied him thither in the *Russell*, but on March 8 he was ordered back to New York, to take upon him the command of that port during the absence of the fleet. This, we suppose, was the reason why he was raised to the nominal rank of Commodore. Upon Admiral Arbuthnot's return to New

York, the dissensions between the naval and military commanders grew to a great height, and Captain Drake's position appears to have become a most unenviable one, judging from the following letter addressed to the Duke of Rutland by Lord Robert Manners.[1]

October 31st, 1780. New York. Sir George Rodney has positively told me he should take the *Resolution* with him to the West Indies, which I am not at all displeased at. . . . This station, besides its natural disagreeable service, is rendered more so by the total disagreement of the Commanders-in-chief. They have both written home complaints of each other, and Sir George has taken Clinton's side and has also wrote against Arbuthnot. Commodore Drake, second in command, is hardly on speaking terms with any of them, so you may judge how the service is carried on.

Happily for Samuel Drake, he was soon relieved from his very uncomfortable predicament. Early in November 'he was ordered to the West Indies, for the purpose of reinforcing with his single ship Admiral Sir George Rodney, then far out-numbered by the forces of France and Spain.'[2] Before the end of the year 'he accompanied Rodney to the coast of North America and back again to the West Indies, where, upon the arrival of Sir Samuel Hood in the month of December, 1780, he received a commission as rear-admiral, dated September 26, 1780. He then removed into the *Princessa*, and hoisted his flag accordingly.'[3] In April 1781 he took part with Rodney in the operations against the Dutch Islands, and, after the capture of St. Eustatia, was detached under Sir Samuel Hood to blockade Martinique, where, with his flag in the *Gibraltar*, he was warmly engaged in the partial action with de Grasse on April 29.

[1] MSS. of the Duke of Rutland. Hist. MSS. Com.
[2] Charnock, vol. vi. p. 173.
[3] *Dict. of Nat. Biography.*

Sir Samuel Hood's despatch concerning this action concludes in the following terms: 'I think it very much my duty to say that the zeal and exertions of Rear-Admiral Drake, and of the captains, officers and men I had the honour to command, were such that had Monsieur de Grasse thought it fit to have brought his Majesty's squadron to close action, and it should have pleased God to have given him the victory, I trust he would not have found it an easy one, great as the superiority of the enemy was against us.' [1]

In August 1781 Rear-Admiral Samuel Drake accompanied Hood to North America, and commanded the van in the untoward action off the mouth of the Chesapeake on September 5, in which his ship, the *Princessa*, received so much damage that he was compelled to shift his flag to the *Alcide*. He afterwards returned with Hood to the West Indies, and was with him during the brilliant but unavailing defence of St. Christopher's in January 1782.

In April, with Lord Rodney's fleet, he took a distinguished part in the battle of Dominica. Rodney had obtained information that the Comte de Grasse—intending an attack on the island of Jamaica—had arranged to form a junction with the Spanish admiral at Cap Français in San Domingo, when the combined fleets would greatly out-number any we could oppose to them. The vigilance of Rodney disconcerted the enemy's plans. Having pursued and come up with the French fleet between Guadaloupe and Dominica, on April 12, 1782, a decisive battle was fought. The action began a little after 8 o'clock in the morning, and it lasted throughout the day.

At ½ past 6 p.m. the *Russell* having raked the *Ville de Paris*, which did her considerable damage, the *Formidable* and the *Barfleur* being close to her and ready to fire into her, she being

[1] Charnock, vol. vi. p. 173.

left by herself in a very shattered condition, with not a possibility of escaping, the Comte de Grasse struck his colour, after having maintained a most obstinate resistance the greater part of the day against many heavy ships of our Fleet. The instant she struck, there was almost as loud and thundering noise by cheers as there had been by cannon; the seamen were almost frantic with joy. . . .[1]

Seven more French ships of the line were taken upon this occasion, and others were crippled or destroyed. By the accident of position, Admiral Samuel Drake had the duty and the honour this day to lead the van, and in the action he had some narrow escapes; the lapels of his coat were torn off and his hat was riddled, but, strange to say, he was unhurt. Writing the day after the battle to tell his wife of the victory and assure her of his safety, he says very modestly of himself, 'Yesterday was my birthday, and I hope I employed it to some purpose.'

The news of this great success, which crushed the French power in the West Indies, was received in England with transports of delight, and in consequence the fortunate admirals were handsomely rewarded. Peerages were bestowed upon Sir George Rodney and Sir Samuel Hood; Francis Samuel Drake, third in command, was created a baronet, and in their absence all three received the thanks of the House of Commons on May 22, 1782.

Sir George Rodney returned almost immediately to England, but under his successor, Admiral Pigott, Sir Francis Samuel Drake remained nearly a year longer on the West Indian station. Nothing of special consequence happened to him during this period, except that towards the end he was very ill, probably with fever.

The chief sources of information respecting the movements of the Drake family from 1780 to 1790 are letters written to

[1] Letter from an officer on board the *Formidable* to Admiral Francis William Drake.

Mrs. William Drake by her brother, Gilbert Heathcote, and some also from Lady Knight, who was intimate with William and Samuel Drake and their respective wives. Her daughter, the accomplished Cornelia Knight, was encouraged in her artistic studies by the approbation of William Drake, who seems to have had some tastes in that direction himself.

From Lady Knight's letters [1] we infer that the admiral's severe illness in 1782 may not have been unconnected with the anxiety and grief he endured about the fate of his son, Captain Francis Thomas Drake, R.N., a young man of merit and promise, who, but for his illegitimacy, would have been a credit to his name. His ship, the *Delight*, was lost at sea when on a voyage to America in the autumn of 1751. Lady Knight's letters also mention the younger brother, who in the same year was sent out to India, where, through the kindness of Lady Macclesfield and others members of the Heathcote family, an appointment in the East India Company's service was obtained for him, in which he had every opportunity of doing well.

Gilbert Heathcote's letters, alluded to above, relate chiefly to naval prize business, in which, as belonging to a firm of merchants and bankers, he acted as agent for Admiral William Drake and others. But sometimes he touched upon family matters or the sights and gossip of the day. He mentions on one occasion his interest in the latest novelty, Monsieur Leopardi's air balloon, which, though sixteen feet in diameter and carrying two dogs in a basket, floated with ease to the top of the Pantheon, 'and was so governable as to be brought down with the strength of a little finger.' We hear, too, of lotteries in which his correspondents 'adventured,' and especially of one for a house at Hyde Park Corner, which he inspected in company with Lady (Samuel) Drake and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sophia Drake, who were so well

[1] *Lady Knight's Letters from France and Italy.*

pleased with it that nearly every member of the family bought 'chances.' Their tickets, however, 'all turned out to be blanks or ten-pound prizes.'

It is disappointing that no allusion is made to the marriage of Mrs. Sophia Drake with the Reverend John Pugh, a widower without children, Vicar of Rauceby in Lincolnshire.[1] The wedding took place in London, we think, in November 1782. Sophia was then in her fifty-fifth year, and the bridegroom, a man well known for his piety, and somewhat of a personage in the clerical world, was about fifteen years younger than herself; nevertheless, we gather from other sources that the couple were well matched and content.

Marianne and Sophy, Admiral William Drake's two daughters, then at school in London, are frequently mentioned as improving in health or accomplishments, and in 1782 we are told that 'Sir Francis has taken possession of Magdalen Hall,' a place we have been unable to identify,

[1] Extract from the *History of North Rauceby Church*, by the late Bishop (Suffragan) of Nottingham:

'Near to this was the grave of a noted Vicar of Rauceby, marked by a slab bearing this epitaph: "To the memory of the Revd. John Pugh, M.A., 29 years Vicar of the Parishes of Rauceby and Cranwell, who died April 26th, 1799, aged 56 years. Also of Ann his wife, who died May 10th, 1780, aged 40 years. And of Sophia, his relict, who died September 5th, 1803."

'Mr. Pugh was one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society, and a most learned evangelical clergyman of high ministerial reputation, set as a spiritual light on Rauceby Hill, in a time of ecclesiastical supineness, and resorted to by many for many miles round desirous of profiting by his counsel, and receiving the Holy Communion at his hands, so that certain of the parishioners murmured at the cost of supplying the necessary amount of bread and wine.

'He was a stern disciplinarian and insisted on public penance on the part of persons who had offended against the laws of morality; and perhaps one of the latest instances of the enforcement of penance occurred at Rauceby through the instrumentality of this evangelical clergyman, viz. in the last quarter of the century, John Dough, a very old man, still living in 1842, having told the author of this work that he remembered a frail woman standing in a sheet during divine service in Rauceby Church, as a penitential infliction ordered by the Vicar, before he absolved her. The gravestone of such a man should surely have been venerated and preserved over his grave, but . . . it has now disappeared.'

Kindly communicated by the Reverend Arthur Drew, present Vicar of Rauceby.

but suppose that it must have been in the neighbourhood of Kew, and for his use when the Court was in residence there. For no other purpose could he have wanted an additional country house, seeing how rarely he had leisure to stay in either of his own. Yet his interest in the management of his estates never flagged. Letters from agents and bailiffs show how closely he attended to his affairs, and that at Nutwell, whether for house, farm, or garden, his directions had to be obtained for everything that was done. Sir Francis may not, like some landowners, have originated improved methods of farming or construction, but he was quick to take advantage of the successful experiments of others, and if he wanted information on practical subjects, he inquired of those most competent to give it. He consulted Borlase on the right sort of grasses to sow, and Mr. Hudson and Mr. Dyson on anything that concerned natural history or chemistry, sciences which appear to have interested him extremely.

It may be doubted if Sir Francis was personally much of a sportsman. Although with his approval a pack of harriers was started at Yarcombe, and, upon occasion, he was to have the use of them, it was done mainly as a check to the illegal practice of 'night hunting,' to which the parishioners had become so incorrigibly addicted that there was likelihood hares might become extinct in the district. Fishing seems always to have interested him more than shooting, perhaps because from boyhood he had enjoyed very good sport on his own waters in the Tavy; and even at Nutwell he kept two boats for sea-fishing. If he preserved game in 1783, it must have been for the sake of his nephew, Colonel Eliott, and for his enjoyment that he asked Mr. Denys Rolle [1] for a deputation of some shooting over lands in Woodbury intermixed with the Drake estate. The answer of the latter, enclosing the deputation, is so curious that, did it not cover

[1] Father of the 1st Lord Rolle and owner of the Bicton estate.

six quarto pages and become incoherent sometimes through the multitude of ideas tumbling over each other—parenthesis within parenthesis—we should quote it in full, for this Devonshire worthy was a man with perceptions in advance of his time.

Beginning with courteous wishes and acknowledgments, and some strictures on the severity and futility of the Game Laws, Mr. Rolle remarks that [in Devonshire] 'if a gentleman wants a supply of his *OWN* game for any particular season for his table, the readiest mode to obtain it is by sending to —— in Exeter. Lord Orford (his cousin) did not write to his keeper at Heanton when he wanted game, but sent to —— in Exeter!'

From this topic and personal matters, Mr. Denys Rolle passes to considerations of wider interest—the supply of corn from America, our exports of wool and iron, and the need that sooner or later must arise for the establishment of additional British Colonies. Here, with strange foresight, anticipating the discoveries of our own time, he suggests that Central Africa, 'where perhaps under the Line is as healthy as like latitudes in America,' might be a region not ill-suited for habitation by Englishmen.

'But,' he continues, 'we could neither enlarge our borders nor preserve our rank in Europe without a strong navy to protect a trade; therefore, if we would not become a province of France, the Fleet, our main defence, should be the first object of consideration. How great now is its weakness in comparison to the strength of the Army!' It might be imbecility in an admiral, he says, but he confesses that it had drawn tears from his eyes when he saw the 31st Regiment going on board as Marines at Gosport; and again when he was told by Dr. Linter of Haslar Hospital that they had received there almost the total complement of Sir Richard Bickerton's ship 'in a rabid fever.' From the shore of the

Isle of Wight, he had seen that vessel and another lying at Spithead without crews, urgently wanted, yet unable to proceed till they were manned with sailors taken from the East and West India commercial fleets which had just gone up the Downs. He had tried then, by public subscription, to get a larger bounty offered for seamen, but untoward circumstances had frustrated his endeavour. That, however, was past; now, 'in our present distress,' something might be attempted, and he had 'offered a proposal' to Sir Thomas Acland at Killerton, that the county of Devonshire should build a man-of-war of the first rate, by voluntary subscription; the officers to be chosen or recommended by the subscribers and the ship to be manned by the county. To show how all this could be done, he had drawn up two schedules, and at the recent assizes had addressed one to the High Sheriff, Sir John Pole, the other to Sir Thomas Acland, as foreman of the grand jury.

For subscriptions he suggested that 'the principal nobility and gentry should give in hundreds, the 2nd class from one hundred downwards, and that the Chambers of Exeter, Minor Corporations, the Church in Exeter, the Body of Merchants, &c.—setting an example at public meetings—should propose a small sum out of the public stock.' Besides this, in each parish, the Clergy should make a house-to-house collection, and there being in the county no less than 394 parishes and 57,000 houses, the shillings and half-crowns received would make a great sum in the aggregate. 'Gentlemen having timber convenient might subscribe in timber; he would himself give £1,000 worth, duly delivered at the Dockyard.' But for immediate use that would not be proper, therefore the Government should supply seasoned oak in order that the ship might be built in a year. Her total cost would be at the rate of £20 a ton.[1]

[1] £40,000 to £41,000 was then the average cost of a first-rate man-of-war.

He was convinced that a thorough good crew would be found with little difficulty, for Devonshire men would come forward willingly to serve under officers recommended by, or belonging to, the county. Every parish should send one man to the Channel fleet to learn seamanship, and then be remanded back to the *Devonshire* as soon as she was built; 175 experienced sailors might be taken from the seaports, and with another levy of landsmen the full complement of 850 would be made up.

This patriotic scheme was no mere chimera. Lord Howe and Admiral Keppel commended it, and although the High Sheriff inclined towards delay and 'doubted the ability by subscription,' men of substance in the county appear to have been disposed to contribute handsomely. 'The County and the Grand Jury' signified their approval of the plan, and it is probable that it would have met with general acceptance if at that time hopes of peace had not been very strongly entertained. As a result of the battle of Dominica, negotiations for an agreement between this country and France and Spain were in progress, and a treaty was signed in January 1783. Thus the necessity for strengthening the fleet became no longer urgent, and the idea of equipping a *Devonshire* was permitted to drop.

Hostilities having now ceased, squadrons from the West Indies began to come home, and at the end of April Sir Francis Samuel Drake arrived at Portsmouth. As he had scarcely recovered from his sickness, and was not in immediate expectation of another appointment, he and his wife spent a few weeks at Bath, in company with Admiral and Mrs. William Drake, who went there annually for the waters. The cure over, Sir Samuel and Lady Drake began forthwith to look for a house, and before long they lighted upon Send Grove, a compact little estate of about 200 acres in delightful country some five miles from Guildford. The house, though

not large, sufficed, the outlook and surroundings pleased them, and the farm buildings belonging were conveniently situated. Besides this, the place had the additional advantage of nearness to the picturesque old parish church.

Perceiving with sailor-like promptitude that here was 'a very complete thing,' admirably suited to his requirements, Sir Samuel bought Send Grove, with the furniture, farm stock, and all, just as it stood, and entered into possession in September 1783.

By this time the rain of gold boxes which had greeted Lord Rodney and Lord Hood had somewhat abated, but Sir Samuel Drake was not without a share of civic honours, as we find by the following letter addressed to John Wilkes,[1] the well-known M.P., some time Lord Mayor of London and publisher of political pamphlets.

Send Grove. July 12th, 1784.

Sir,—I take the earliest opportunity after the receipt of your favour acquainting me that the City of London intends to confer on me the high Honor of enrolling me as a Freeman of that Capital, to return you my very best thanks for the polite and obliging manner in which you have expressed yourself on the occasion.

I shall certainly make it my business before the sixth of August; and previous to my attending you at Guildhall, do myself the Honor of paying my respects to you in Prince's Court.

I have the Honor to be with great esteem,
Sir, Your obliged
and very faithful humble servant,
Fra: S. Drake.

Thenceforth, for three or four years—beyond receipts and correspondence concerning Eustatia prize-money, which seems to have come in very slowly and at irregular intervals—we hear little or nothing of Sir Samuel Drake's doings. Of his

[1] Add. MSS., B. Museum.

wife, the partner alike of his youthful imprudence, of his wiser years, and of his well-deserved honours, we never hear again. It is believed that she died some time in the spring or summer of 1787, possibly in London, as there is no record of her burial at Send. She had long outlived whatever prejudice her husband's family had felt against her, and, as far as we can judge, she was genuinely regretted. Her death was soon followed by another family bereavement.

Admiral Francis William Drake, who had been in failing health for many months, died towards the close of 1787, and on December 15 was buried at Hursley, by his own special desire, in the Heathcote family vault.

A few weeks after this event, on January 22, 1788, Sir Francis Samuel Drake entered again into the bonds of matrimony. He was in his sixtieth year, and Pooley Onslow, the lady of his choice, was just half his own age. She was the only daughter of his neighbour, General George Onslow, late of the Guards, then of Dunsborough House, Ripley, and Member of Parliament for Guildford. Ripley is close to Send, and it may have been for that reason, in deference to the memory of his late wife, as well as because he was in deep mourning for his brother, that Sir Samuel Drake was married by special licence, privately, in the drawing-room at Dunsborough House.

The settlements made upon this occasion do not appear to have included any fortune belonging to Miss Onslow, but Sir Samuel Drake settled upon her the interest of £15,000 and the Send Grove estate for her life. For income, he had, in addition, his pay as an admiral and the interest of some further sum arising out of prize-money in hand or due to him. All the arrangements for this marriage appear to have been made prudently and with forethought, yet, sad to say, Samuel Drake's union with Pooley Onslow was not a quite happy one.

In this matter one has to read between the lines, for only one friend, Admiral J. Leveson Gower, speaks at all directly, and in saying, as he did at a later date, that Sir Samuel 'had been worried out of his life by a wife,'[1] there was doubtless some exaggeration; still, it seems fairly clear that Pooley, though she may have been affectionate, was extremely exacting—not a restful wife to live with. Yet Sir Samuel was certainly a genial man, for had it been otherwise, his friends in and out of the service would scarcely have shown the pleasure they did at his advancement, when (August 12, 1789) he was appointed a junior lord of the Admiralty. One of the most distinguished admirals under whom he had served, Lord Hood, writing on this occasion to the Honble. William Cornwallis, Commander-in-Chief on the East Indian station, says: 'I flatter myself you will be pleased to see Sir Richard Strachan's orders signed by our mutual friend, Sir F. S. Drake, whose seat at the Admiralty Board is highly gratifying to me.'

It is said that in the same year Sir Samuel Drake was brought in as member for Plymouth. The candidates for this borough were always nominated by the Admiralty, and as a matter of course elected. But in the official lists of Members of Parliament Sir Samuel Drake's name does not appear, so it is hardly possible that he can have taken his seat. Perhaps there was not the opportunity for him to do so, for on October 19 following, his valuable life was suddenly cut short. A newspaper of the week thus mentions this wholly unexpected event:

On Wednesday evening died at his house in the Admiralty, Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Samuel Drake, one of the Lords of the Admiralty. He attended the Admiralty Board a few hours before his death and, whilst thus engaged, was affected by a paralytic stroke, the effects of which medical skill could

[1] Admiral J. Leveson Gower to the Honble. William Cornwallis.

not subdue. Vice-Admiral Samuel Drake bore a distinguished part in the immortal victory over de Grasse, and, in addition to his professional merits, possessed in private life inestimable virtues.

He was buried ' at Whitehall, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields,' and, as he died childless and intestate, his widow, Dame Pooley Drake, became entitled, not only to the advantages secured to her by her marriage settlement, but also absolutely to one-half of her husband's personalty. Her moiety thereof was £9,100; therefore, including the price paid for Send Grove and the last distribution of Eustatia prize-money, which was received by Sir Samuel Drake's heirs in 1795, it is clear that his gains from prize captures amounted to about £25,000—a goodly sum, and all of it honourably acquired in the service of his country.

CHAPTER VI

THE procession of seven generations is now nearly ended. Hitherto, as group after group has gone by, another, and yet another, in the distance has been seen advancing to fill the gaps that time must make. But in 1790, when William and Samuel Drake were both dead, and there was no hope of heirs through them, and when Dawsonne Drake, son of George Drake of Madras, was dead too, *sine prole*, the ranks were thin and the Drakes of Buckland were on the verge of extinction. Sir Francis Henry Drake, their last male representative, may well then have doubted the wisdom of his own avoidance of marriage. But it was too late for regret, he could only make the best of a sad situation.

There was, however, one individual, Mr. F. H. Drake of Vizagapatam, to whom this failure of heirs seemed to open the door of opportunity. He knew that no ceremony of marriage had taken place between his father and mother, but as the law in the colonies recognised the legitimacy of persons whose parents were man and wife only by common repute and consent (as is still the case in Scotland), he resolved, on the plea of health, to return to Europe and try to establish these two points.[1] Resigning his position in India, which had not been unprofitable, he arrived in England in the spring of 1790, and was affectionately welcomed by Mrs. William Drake and very kindly received by her friends. Unknown to her, he began furtively to make inquiries, and with the assistance

[1] An Act of George II says : 'The declaration of a marriage [by consent] must be brought in the lifetime of the parties ; if no such declaration be brought, the marriage can never be established afterwards.'

of his father's old friend, Dr. Denman, took counsel with a firm of lawyers, who encouraged him to put himself forward boldly as heir-presumptive to the Drake baronetcy.

Accordingly, in September, he wrote to Sir Francis, claiming that position, and hinting at succession to the estates also. But the futility of his aspirations was soon clear to him, for the old baronet's courteous yet uncompromising reply, plainly stating the reasons why he never did, and never could, regard Mr. Drake as other than illegitimate, made it impossible for the latter to expect success in the legal proceedings he had threatened to take. In effect, none were ever instituted, although the Drake family unanimously refused to countenance his pretensions. But as, by continuing to give himself out as heir and eventually assuming the title,[1] Mr. Drake misled people who, like Dr. Denman, had only a half knowledge of past events, it has been necessary here to show what his true position was.

Sir Francis's attitude could not have been contributory towards any misunderstanding on the subject, for after the deaths of his brothers he was at no pains to conceal his intention to make his nephew, Colonel the Honble. Francis Augustus Eliott, his heir. It is said, indeed, that Lord Heathfield—the hero of Gibraltar—expected that, as brother-in-law, he would be nominated first in order of succession, but that is scarcely likely, as he was four years older than Sir Francis, and he died at Aix-la-Chapelle in July 1790. Lord Heathfield left but this one son and a daughter, to whom from their childhood Sir Francis had been most warmly attached. The son, Colonel Eliott of the King's Dragoon Guards, was unmarried, but the daughter,

[1] After the death of the last baronet, Mr. F. H. Drake married a Miss Maltby. Styling themselves Sir Francis and Lady Drake, the pair settled at Cheltenham, where, humoured by their acquaintances in the assumption of a dignity which did not belong to them, they lived respectably and comfortably for many years. They had only two daughters, who predeceased them.

Anne, wife of John Trayton Fuller, Esq., of Kidbrook,[1] Sussex, had many children in whose future their great-uncle took much interest.

The concluding years of Sir Francis's life were not very eventful, and few family letters concerning this period have been preserved, but of his retirement from the Comptrollership of the Board of Green Cloth, in 1790, there is at Nutwell an important memento—an oil painting of very large dimensions, presented to him upon this occasion by George III and Queen Charlotte, as a mark of their high esteem. Unfortunately, they did not give him their own portraits—which would have been appreciated more highly by the present generation—but a mythological picture, 'Venus Attired by the Graces,' copied from the Guido which hangs, or formerly did hang, in the board room or upon the staircase at St. James's Palace.

The half-reclining goddess is somewhat larger than life; the attendant Graces, who fix a sandal or deck her with jewels, are not quite so 'divinely tall,' but the Cupids, one of whom flies in at a window whilst the other presents a casket of pearls, are on a large scale. The gift must have been intended as a reminder of happy hours at St. James's, but one wonders at the choice!

Sir Francis does not seem to have been particularly devoted to pictures. His taste for collecting lay rather in the direction of books. On these he spent liberally, and, as we know from his correspondence with Mr. Hudson, he was at pains to select them well. He filled the shelves of his library with goodly rows of large octavo, quarto, and folio volumes, all well printed and approved editions in their day. Latin and English classics, general history, travels, and books of reference, &c., he bound chiefly in calf, but upon his favourite volumes and very finely illustrated books on birds, animals, and plants, he bestowed bindings of red

[1] Afterwards of Ashdown House.

cordova leather. He must have imagined that some day he would settle down in his own house and enjoy his books and all that he had done there, but, as a matter of fact, to the end of his days he was more at Windsor and in London than in Devonshire, for although he had resigned the Comptrollership of the Board of Green Cloth, he continued to be Master of the King's Household until within a very few months of his death.

Of the immediate circumstances which led to this event no particulars are known, and little can be added to the announcement in the 'Annual Register' that Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet, died at his house in St. James's Place on February 19, 1794.

His remains were brought to Devonshire and deposited with those of his ancestors in the family vault at Buckland. Near to it was placed a mural tablet, whereon is a figure of Truth leaning upon an Urn, and under that the following inscription :—

In a vault beneath are interred the remains
of Sir Francis Henry Drake Baronet,
of Buckland Abbey in the County of Devon,
who died on the 19th of February 1794. Aged 70 years.
HIS DESCENT WAS ILLUSTRIOUS,
being lineally derived from the NAVAL WARRIOR of the
16th Century. His natural and acquired endowments were
such That had the strength of his constitution been equal to
the powers of his mind He might justly have aspired to the
first Offices of State.
He was Clerk Comptroller of the Board of Green Cloth in
the reigns of Their Majesties King George 2nd and
King George 3rd; and for more than twenty years
immediately preceding his death he was
Master of the KING'S HOUSEHOLD,
The duties of which station he discharged with
Fidelity to the King and Honor to himself.
In testimony of the respect due to his memory
His Nephew the Rt: Hon: Francis Augustus Lord
Heathfield, Baron of Gibraltar,
caused this Monument to be erected.

With the death of Sir Francis Henry Drake, fifth Baronet, the history of the Drakes of Buckland in the male line closes, but of the surviving members of the family mentioned in the foregoing pages, and of the settlement he made of his property, a few words must be said.

Mrs. Pugh, Sir Francis's youngest sister, the last of the family in that generation, received a small legacy under his will. Her husband, the Reverend John Pugh, died in April 1799, but she survived until August 1803. She was buried at Rauceby, where, during her widowhood, she had continued to reside. The bulk of her fortune passed by her will to her nieces, Marianne and Sophia, daughters of her late brother William, and to the younger of the two, her god-daughter, she gave the miniatures of her father and mother.

Mrs. William Drake, Sir Francis's sister-in-law and cousin, was always affectionately regarded by him. To her he bequeathed six thousand pounds, desiring that at her death she would apportion the principal between her daughters in such manner as she might think best. Of Mrs. William Drake, a devoted and truly unselfish woman, we vainly wish we could know more than we do, for each one of her too infrequent letters raises her in our esteem. She died after a short illness at Hillingdon on March 13, 1797, and by her desire her remains were laid by those of her husband in the Heathcote vault at Hursley. Her personalty was divided equally between her daughters, but she bequeathed the house at Hillingdon to the younger of the two, Sophia, who was then engaged to be married to Jerome, eldest son of Count and Countess de Salis.

After her mother's death, Sophia Drake's aunt, the Dowager Lady Macclesfield, took care of her until, on Friday, August 11, she and Mr. de Salis were married by special licence in the drawing-room at Sherburn Castle, the seat of Lord Macclesfield. Sophia's fortune in money

amounted to about £7,000, but in 1803 she inherited a further £8,000 from her aunt, Mrs. Pugh, and after the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Evance, all that Marianne had had under her marriage settlement and from her aunt came also into the hands of Sophia's representatives. She died in 1803, leaving one son, from whom the present Count de Salis is descended.

Marianne Drake, as the elder of Admiral William Drake's daughters, had perhaps some claim to be her uncle's heiress, for in the matter of a successor Sir Francis Henry Drake could only justly choose the son of his elder sister or the daughter of his brother. The settlement he made shows that he greatly preferred the former, yet we think that, but for her own fault, Marianne might have benefited more than she did under her uncle's will.

In 1792, when against her mother's wishes she persisted in engaging herself to Mr. Thomas Evance, Sir Francis was consulted, in the hope that his influence might prevail, but he could do nothing, for the girl was absolutely determined to have her own way.

Mr. Evance's social position was not amiss. He was a barrister, Recorder of Kingston-upon-Thames, and he had some property in expectation in the neighbourhood of Ealing. He had also satisfactory professional prospects, but report said that he was a gambler and heavily in debt. Unfortunately, these allegations were true, but Marianne refused to believe a word against him, and in spite of her mother's entreaties and the disapproval of all her friends, she married Mr. Evance at Hillingdon on June 20, 1792. The result justified Mrs. Drake's fears, and almost the last we hear of Marianne is of a crisis in her husband's affairs, when Lord Heathfield generously came forward at a moment's notice with a gift of £1,000, to save the Evances from immediate disaster. Mr. Evance died in 1830 ; Marianne, we believe, predeceased him,

but we do not know in what year. They had no children, so that in every respect it was fortunate that she was passed over by her uncle.

Lord Heathfield was a bachelor and in the army when he came into his uncle's property, and he chose so to continue. The entail under which he inherited the Drake estates provided that if he left no male heir of his own body, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th sons of his sister, the Honourable Mrs. Fuller,[1] were to succeed, and their issue in tail male in the order of their birth, and as these boys, Francis John, Thomas Trayton, William Stephen, and Rose Henry, were in existence, he felt under no obligation to marry.

Lord Heathfield's tenure of the Drake property lasted nineteen years. He made no important additions to its acreage, but he expended large sums in improvements, and his successors have to thank him for substantial repairs at Buckland Abbey, including a new roof, but for which it would not be habitable now; for a valuable collection of beautiful Dutch pictures at Nutwell Court; for the fine stables and the riding-school there; and last, but not least, for rebuilding the mansion in a dignified and comfortable, though not architecturally beautiful, fashion.

Lord Heathfield died in London on January 26, 1813, when his barony became extinct. His estates passed to his nephew, Major Thomas Trayton Fuller of the 52nd Regiment, 3rd son of the Honourable Mrs. Fuller and John Fuller, Esq., of Ashdown House, Sussex. He was created a baronet in 1821, and by royal licence assumed the additional names of Eliott and Drake.

Sir Trayton married Eleanor, daughter of James Halford,

[1] Mrs. Fuller had six sons, two of whom were excluded from the entail: Augustus, the eldest, because he was heir to his father's Sussex estates, and Fitzherbert, the youngest, because he was not born when Sir Francis Henry Drake died.



DRAKE'S DRUM

"on which it is probable his last salute was beaten as he was committed to the sea, and upon which the legend says he may still be summoned when England is in danger."— Corbett's *Drake and the Tudor Navy.*

Esq., of Laleham, Sussex. She died in 1840, but he survived her thirty years, dying without issue on June 6, 1871.

Captain Rose Henry Fuller, R.N., the fifth son of the Honourable Mrs. Fuller, and the last mentioned in the entail, married Margaretta, daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart., of Normanby, Lincolnshire. He and his wife both predeceased Sir Trayton, who, therefore, was succeeded by their son, the present Sir Francis Fuller-Eliott-Drake.

APPENDICES

IN THE

ORIGINAL SPANISH AND IN ENGLISH

APPENDIX I

T. 26. D. nº. 18

AÑO DE 1584

RELACION circunstanciada del viage que hizo Francisco Drak Ingles al Mar del Sur por el Estrecho de Magallanes con todo lo ocurrido durante su dilatada Navegar^{on} desde el año de 1577 que salió del Puerto de Plemna[1] en Inglaterra hasta su regreso al mismo Reyno que lo executó por las Islas del Maluco y Cavo de Buena Esperanza.

HECHA EN LA CIUDAD DE SANTA FE PROVINCIA DEL RIO DE LA PLATA EN 24 DE MARZO DE 1584. POR JUAN DRAK SOBRINO DE DICHO CAPITAN FRAN^{co} DRAK

Yo FRANCISCO PEREZ DE BURGOS Escribano de S. M. vecino que soy de la ciudad de Xerez de la Frontera, estante al presente en esta ciudad de Santa Fe, Provincia del Rio de la Plata, doy fe y verdadero testimonio á los Señores que la presente vieren como el Ilustre Señor Capitan Alonso de Vera y Aragon fue con ciertos despachos y proveimientos en la Ciudad de la Trinidad, y Puerto de Buenos Ayres, que es ansi mismo en este dicho Rio de la Plata. A la sazon vinieron á la dicha Ciudad tres Ingleses, los quales decian venian huyendo de poder de Indios carives, que están de aquella parte deste dicho Rio en S^{n}. Graviel; y el dicho Capitan Alonso de Vera y Aragon los hizo poner ante Su Merced, y en mi presencia uno por uno, y por Interprete Juan Perez Ingles, vecino de la Ciudad de la Asuncion, y le preguntó á uno de ellos que se dixo llamar Juan Draque, y ser Capitan de un Patáx, diga y declare,

[1] Por Plimont.

de que modo y suerte le ha subcedido, y las cosas que ha hecho, y en que tiempo salió de Inglaterra, y á donde fué á parar el primer Viage y salida que salió de la dicha Inglaterra. El qual dixo, que el se llamaba Juan Draque, y es sobrino del Capitan Francisco Draque, y que no se acuerda el dia que salio con el dicho su Tio, mas que puede haber siete años poco mas, ó menos del Puerto de Plemna cien leguas de Londres, y con cinco Naos y que las cinco Naos Capitana dellas era de ciento y veinte toneladas, y que en toda la Armada no habia mas de ciento y sesenta Soldados con muchas municiones y bastimentos y artilleria, y que la Capitan traia 18 piezas, y la Almiranta 11, y la otras á 12 de fierro colado, y que traia bastimentos para 18 ó 20 meses; y que el Capitan Francisco Draque fue despachado por la Reyna de Inglaterra, y su Consejo, y que el dicho Francisco Draque es natural de Menguen cien leguas de Londres, y que es Caballero, y que traia consigo diez Caballeros, que el uno se llamaba M. Guillén, y el Admirante M. Guiter, y otro M. Tomas, y otro M. Doctor, naturales de Londres, y que los despachó la Reyna para la mar del Sur, y pasar el Estrecho de Magallanes; y que luego que salieron de Inglaterra la primiera tierra que tomaron fue el Cabo de Bujador, y que allí estuvieron seis dias adrezando los Navíos, y allí le cautivaron dos Ingleses los Moros, y que no tomaron Navío ninguno hasta el Cabo de Bujador des que salieron de Inglaterra, y que desde allí fueron al Cabo Blanco, á donde tomaron un Navío de Portugeuses, y le tomaron el pescado y quatro quintales de vizcocho, y que desde allí fueron á la Isla de Mayo, que es en la del Cabo-verde, á donde tomaron una Nao de Mercaderes, y que les tomaron toda la Mercaduria que traia el dicho Navío, eran paños, y olandas y de todas mercadurias, y que el Navío era de cien toneladas, y que allí en la dicha Isla estuvieron quatro dias, y salieron con seis Navíos hasta el Rio de la Plata sin tomar otra tierra, y que subieron por el dicho Rio hasta dar en el agua dulce, á donde estuvieron seis dias tomando agua y leña, y que luego se fueron fuera, y fueron á tener á una Bahia de S^{n}. Julian, no se acuerda cuando se hicieron á la mar, y que la dicha Bahia es una legua de entrada, y de tierra doblada, y que la tierra adentro es tierra muy alta, y que allí estuvieron treinta dias haciendo agua y leña, y Lobos; y que el Rio de la dicha Bahia es de dos pasos de ancho, y vieron algunos Indios; no se acuerda quanto tiempo tardaron desde el Rio de la Plata hasta la dicha Bahia, á la qual llegaron cinco Navíos porque el uno se les hundió en el Golfo con tormenta, y con toda la gente por el mes de Julio, el qual Navío era

Descripcion de la Bahia de Sn. Julian.

el que tomaron á los Portugueses, el qual se perdió con toda la mercaduria, y que de allí fueron á la Bahia de S^{n}. Julian con quatro Navíos porque el uno habian quemado y deshecho para leña, y que tardaron en llegar á la dicha Bahia un mes, y que fueron la mar afuera siempre al Sur, y que no vieron Navío ninguno, y que en la Bahia de S^{n}. Julian estubieron dos meses por mal tiempo, y para adrezar los Navíos, y que la Bahia es una milla en traves, y dos en largo, y que es en partes quatro brazas de fondo, y en partes dos, y que esta tierra es alta, y que vieron siete ó ocho Indios, los quales le mataron dos Ingleses, y que tienen mucha agua dulce, y poca leña, y que desde allí fueron á parar al Estrecho y que no vieron otra tierra, y que tardaron en el camino catorce, ó quince dias, y que iban siempre al Sur, y que surgieron al medio del Estrecho, y que entraron con tres Navíos porque el otro se quedó en la Bahia de San Julian al traves, y que en la dicha Bahia porque no se amotinara la gente un Caballero que se decia Mr. Tomas Auter, el dicho Capitan Francisco le hizo cortar la cabeza; y que la boca del Estrecho tiene diez leguas, y que yendo por el se ve tierra por una parte y por otra, y que es tierra de monte, y que el dicho Estrecho hasta donde surgieron la primera ver, que serán ocho, ó diez leguas, tiene muchas Islas de monte, y surgieron en 100 brazas, y que las dichas Islas tienen muchos Paxaros, y que tardaron cinco dias desde la boca del Estrecho hasta donde surgieron por calma y por corrientes contrarios, y que en la boca del dicho Estrecho hay 10 brazas de agua, y dende en adelante á treinta y quarenta, y en otras á sesenta, y hasta ciento porque siempre iban sondando, y que surgieron entre la tierra firme y una Isla en buen Puerto, y que fueron saliendo y sondando hasta salir á la mar del Sur, y que por lo mas angosto el Estrecho tiene una legua, y que toda es tierra alta, y que no vieron Indios, mas que vieron humos, y que todo el Estrecho lo menos agua eran diez brazas, y en lo angosto no hallaban fondo, y que no son recias las corrientes, y que desembocando á la mar del Sur á la mano izquierda del Estrecho ázia á la banda del Sur veinte leguas tomaron un Puerto en tierra de Indios, de mediano cuerpo, y que estubieron alli catorce dias la Capitana sola, porque los otros dos Navíos despues de haber salido á la mar del Sur, se perdió el uno con mal tiempo, y el otro volviendo á salir por el Estrecho fue á Inglaterra, y que hasta agora ha estado preso el Maestre del dicho Navío porque se volvió, y que por pedirlo el capitan Francisco Draque no lo ahorcaron, y que desde aquel Puerto que tomaron, el qual le tomaron con tormenta; fueron

Descripcion delEstrecho de Magallanes.

á la Isla de la Mocha en la costa de Chile, y que surgieron en la dicha Isla un dia, y una noche con sola la Capitana como dicho tiene, y 50 personas de las quales le tomaron dos, y el dicho Capitan Francisco salió herido, y que en la dicha Isla no tomaron agua ni leña por ser los Indios vellacos, y pelear con picas y arcos con flechas, y que desde allí fueron dos leguas antes del Puerto del Valparayso á donde tomaron tierra y un Indio que estaba pescando, el qual les enseñó el Puerto del Valparayso, á donde llegaron aquella noche siguiente, y dieron fondo: en el qual dicho Puerto hallaron un Navío que estaba surto y el dia siguiente le tomaron que era por el mes de Diciembre, en el qual dicho Navío habia mucho vino y bastimento, y oro, y que primero habian tomado cantidad de vino en tierra, é con el dicho Navío se hicieron á la mar, y nueve hombres del dicho Navío echaron en tierra y dos llevaron con el dicho Navío, el qual era de 120 toneladas: fueron 10 leguas antes de Coquinivo á donde tomaron tierra para hacer aguada, y que salio gente de á Caballo, y le mataron á un Ingles, y le llevaron la cabeza, y luego se envarcaron y fueron la vuelta de un Puerto que está nueve leguas de Arica, donde tomaron dos hombres y quatro barras de plata, y seis carneros, en la dicho Puerto de Arica donde tomaron dos Navíos, y del uno tomaron quarenta barras de plata, porque el otro no tenia sino vino y algun bastimento, y allí estubieron un dia, y dexaron los Navíos y toda la gente, ecepto un Flamenco que se llevaron, y otro hombre que traian de Santiago, y se fueron de Arica á un Puerto que está 10 leguas, poco mas ó menos, y que no sabe como se llama el Puerto, á donde hallaron un Navío de 60 toneladas, el qual no tenia ninguna cosa, y de la gente que en su Nao traia echaron en el, y con tres Navíos se fueron la vuelta de la mar; y de Lima, sin hallar otro Navío, y que veinte leguas antes de llegar al Callao de Lima, largaron los dos Navíos, el uno con sus velas en alto la vuelta de la mar, y el otro al Garete sin velas, ni gente, en el uno ni en el otro, y que por Enero llegaron al Callao de Lima, y que entraron por entre la Isla, y la tierra firme, y que los llebó por allí un Portugués que tomaron de un varco que estaba seis leguas á la mar, el qual varco llevaba sedas y mercadurias, y no le tomaron nada, y que entraron en el dicho Callao á las nueve, ó diez de la noche, y que luego que llegaron tomaron seis Navíos de doce ó trece que habia, los quales no tenian otra cosa sino pan y vino, de todos los quales Navíos no llebaron sino uno solo que estaba cargado de sedas y jubones, y otras cosas, y que era de ciento y treinta toneladas, y que no sabe cuyo era el Navío mas de que venia de Panamá, y que no le tomaron gente ninguna, solo

le tomaron un Indió que luego le soltaron, que todo esto pasó de noche y que por la mañana estubieron en la punta ; y que quando salieron del Callao salieron tres Navíos tras el, é como vieron que iban tras del les aguardaron hasta llegar una legua, los quales Navíos no osaron llegar, y que luego se volvieron á huir á la vela, y que el instante tomaron un Navío pequeño cargado de bastimentos, del qual Navío no tomaron cosa alguna mas de un Piloto que los llebó al Puerto de Payta, y que luego soltaron el Navío con la gente ecepto el dicho Piloto, y que llegaron al dicho Puerto de Payta a medio del dia, y tomaron un Piloto de un varco, y que dexaron el dicho varco y que estubieron allí medio dia en la dicho Puerto, y que luego se fueron quarenta leguas de Payta adelante de la punta de San Francisco á donde tomaron un Navío de ochenta toneladas, no sabe si tenia oro : en el qual Navío iban dos Frayles, y á un Caballero que con ellos estaba los llevaron á su Navío y les dieron de comer, y que por decir unos Negros que llevaban los dichos Frayles, que el dicho Navío traía oro y plata, echaron á los dos Frayles, y al Caballero en un Batél de los Ingleses, y los enviaron, y se llevaron el Navío, y amenazando al contra maestre del Navío de los Frayles, que le habián de ahorcar, sino decia si habia oro y plata en el dicho Navío ; ye el dicho contramaestre dixo, que tal no habia, y que buscaron los dichos Ingleses el dicho Navío, y azotaron al Negro que lo dixo, y fuese el dicho Navío con lo que dentro traia, y que el mismo dia que soltaron al dicho Navio de los Frayles, vieron otro Navío de ciento y veinte toneladas que iba á Panama, y á las siete ú á las ocho de la noche le tomaron aunque se defendieron un rato con los alcabuces, é hirieron al Piloto del dicho Navío, y tubieron en guardia el Navío toda la noche hasta por la mañana que fueron debaxo de cubierta, donde hallaron gran cantidad de plata, y poco oro, y que todo lo pasaron al dicho Navío Ingles, y también tomaron cantidad de harina y perniles de tocino, y que de la baxilla que traia, el Capitan Francisco repartio entre la gente del dicho Navío, y que despues de descargado dos ó tres dias dexó ir el dicho Navío, y se fue el dicho Capitan Francisco la vuelta de Mexico, y que lo primero donde llegó fué á unas Islas que están cerca de Nicaragua, que no sabe como se llaman, y que poco antes de llegar a las dichas Islas tomaron un Navío cargado de mahiz que iba para Panamá, y que era de 15 toneladas, y que luego que llegaron á las dichas Islas tomaron agua y leña, y que estubieron cinco ó seis dias, y que habia Indiós, y que no decendieron abaxo por estar vellacos, y que de allí fueron corriendo la costa hasta Guatulco, en el qual camino tomaron un Navío que

iba para Lima un Caballero que se decia D^{n}. Francisco de Zarate, y que le llevaron á su Navío, y que le tubieron tres dias, y que le tomaron á las siete de la mañana, y que no se le defendieron, y que el dicho Navío era de 60 toneladas, y que á un Flamenco Mercader que en el dicho Navío venia le parece le tomaron cinco ó seis fardos de paños y sedas, y que al dicho D^{n}. Francisco ne le tomaron nada, y que del dicho Navío tomaron mucha cantidad de roscas vizcochadas, y que le hizo mucha merced al dicho D^{n}. Francisco y que le daba su camara de popa donde durmiese, y que le tomó al dicho D^{n}. Francisco una Negra que se decia Maria, y que le llebaron al Piloto del dicho Navío, y que no vieron otro Navío hasta Aguatulco, donde hallaron una Nao de cien toneladas, el qual estaba cargado de ruanes y lenceria, y que no le tomaron mas de quatro ó cince fardos de paños y alguna clavazon, y que estubieron en el dicho Puerto dos dias, en el qual tiempo entraron en tierra y tomaron dos ó tres Españoles, y luego los dexaron, y al Portugués que tomaron en la Isla de Mayo, y se fueron con la gente de su Nacion sola, y la dicha Negra Maria, y un Negro que tomaron en Payta, y otro en Guatulco, y otro que traian de Inglaterra, y que no sabe que dia salieron de Aguatulco, mas de que era por Abril, y que se hicieron á la mar siempre al Norueste, y al Nor-Nordeste, y que anduvieron todo Abril y Mayo, y de mediado Junio desde el dicho Aguatulco, que está en 15 grados, hasta en 18 grados, en el qual camino tuvieron grandes tormentas, y todo el Cielo oscuro y lleno de neblinas, y que en el camino vieron cinco ó seis Islas que el dicho Capitan Francisco puso á la una nombre San Bartolomé, y á la otra S^{n}. Jaymes, y que estaban las dichas Islas en quarenta y seis y quarenta y ocho grados, y que la tierra que está en quarenta y ocho grados, le puso el capitan Francisco por nombre, la Nueva Inglaterra, y que estubieron allí mes y medio tomando agua y leña y aderezando el Navío, y que de allí fueron á las Islas de los Ladrones, é que por el mucho frio no subieron mas de los quarenta y ocho grados, y que de la dicha Nueva Inglaterra fueron gobernando al Sudueste hasta la dicha Isla de los Ladrones que está en nueve grados : en las quales Islas hay Indios y muy guerreros, de los quales mataron veinte, porque salieron 100 canoas dellos, y que andan desnudos, y que desde las dichas Islas de los Ladrones fueron en nueve dias á una Isla que no sabe como se llama, mas de que está en siete grados, y que gobernaban al Sur y al Sudueste, y que en esta Isla estuvieron un dia haciendo agua y leña, y que desde allí fueron á las Islas de los Malucos gobernando al Sudueste y que tardaron 20 dias, y que estubieron ocho dias, y que rescataron

con los Indios y Moros que hay en las dichas Islas, clavo y gengibre, y que tienen poco oro y poca plata, y que estaba alla un Navío de Portugueses, y que no lo tomaron ni pelearon con el, y que las dichas Islas estan artilladas, y que allí hicieron carne y bastimentos, y que allegaron al dicho su Navío sesenta hombres, y que el bastimento era cazave, y plantanos y Gallinas, y que se lo dieron por paños, y que de allí fueron á una Isla, que está en quatro grados de la vanda del Norte, y que por estar despoblada no tomaron otra cosa sino agua y leña y algunos cangrejos, y que estubieron allí mes y medio por vientos contrarios, y que allí dexaron dos Negros y la Negra Maria para que poblasen, con arroz y semibles y fuego, y que de allí fueron á una Isla que se llama Java que está en ocho grados, y está poblada de Indios, y que estubieron en la dicha Isla 15 dias, y que los dichos Indios les dieron arroz, vacas y Gallinas y cazave, y que estaban allí dos Portugueses, y que se escondieron, y que por el dicho bastimento les dieron olandas y paños, y que un Portugués fue al bordo del dicho Navío con Indios para ver si podian tomar el dicho Navío, y que los Indios andaban vestidos y que de allí fueron sin tomar otra tierra al Cabo de Buena Esperanza, y tardaron de la dicha Isla hasta doblar el dicho Cabo dos meses y medio, y que el dicho Cabo lo tomaron en treinta y cinco ó treinta y seis grados, y que fueron a tomar tierra firme en una tierra de Guinea, y no surgieron porque no hallaron buen Puerto y haver viento contrario, y luego se fueron á tener á Sierra Leona, y tomar el Puerto, y estubieron allí cinco dias limpiando el Navío y tomando agua y leña, porque en la Cabo de Buena Esperanza se hallaron con tres pipas de agua y media de vino, y 59 personas, que la una se les habia muerto; y quando llegaron á vista de tierra de Sierra Leona sacaron toda el agua que tenian y no bebieron mas de á medio quartillo entre tres personas; y que si se tardaran en tomar tierra dos ó tres dias, murieran de sed; y que de Sierra Leona sin tomar tierra ni ver Navío fueron á tener á Inglaterra al Puerto de Plemna, á donde descargaron todo el oro y plata, y lo llebaron al Castillo de Plemna y se lo entregaron al Alcayde de la Fortaleza con alguna gente del dicho Navío, y que allí estubieron un mes, y que el dicho Francisco Draque fue desde el dicho castillo de Plemna con la mitad de la plata y oro á Londres; y que por ser mozo este no sabe ni supo lo que le dió á la Reyna, ni con lo que se quedo el dicho Francisco. Y que todo esto que dicho tiene juró el dicho Juan Perez en forma, que era la verdad de lo que le ha dicho el dicho Juan Draque, y que otra cosa no ha puesto demasiado, ni quitado por amor, ni por temor, ni por otra cosa alguna, y no firmó

porque dixo q[e] no sabia.—Alonso de Vera y Aragon.—Francisco Perez Escribano de Su Mag[d].

Y ánsi parece que el dicho Juan Draque dixo, que en las Islas de los Cangrejos donde dexaron á la Negra, y á los Negros, que está en quatro grados, estubieron barloventeando y de una vuelta y de otra un mes, que no pudieron tomar la derrota, y una noche les dió viento Sur muy bueno, y entre unas Islas que estan en 5 ó 6 grados encallando el Navío en una mesa, de modo que por la popa no se hallaba fondo en mas de 300 brazas para echar el ancla para sacar el Navío; y visto que no hallaban fondo echaron á la mar ocho piezas de artilleria, y de diez toneladas de especeria que habian resgatado en los Malucos de clavo, y de gengibre, y pimienta, echaron á la mar cinco toneladas, y dos pipas de harina, y cantidad de ropa y que todos puestos en oracion á Dios que los sacase de allí, y que fue Dios servido que con la aligácion que hicieron salió el dicho Navío, y quedó haciendo alguna agua á cabo de 20 horas que estubieron sobre el baxo, y asi fueron hasta Sierra Leona. Y que esto es la verdad de lo que el dicho Juan Draque dixo por el juramento que hizo y no firmo.—Alonso de Vera y Aragon.—Francisco Perez Escribano de Su Mag[d].

Todo lo qual que dicho y de suso se contiene, consta y parece por las preguntas que el dicho Alonso de Vera y Aragon hizo al dicho Juan Draque, á que me refiero, que es fecha en la Ciudad de Santa Fe, Provincia del Rio de la Plata en 24 dias del mes de Marzo, de 1584 años.—Francisco Perez de Burgos Escribano de Su Magestad.

Hallase copia del tiempo en el Archivo Gen[l] de Indias de Sevilla entre los papeles trahidos del de Sim[cas] legajo 9 de Relaciones y descripciones.—Confrontose en 2 de Mayo de 1794.—M. F. de Navarrete.

APPENDIX I

T. 26. D. No. 18. TRANSLATION.

1584

DETAILED NARRATION of the voyage made by Francis Drake, an Englishman, to the South Sea by the straits of Magellan, with all that happened during his prolonged cruise from the year 1577, in which he left the port of Plymouth (Plemna), in England, until his return to the same kingdom, which he accomplished by the islands of the Moluccas and the Cape of Good Hope.

MADE IN THE CITY OF SANTA FÉ, PROVINCE OF RIO DE LA PLATA, ON THE 24TH DAY OF MARCH, 1584, BY JOHN DRAKE, NEPHEW OF THE SAID FRANCIS DRAKE.

I, FRANCIS PEREZ DE BURGOS, Scribe (escribano) in the service of His Majesty, a citizen of the town of Jerez de la Frontera, being at present in the town of Santa Fé, Province of Rio de la Plata, attest and give evidence to those (á los Señores) who shall see these presents, how the illustrious Captain Alonso de Vera y Aragon was for certain affairs and arrangements in the city of La Trinidad and in the port of Buenos Ayres, which is also in the said Rio de La Plata. On this occasion there came to the said city three Englishmen who stated that they had escaped from the Carribean Indians who live on the further side of the river in San Graviel. The said Captain Alonso de Vera y Aragon had them brought before his Grace in my presence, one by one, and through an interpreter, Juan Perez, an Englishman, a citizen of the city of Asuncion, asked one of them, who said that his name was John Drake and that he was captain of a pinnace, to say and declare what had

happened to him, what he had done, when he had left England, and whither he had made his first voyage and departure from England.

He said that his name was John Drake, that he was a nephew of Captain Francis Drake, and that he does not remember the day, beyond that it might be seven years more or less, on which he sailed with his said uncle from the port of Plymouth, which is a hundred leagues from London, with five ships. Of the five ships the commander's ship was of a hundred and twenty tons, and in the whole force there were not more than a hundred and sixty soldiers, with much munitions, supplies, and artillery. The commander's ship (Capitana) carried eighteen guns, and the admiral's ship (Almiranta) eleven, and the other vessels had twelve pieces of wrought iron (? each).[1] They carried supplies for eighteen or twenty months. Captain Francis Drake was sent by the Queen of England and her Council: he is a native of Menguen (?) a hundred leagues from London: he is a gentleman (caballero), and took ten gentlemen with him. One of them was named M. Guillén, the Admiral M. Guitter,[2] another M. Thomas, and another M. Doctor, natives of London.

The Queen sent them to the South Sea, passing by the Straits of Magellan. After leaving England the first land which they made was the cape of Bojador: they remained there six days repairing their ships, during which the Moors captured two Englishmen. They did not capture any ships from the time they left England until they reached the cape of Bojador, thence they went to Cape Blanco, where they captured a ship belonging to the Portuguese, taking fish and four quintals of biscuit out of her. From there they went to the Island of Mayo, which is one of the Cape Verde Islands, where they took a ship belonging to some merchants, from whom they took all the merchandise in the ship, which consisted of cloth (paños), Dutch linen (olandas), and a general cargo: the ship was of a hundred tons. They remained four days in that island and sailed with six ships to the river of La Plata without touching any other land. They went up the river till they got into fresh water, where they remained for six days, taking in water and wood. Afterwards they went out to sea and made for a bay of San Julian: he does not remember when they put to sea.[3]

[1] I.e. the bases or versos.

[2] Wynter.

[3] The story is rather obscure—there seem to be two bays of San Julian mentioned. The description of the first one fits in with the 'Bay of Wolves' mentioned in the other document.

The bay is a league wide at the entrance, the ground is broken, and within the bay it is very high; they remained there thirty days, taking in wood, water and wolves (flesh). The river of the said bay is two steps wide (? dos pasos de ancho); they saw some Indians there. He does not remember how much time they took from the river of La Plata to the said bay, where they arrived with five ships, since one foundered with all hands in a storm in the gulf in the month of July. This ship was the one they had taken from the Portuguese: she was lost with all the merchandise. From there they went to the Bay of San Julian with four ships, because they had burnt and taken to pieces one of them for firewood; they took a month to reach the said bay. They kept out to sea (fueron la mar afuera), always making for the south, without seeing any other ships. They remained two months in the Bay of San Julian, on account of bad weather and to repair the ships. The bay is a mile in width and two in length; in places it is four fathoms in depth and in places two. The land round it is high; they saw seven or eight Indians, who killed two Englishmen. There was plenty of fresh water, but little wood. From there they reached (fueron á parar) the straits without seeing any other land. They took fourteen or fifteen days on the way, sailing the whole time to the south, and anchored in the middle of the straits.

Description of the Bay of San Julian.

They entered the straits with three ships, because the other one struck a rock (quedo á traves) in the Bay of San Julian. In that bay Captain Francis ordered that a gentleman whose name was Mr. Thomas Auter should be beheaded, so that he should not stir up the people to mutiny.

The mouth of the straits is ten leagues wide. Land is visible on either side when one passes through them. The land is mountainous. There are many islands in the straits up to the point where they anchored for the first time, eight or ten leagues from the mouth, in one hundred fathoms. The islands are full of birds. From the mouth of the straits they took five days to reach the place where they anchored, on account of calms and adverse currents. At the entrance of the straits there are ten fathoms of water; farther on in some places thirty or forty, and in other places sixty and even one hundred. They sounded the whole time as they advanced. They anchored between the mainland and an island in a good harbour. They continued their course, sounding as they went, till they got out into the South Sea. The straits are a league wide in the narrowest part.

Description of the Straits of Magellan.

The land is high. They saw no Indians, but saw some smoke. The shallowest water in the straits was ten fathoms. In the narrowest part they could not touch the bottom. The currents are not strong.

On coming out of the straits into the South Sea, they reached a port twenty leagues towards the south, on the left hand, in the country of Indians of medium stature. They remained there fourteen days, with only the commander's ship (*la Capitana*). Of the other two ships, one was lost during the bad weather after reaching the South Sea and the other turned back by the straits and went to England. The master of that ship had been imprisoned up till now because he turned back. He had not been hanged on account of the intercession of Captain Francis Drake. From that port, into which they put on account of a storm, they went to the island of La Mocha on the coast of Chile. They anchored there for a day and a night, with only the commander's ship, as has been related, and fifty people, of whom two were taken (there) and Captain Francis was wounded. They did not take either wood or water in this island, as the Indians were hostile and attacked them with spears and bows and arrows. From there they went two leagues farther, to the port of Valparaiso, where they landed and found an Indian who was fishing and gave them information about the port, which they reached on the following night and anchored. They found a ship there, and on the following day—this would be in the month of December—they took her. There was plenty of wine and supplies and gold on board. They had already captured a quantity of wine on shore.

They put to sea with this ship, which was of a hundred and twenty tons, putting nine men who belonged to her on shore and taking two others in her. They proceeded, and ten leagues before [reaching] Coquimbo they took in water. People came out on horseback, killed an Englishman and carried off his head. On this they re-embarked. They went round a bay (fueron la vuelta de un puerto) which is nine leagues from Arica, where they took two men, four ingots of silver and six sheep. In Arica they captured two ships, taking forty ingots of silver from one. There was nothing in the other except wines and some supplies. They remained a day there, and left the ships and all the people except a Fleming, whom they took with them, and another man whom they brought from Santiago. They went from Arica to a port some ten leagues from there, more or less—he does not know the name of it—where they found a ship of sixty tons in which there was absolutely nothing. Captain Francis put into her some of the people who were

in his own vessel, and thus, with the three ships, they went out to sea towards Lima without finding any other vessel.

Twenty leagues before reaching Callao de Lima they cast off the two ships, one with her sails set towards the open sea and the other adrift (al garete) without sails ; there was nobody in either of them.

In January they reached Callao de Lima, going into the port between the island and the mainland. They were piloted by a Portuguese whom they had taken from a ship some six leagues out at sea. The ship carried silk and merchandise, and they took nothing. They came into Callao at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and when they got in they captured six ships out of the twelve or thirteen which were there ; there was nothing in them but bread and wine, except in one of 130 tons, which was laden with silk, doublets (jubones) and other things. They took her, but not the others. He does not know to whom the ship belonged, except that she came from Panama. They did not take any people except an Indian, whom they soon released. All this happened in the night ; in the morning they were off the mouth of the bay (? estuvieron en la punta).

When they came out of Callao three ships came out after them. When they saw that these ships were making after them, they waited for them until there was the distance of a league between them ; but the other ships did not dare to come to close quarters, and soon turned and fled, with their sails set. At that moment they took a small vessel laden with supplies. They took nothing from her except the pilot, who piloted them to the port of Payta. They let the ship and the people go at once, except the pilot. They reached the port of Payta in the middle of the day, and took a pilot out of a vessel which they then left. They remained there half a day, and at once continued for forty leagues from Payta to the point of San Francisco, where they captured a ship of eighty tons : he does not know if there was any gold. There were two monks on board, whom they carried off to their ship, with a gentleman who was with them, and gave them something to eat. As some of the negroes whom the monks had with them said that the ship carried gold and silver, they put the monks and the gentleman into a boat belonging to the English and sent them (? away). They took the ship, and threatened the mate (contramaestre) that they would hang him if he did not say whether there was any gold or silver on board. The mate said that there was none ; the English searched the vessel and flogged the negro who made the statement, and the ship went away with what was in it.

On the same day that they released the vessel of the monks, they saw another ship of 120 tons which was going to Panama. They captured her at seven or eight in the evening, although some defence was made with arquebuses and her pilot was wounded. They guarded the ship all night till the morning, when they went below decks (debaxo de cubierta), where they found a great quantity of silver and a little gold, all of which they transferred to the English vessel. They also took a quantity of flour and salted hams. Captain Francis divided among the people of that (? or 'his' ship) ship some of the plate (baxilla) which she carried. Two or three days after unloading her Captain Francis allowed her to proceed, and continued his voyage towards Mexico (la vuelta de Mexico). The first place he reached was some islands near Nicaragua, the name of which he does not know. Shortly before reaching there they took a ship of fifteen tons laden with maize, which was going to Panama. As soon as they got to these islands they took in water and wood, and remained five or six days. There were Indians there who were hostile, so that they did not land, but continued to follow the coast to Guatulco, taking on the passage a ship that was going to Lima on which was a gentleman named Don Francisco de Zarate, whom they took from his ship and detained for three days. He was captured at seven in the morning without making any defence. His ship was of sixty tons. As far as the deponent remembers, they took five or six bales of cloth and silk from a Flemish merchant on the vessel, but they took nothing from Don Francisco. They took out of the vessel a great quantity of dry biscuit. Captain Francis was very gracious to Don Francisco, and gave him his own poop cabin to sleep in. He took from him a negress whose name was Maria, and they also took the pilot from the vessel.

They saw no other ship until Aguatulco, where they found a vessel of a hundred tons, laden with woollen cloth (ruanes) and linen (lenceria). They took nothing but four or five bales of cloth and various ship's nails. They remained two days in this port, during which they landed and took two or three Spaniards, whom they let go at once, as well as the Portuguese whom they had taken in the island of Mayo.

They continued their voyage with only their own countrymen, the negress named Maria, a negro taken at Payta, another taken at Aguatulco as well as one brought from England. He does not know on what day they left Aguatulco beyond that it was April. They put to sea, making for the N.W. and N.N.E. (?), and sailed during the whole of April and May and half June from Aguatulco,

which lies in fifteen degrees, until they reached eighteen degrees. On the way they met with great storms: the whole sky was obscured and covered with clouds; they saw five or six islands, to one of which Captain Francis gave the name of St. Bartholomew and to another St. James. These islands were situated in forty-six and forty-eight degrees. Captain Francis gave to the land which lies in forty-eight degrees the name of New England. They remained there a month and a half, taking in wood and water and repairing the ship. From there they went to the islands of Los Ladrones. On account of the cold they went no higher than forty-eight degrees. From New England they steered to the S.W. to the island of Los Ladrones, which is in nine degrees. In these islands there are Indians, very warlike, of whom they killed twenty, as a hundred of their canoes came out. They go about naked. From the islands of Los Ladrones they went, in nine days, to an island the name of which he does not know: it lies in seven degrees, and they steered to it towards the south and the south-west. They remained a day at this island, taking in wood and water. From there they went to the Moluccas, steering to the south-west, and taking twenty days on the voyage. They remained there eight days, buying from the Indians and Moors cloves and ginger; there is little gold or silver there. There was a Portuguese ship there, but they did not take her or attack her. These islands are well furnished with arms. They took in meat and supplies. They then had sixty men on board. The supplies consisted of cassave, plantains and fowls, which were given in exchange for cloth. From there they went to an island which lies in four degrees north; as it was uninhabited, they took nothing but wood, water and some crabs. They remained there a month and a half, on account of contrary winds, and left there the two negroes and the negress Maria, with some rice, seeds and fire, in order that they should populate the place. From there they reached an island in eight degrees called Java, populated with Indians. They remained there fifteen days. These Indians gave them rice, cows, fowls and cassave. There were two Portuguese there who hid themselves. In exchange for the supplies they gave the Indians linen (olandas) and cloth. A Portuguese came on board the ship with Indians to see if he could take it. The Indians went about clothed.

From there, without touching land, they went to the Cape of Good Hope. They took two months and a half from the island until they doubled the Cape. They reached it in thirty-five or thirty-six degrees, and came to the mainland in the country of Guinea, but did not anchor, as they did not find a good port and the wind was

contrary. They made at once for Sierra Leone and reached the port, where they remained five days cleaning the ship and taking in wood and water, since at the Cape of Good Hope they found themselves with three pipes of water and half a pipe of wine. There were fifty-nine people on board, as one had died. When they got in sight of land at Sierra Leone they took all the water which they had : there was no more left to drink than half a pint (quartillo) for three people. If they had been delayed in touching land two or three days they would have died of thirst.

From Sierra Leone, without touching land or seeing a ship, they held for the port of Plymouth in England, where they unloaded all the gold and silver and carried it to the castle of Plymouth, and delivered it by the people of the ship to the commander of the fortress. They remained there a month, and Francis Drake went from the castle of Plymouth to London with half the gold and silver. As he was only a youth, he does not, and did not, know what Captain Francis gave to the Queen, nor what he kept.

The said Juan Perez swore in due form that all that he has said was the truth of that which the said John Drake told him and that he has not stated, exaggerated or omitted anything, either from affection or from fear, or from any other reason ; he has not signed, since he stated that he did not know how to do so.

Alonso de Vera y Aragon.
Francisco Perez, Scribe of His Majesty.

It thus appears that the said John Drake stated that at the Island of Crabs, where they left the negress and the negroes, which lies in four degrees, they remained tacking for a month, first in one direction and then in another, as they could not follow their course. One night there was a south wind, very favourable, and among some islands which lie in five or six degrees the ship went aground on a ledge of rock, so that from the poop they could not find the bottom in more than 300 fathoms, so as to throw out an anchor and haul the ship off. Seeing that they could not touch the bottom they threw eight pieces of artillery into the sea and ten tons of spice (cloves), which they had brought from the Moluccas. They also threw into the sea five tons of ginger and pimento, two pipes of flour and a quantity of things. They prayed God to deliver them from there. It pleased God that the ship should be got off by being thus lightened, leaking slightly, at the end of the twenty hours she had been on the shallows. Thus they proceeded to Sierra Leone.

And this is the truth of what the said John Drake stated on the oath which he made, and did not sign.

ALONSO DE VERA Y ARAGON.
FRANCISCO PEREZ, Scribe of His Majesty.

All that which is contained above is made evident and appears from the questions which the said Alonso de Vera y Aragon made to the said John Drake, to whom I refer.

Dated in the City of Santa Fé, Province of Rio de la Plata on the 24th day of the month of March 1584.

FRANCISCO PEREZ DE BURGOS,
Scribe of His Majesty.

There is a copy, made at the time, in the Archivo General de Indias at Seville among the papers brought from Simancas, legajo (bundle) 9 of Relaciones y descripciones. Collated 2 May 1794.—M. F. DE NAVARRETE.

The two depositions made by John Drake agree in saying that they left England with five vessels, and reached the Straits of Magellan with three, after taking a Portuguese ship at Cabo Blanco, which brought up the total at one moment to six.

The short document says, one—the Portuguese—foundered in the Gulf, one taken to pieces at San Julian (meaning Bahia de Lobos, I think), and one stove in at the real San Julian.

The long document says, one—the Portuguese—taken to pieces at Bahia de Lobos and one taken to pieces at San Julian (after being stove in). No explanation is given of how the third one failed to reach the straits.

With regard to the vessels captured after the straits the two documents seem to tally. The unnamed port in the short document, where a ship of sixty tons is taken, must be Arequipa.

NOTE BY COUNT DE SALIS.

APPENDIX II

T. 26. D. nº 22

AÑO DE 1587

Discurso y Relacion de la Cause del Capitan Juan Drac Ingles

En la ciudad de los Reyes Jueves ocho dias del mes de Enero de mil é quinientos y ochenta y siete años, el señor Inquisidor Licenciado Antonio Gutierrez de Ulloa, estando en su Audiencia de la mañana mandó traer á ella de las carceles secretas de este Santo oficio un hombre que fue traido preso á ellas, y siendo presente juró en forma devida de derecho de decir verdad, asi en esta Audiencia como en todas las demas que con el se tuvieren hasta la final conclusion de esta causa y dixo llamarse Joan Drac natural de Tavistoc en Inglaterra en el Condado de Devon, de hedad de veinte y dos ó veinte y tres años, que no tiene oficio mas de que se ha exercitado en andar por la mar con el capitan Francisco Drac su primo hermano Ingles, y que comunmente llaman á este confesante sobrino del dicho Capitan Francisco y que ha cinco ó seis dias que entró en estas carceles y declaró su genealogia en la forma siguiente.

Relacion que dió Juan Drak Ingles hallandose preso en Lima, del viage que hizo su primo Francisco Drak á la Mar del Sur por el Estrecho de Magallanes el año de 1580 hasta su regreso á Inglaterra; y de otro viage qe. hizo el General de la misma Nacion Eduart Fonton á las costas del Brasil y Rio de la plata el año de 1582.

Padres

Roberto Drac y Ana Drach naturales de Tevistoc que el dicho su Padre es difunto y á su Madre dexó viva, y que hera Cavallero su Padre y vivia de su hacienda en el dicho Pueblo.

Abuelos Paternos

Joan Drac y su Abuela Margari, difuntos, y vivieron una milla de Tevistoc, y tambien vivieron de su hacienda, que heran gente noble.

Abuelos Maternos

Luxmo, y no se acuerda del nombre de su Abuela, que murió siendo este confesante niño, y que tambien es difunto el dicho su Abuelo, y heran naturales de Taueis toc, ó de allí cerca.

Tios, Hermanos de Padre

Juan Drac y otro Juan Drac y Edmon Drac, y el menor de los dichos Juan Drac es vivo y los demas difuntos, y fueron casados, y que el dicho Francisco Drac capitan es hijo del dicho Edmon, y que tuvo tias dos ó tres y no se acuerda del nombre dellas mas de la una que se llamava Ana y son difuntas, y que el dicho Capitan Francisco Drac tiene otro hermano que siempre anda con el llamado Thomas Drac que será como de treinta años, y es soltero, y el dicho capitan Francisco es casado en Londres con una senora llamada Maria y viven en una casa suya llamada boclan poco mas de dos leguós de Plemo,[1] y que entiende que la dicha Maria es natural de Londres, y que no tienen hijos y ha mas de 17 años que son casados.

Tios, Hermanos de Madre

Pedro Luxmo difunto y no fue casado ni tuvo hijos, y que murió siendo soldado de Irlanda.

Hermanos Deste

Darte que hera doncella cuando la dexó, y que tuvo otro hermano y hermana niños llamados Juan é Isabel y son difuntos.

Muger é Hijos

Dixo que no es casado ni tiene hijos.

Preguntado dixo que es Christiano Bautisado y no se acuerda si es confirmado, y que se ha confesado en este Reyno en el Paraguay con Fray Francisco de Torres Fraile del orden de San Francisco, y que tambien se confesó con otro Frayle Dominico de cuyo nombre no se acuerda, y la una vez se confesó en Santa Fé, y la otra en la

[1] Asi el origl. sin duda por Plimont.

Asumpcion, y que ninguna de estas dos veces se comulgó, y que antes desto se comulgó quando andava por la mar no save quantas veces, y que el modo como se comulgó era que uno que llaman Sacerdote que ha de ser de los Protestantes que es lo mismo que aca llaman Luterano, toma un Pan y le corta en cruz muchas veces y hace pedacitos con los quales hace ciertas ceremonias y dice palabras que cree son del Evangelio, y da á los que comulga á cada uno uno de aquellos pedacitos de pan, diciendole : toma esto en remembranza de la Pasion de nuestro Señor Jesuchristo y otras palabras que no se acuerda, y luego les dava un poco de vino diciendoles : toma y veve esto que es la sangre de nuestro señor Jesuchristo que fue derramada para ti, y otras palabras de que no se acuerda, y que desta manera se comulgó este confesante en el dicho Navío, y que en el Navío en que vino este confesante no havia Sacerdote y se juntavan en la capitana para comulgar, y no se acuerda haver visto comulgar á Trichart su compañero que primero fue Marinero de la capitana y despues vino por Maestre del Navío en que este confesante venia, y que no se acuerda haver comulgado en Inglaterra por que allá no se comulgan hasta que tienen 18 ó 20 años, y que quando se comulgó en el dicho Navío el dicho Sacerdote mandava que se recogiesen en algun lugar secreto y allí se confesasen á Dios de lo que le hoviesen ofendido contra los diez mandamientos : si havian hurtado, si havian fornicado, y que les pesase dello y que Dios lo perdonava, y que este confesante lo hizo asi dos ó tres veces, y que no se acuerda si comulgó andando en el Navío del capitan Francisco alguna vez de aquella manera.

Fuele dicho que se hinque de rodillas y se signe y santigue y diga las oraciones de la Iglesia : signose y santiguose estando de rodillas y dixo el Paternoster y Ave Maria, Credo y Salve regina en romance bien dicho y dixo los diez Mandamientos de la Ley de Dios, y los cinco de la Santa Madre Iglesia, y los siete Sacramentos asimismo en romance bien dicho aunque tropezando y como á tiento, y dixo que no save latin.

Oraciones.

Preguntado por el discurso de su vida, dixo que nació no save si en Tais toc ó una milla de allí en casa de sus Padres, y de seis meses le llevaron á casa de su Abuela Margari y allí se crió hasta ocho años, y despues estuvo en casa de la dicha su Madre como año y medio, y despues siendo de edad de diez años le llevó consigo el dicho Capitan Francisco su primo, y siempre anduvo con él y le servia de paje, y fue con él un viaje á Irlanda, y despues siendo este confesante de catorce ó quince años vino con el dicho capitan Francisco un viaje que salieron de Inglaterra del Puerto de Plemu

quatro Navíos y un Patage pequeño de diez y siete toneladas y el dicho Capitan Francisco era General dellos, y venian por Capitanes de los dos Navíos de Armada Joan Huinter que hera el Almirante y Joan Tomas capitan, y el otro Navío hera de bastimentos y no traia capitan mas de que el mas principal de los que venian en el se llamava John Gesta, y el Pataxe venia tambien sin gente de Guerra, y todos los dichos Navíos traian de gente de guerra y Marineros ciento y quarenta hombres, y la Capitana traia diez y ocho piezas de artilleria y el Almirante diez y seis y el otro Navío de Armada traia diez [1] y seis y el de bastimentos cinco piezas, y el Pataxe traia algunos bases y traian todo genero de armas, y quatro ó cinco diferencias de fuego que eran unas balas para arrojar á mano con unos clavos para que se clavasen donde cayesen, flechas para quemar las velas y para hinchar [2] en los Navíos para los quemar y piezas de fuego y otras suertes que no save este confesante que misturas traian mas de que eran de Polvora y se hicieron algunas antes que salieran de Inglaterra, y otras hicieron los Lombarderos en el Navío y que de las armas que mas usavan hera de los Arcabuzes, y que esta Armada fue procurada por el Capitan Francisco no save por cuyo mandado, y salieron de Plemu por fin de Diciembre, y este confesante iva en la Capitana sirviendo de Pajé al dicho Capitan Francisco, y entiende este confesante que quando salieron de Inglaterra no havia dos hombres en la Armada que supiesen donde iban, ni este confesante lo supo, y la primera tierra que reconocieron fue una Isla pequeña junto á Berberia llamada Gomodoro y allí tomaron tierra y de madera labrada que traian de Inglaterra hicieron una pinaza que les Españoles llaman lancha, y estuvieron en hacerla nueve dias al cavo de los quales se embarcaron y fueron á Cavo Verde á una Isla llamada Isla de Mayo, y allí tomaron agua y algunas cabras que hallaron, y que la dicha Isla hera poblada de Portugueses y estuvieron allí un dia ó dos, y sin tomar otro Puerto fueron al Rio de la Plata, y en el camino toparon un Navío de Portugueses que estava en calma y sin que se defendiese le tomaron, y havia en él como treinta ó quarenta hombres pasageros y mercaderes y Marineros, y les tomaron el Navío y la hacienda, y al Piloto de él que se llamava Silvestre y era Portugues, y para en que se fuesen los dichos Portugueses les dió la dicha

Viaje del Capitan Francisco.

Pinaza que los españoles llaman *Lancha.*

[1] Aunque está asi claro en el origl. se nota que está como borrado este numero.
[2] Asi el origl. Acaso *echar.*

lancha, y Portugues el Capitan Francisco se entró en el dicho Navío y con él el dicho Piloto Portugues y otra gente, y se fue en el dicho Navío hasta el Rio de la Plata y surgieron en el Cabo de Santa Maria en la Tierra firme y estuvieron allí tres dias tomando agua y leña y no havia otra cosa que era despoblado y llegaron á un Puerto llamado Bahia de Lobos que estará como cien leguas antes del Estrecho, y allí deshicieron el Navío de bastimentos que llevaban y tomaron parte de la madera del para el fuego que hacia mucho frio y el Capitan Francisco le puso el nombre de Bahia de Lobos porque en ella havia muchos Lobos, y estuvieron allí un mes haciendo carnaje de Lobos, y comian de los mismos Lobos, y tomaron agua de un arroyo que por allí venia por entre dos cerros, y salia el dicho arroyo de una Laguna que estava una milla de allí, en la qual havia quantidad y diversidad de Patos, y un dia parecieron allí cerca como sesenta Indios desnudos, aunque algunos traian como medias camisetas vestidas que parecian de pluma y arcos y flechas, y se llegaron donde estavan los Ingleses y hablaron, y todo el dia y la noche estuvieron cantando y bailando, y los dichos Indios no dieron ni ofrecieron nada á los Ingleses, y recivieron dellos carne de Lobos y la comieron casi cruda, y para la tomar volvian el brazo y mano hacia atras todo lo que podian, y de esta manera tomavan lo que les davan, y volvieron otros dos ó tres dias, y de noche hacian fuego en un cerro, y hera gente de mediana estatura, sin barbas, el cavello largo sobre los hombros y no entendieron nada de lo que hablavan : y ultimamente vinieron tres Indios y estando el capitan Francisco descuidado el uno de los dichos Indios le arrebató el bonete de la cabeza y se fueron huyendo, y queriendole tirar un Ingles, le mandó el Capitan que no matase por un bonete un hombre, sino que si le cogiesen le azotasen, y tornandose á llegar cerca arremetió á prenderle un Irlandes y le asió de una manta de pellejos que llevaba y se le quedó un pedazo en las manos, y diciendo el Indio por señas que por que le havian hecho aquello, y respondiendole por señas, que por haver quitado el bonete, el Indio se dió á si propio con la punta de la flecha en las piernas hasta que se sacó sangre, entendiendo los Ingleses que hacia aquello como para satisfazelles de lo que havia hecho, y que el dicho Capitan Francisco ya venia en su navío Capitana desde el Rio de la Plata y el Piloto Portugues se yba en su Navío y con

Este Silvestre se llamava Nuño de Silva, el qual habiendole dexado despues en el Puerto de Guatuleo fue preso por los Inquisidores de Nueva España y le penitenciaron publicamente porque fue testificado y él lo haver comulgado al modo de los dichos Ingleses Luteranos y disculpose con que le hicieron fuerza y negó la intencion.

esto se salieron de la dicha Bahia de Lobos; y llegando aqui por ser tarde dada la hora cesó la Audiencia y el Reo fue mandado bolver á su carcel. Pasó antemi, Geronimo de Eugui, Secretario.

En la Ciudad de Los Reyes Ocho Dias

del mes de Enero de mil é quinientos y ochenta y siete años el Señor Inquisidor Licenciado Antonio Gutierrez de Ulloa estando en su Audiencia de la tarde mandó traer á ella de las dichas carceles al dicho Juan Drac, y siendo presente le fue dicho que so cargo de su juramento diga verdad y prosiga en lo que yba diciendo esta mañana del discurso de su vida. Audiencia.

Dixo que desde la Bahía de Lobos que está 48 grados, fueron al Puerto de Sant Julian que está en 49 grados, y le llamó asi Magallanes, segun consta de la carta, y es Puerto despoblado y peligroso al entrar por unos baxos que tiene, y despues allá dentro es muy bueno, y allí estuvieron á lo que oyó decir despues quando dello tratavan, que havian estado en este Puerto mes y medio, y yendo el Capitan Francisco y otros en un Batel baxando el Puerto que era grande en busca de agua y no la hallando parecieron en tierra tres gigantes mozos, que los dos trahian arcos y flechas, y otro venia sin armas que era mozo muchacho, y estuvieron hablando por señas con ellos, y hicieron que un Ingles tirase con el arco que llevava, y parece que los dichos gigantes se espantaron que hombre pequeño tirase tanto: y tambien tiraron los dichos gigantes, y haviendo llegado allí un gigante viejo habló á los otros gigantes como enojado, y azotava[1] un perro pequeño que traia consigo por que mordiese al Capitan Francisco; y haviendose quebrado la cuerda del arco se venian, y uno de los gigantes les dió un flechazo por las espaldas que le salió á un brazo, y á otro que hera Flamenco le dieron otro flechazo por los pechos de que cayó luego muerto, y al del primer flechazo le dieron luego otro por los pechos de que murió despues, y el Capitan Francisco dió un Arcabuzaso á uno de los dichos gigantes de que le vieron caer muerto y con esto se retiraron al Navío, y de allí vieron despues tres ó quatro gigantes juntos y algunas veces dos: y estando en este Puerto el dicho Capitan Francisco mandó degollar á un Caballero Ingles llamado Tomas Diote, porque amotinava la gente, y despues dejando el Navío Portugués en el dicho Puerto deshaciendo parte del para leña y entrando el Piloto Portugués en la Capitana se fueron con tres

[1] El origl. dice claramte. *ahotaba* al parece por *azuzaba* ó *incitaba*.

Navíos y sin parar fueron costeando hasta el Estrecho que está en 52 grados, y al principio del halló tres Islas pequeñas y en ella surgió y la llamó Isabel, y allí hallaron muchos Patos sin pluma que no buelan aunque huyen caminando por tierra todo lo que pueden, aunque los alcanzan los hombres: y crian devaxo de tierra en cuebas, y de estos Patos hicieron matalotaxe en siete dias que allí estuvieron, y de allí pasaron adelante, y como nueve ó diez leguas que seria al medio del Estrecho, hallaron otra Isla á la quel arribaron porque el viento no los dexava pasar adelante que era Norte, y asi el Capitan Francisco á aquel paraje cabo contrario [1] y estuvieron quince dias procurando pasar, y al cavo dellos volvió viento Sur que era bueno y pasaron, y en estos dias vieron fuego de una parte y otra del Estrecho y havia diversos pareceres sobre si la tierra que está de aquella parte del Estrecho que llaman incognita era Isla ó tierra firme, y mas adelante hallaron una Isla puesta en medio que ensangostava el Estrecho que hacia por entrambas partes espacio de media legua y eran muy hondables que aunque echavan la sonda no hallavan suelo, y cerca de aquella Isla en la tierra incognita surgieron en una Bahia pequeña donde tomaron agua y leña y desde allí fueron navegando y no hallaron Isla alguna hasta el mar del Sur y el dicho Estrecho de allí adelante seria de tres leguas por lo mas angosto y de seis por lo mas ancho; y en aquella Isla que estava en medio hallaron dos canoas, y haviendo tomado la una vinieron de la tierra unos Indios pequeños y desnudos, y ellos ofrecieron al Capitan Francisco carne de Lobo, y les bolvieron la canoa y no tomaron la carne por no ser buena. Y todos tres Navíos salieron al mar del Sur y la tierra del Estrecho desde mediado él hacia la mar de Norte es toda tierra baxa y llana por algunas partes y lo demas hacia el Sur es tierra muy alta y montuosa sugeta á vientos y tormentas, y toda tierra muy fria y salieron al mar del Sur y se metieron cincuenta leguas á la mar donde hallaron grandes tormentas y huyendo dellas volvieron á reconocer la tierra del Estrecho, y una noche haviendo estado todos tres Navíos, el uno dellos de que era Capitan Juan Tomas no parecio á la mañana, ni mas parecio ni supieron si se perdio ni que se hizo, y haviendo andado por allí algunos dias con las dichas tormentas, el otro Navío que hera el Almirante dixo que no queria seguir al General y se torno á entrar por el Estrecho y no le vieron mas: y estando solo el Capitan Francisco con su Nao pasó de aquella parte del Estrecho el qual por el Sur está en 53 grados y por la del Norte en 52 ó en cincuenta y dos y medio hacia la tierra incognita y tomo puerto

[1] Asi el origl. Falta alguna cosa pa. completar la oracion.

en cincuenta u quatro grados detras de una Isla, y los vientos que eran muchos los hecharon de allí, y surgieron en otro Puerto en una Isla donde tomaron agua y leña y hallaron muchas yerbas las quales cocian para comer, y una de las dichas yerbas por haver oydo el capitan Francisco que era medicinal, hizo sacar mucho zumo de las hojas della, y la dava en bino á los enfermos que casi lo estavan todos con las piernas hinchadas y las encias y todos sanaron de aquella enfermedad ecepto dos que despues murieron : estando surtos y en este Puerto les dio una grande tormenta que les quebró un cable y le perdieron con el una ancla, y se fueron en cincuenta y seis grados donde hallaron una Isla muy buena donde surgieron y tomaron agua y leña y algunas yerbas que conocian, y allí hallaron unas canoas sin gente, y volviendose de allí en cincuenta y cinco grados hallaron una Isla toda cubierta de Patos y se proveyeron de carne dellos, y teniendo buen viento recio vinieron sin tomar tierra ni vella hasta la Isla de la Mocha en Chile que esta en treinta y ocho grados y antes de tomalla teniendo mucha tormenta y no viendo tierra en muchos dias tuvieron sospecha si andando entre aquellas Islas del Estrecho se havian tornado á la mar del Norte hasta que vieron la dicha Isla de la Mocha, y allí surgieron al abrigo de la Isla, y queriendo ir por agua embiaron dos hombres con dos barriles, y estandolos hinchendo en un arroyo los quisieron tomar los Indios y ellos huyeron y se fueron á la mar en un Batel y los prendieron los Indios y hirieron á todos los del batel con muchas flechas, aunque no les entraban mucho, y al Capitan Francisco que estava en el dicho Batel le hirieron tambien en la cabeza y en el rostro, y murieron dos ó tres de los del dicho Batel, y los dos se quedaron en tierra que no supieron mas dellos, y con esto se fueron de allí, y pasaron mas adelante donde hallaron unos Indios, y preguntandoles si havian visto por allí algun Navío, por si era alguno de los suyos, les dixeron que mas atras en el Puerto de Santiago estava un Navío y volvió á el y viendole entrar creyeron los del Navío que eran españoles y les aparejaron algun refresco y regalos, y llegados al dicho Navío le tomó y el oro que tenia y otra hacienda, y dos Marineros que estavan dentro y haviendole sacado el oro y la hacienda y pasadolo á su Navío, el Capitan Francisco alargó el dicho Navío solo con unas velas tendidas cerca de Lima, haviendo hechado al uno de los dichos Marineros en Arica, y el otro echó en tierra aqui en el Callao, y de Santiago vinieron a Coquinvo y tomaron agua y leña y allí los españoles mataron á un Ingles de un Arcabuzazo que estava en tierra tomando agua y de Coquimbo salieron á otro Puerto que no lo save el nombre, y allí

dentro del Navío que havian tomado en Santiago hicieron una Lancha con madera que traian labrada de Inglaterra, y tardaron en hacerla un mes, y hecha la hecharon al agua y con los dos Navíos y la lancha se vinieron á morro moreno y tomaron pescado de los Indios, y de allí vinieron á unos Pueblos de los Indios veinte leguas de Arica y saltando en tierra creyendo los de tierra que no eran estrangeros, aguardaron, y tomaron dos Españoles y ciertos carneros de la tierra y varras y traxo uno de los dichos Españoles para que le mostrase el Puerto de Arica, y entraron en Arica donde hallaron dos Navíos y los tomaron con obra de quarenta barras y algun bino, y queriendo saltar en tierra pareciendoles que tendrian ya escondida la hacienda, y que el Corregidor que allí estava aguardando á caballo no dexaria de matar alguno, les pareció no saltar, y siguió este parecer el Capitan Francisco, y echó en tierra uno de los que tomó en Santiago, y otro de los que tomó cerca de Arica, que eran corzos, y dexó allí uno de los Navíos, y un Marinero Ingles quemó el otro contra la voluntad del Capitan : y de Arica vinieron á repicripa al Puerto della donde estava un Navío y oyeron decir que havia en él muchas Barras y que el mesmo dia las havian sacado, y asi no hallaron nada dentro, y llevó el Navío consigo el qual y el que traxo de Sant Tiago los dexó en la mar las velas tendidas, porque en ellos no los siguiesen porque eran buenos veleros. Y llegando aquí por ser tarde dada la ora cesó la Audiencia y el reo fue mandado volver á su carcel, y se le mandó al Alcayde que le quitase los grillos, los quales traxo quando entró preso, y no se le havian quitado ; y se le mando al dicho Juan Drac tenga silencio en su carcel, y no de voces, ni haga estruendo ni ruido, que se pueda oir fuera de la carcel, so pena que sera gravemente castigado ; prometiolo, Pasó antemi, Geronimo de Eugui, Secretario.

En la Ciudad de Los Reyes Nueve dias del mes de Enero de mil é quinientos y ochenta y siete años el Señor Inquisidor Licenciado Antonio Gutierrez de Vlloa estando en su Audiencia de la mañana mandó traer á ella de las dichas carceles al dicho Joan Drac, y siendo presente le fue dicho que so cargo del juramento que tiene fecho diga verdad y prosiga en lo que iva diciendo quando salieron del Puerto de Arequipa.

Audiencia.

Dixo : que haviendo dexado los dos Navíos con las velas tendidas el dia antes de la noche que entraron en el Callao toparon un barco de ropa y pasageros que havian salido del, y visto que

no tenia oro ni plata le dexaron y tomó del barco un Marinero Portugues que entiende era el Piloto del dicho barco y le metió el Capitan Francisco dentro de su Galeon y á lo que entiende este confesante fue para que le metiese dentro del Puerto del Callao; y viniendo entre la tierra firme y la Isla hallaron poca agua que entendieron haver encallado, y creyendo el Capitan Francisco que el Portugues lo havia hecho maliciosamente le amenazó que le cortaria la cabeza y se hicieron hacia la Isla y entraron en el Puerto, y quando entravan iva entrando tambien otro Navío, y surgieron ambos juntos, y preguntandose el uno al otro que de donde venian, el otro dixo que venia de Panamá, y el Capitan Francisco hizo á los Españoles que trahia dixesen que era Navío de Chile, y hizo entrar en la lanca[1] veinte ó treinta hombres, y el en el vatel con seis ó siete y se fueron á los demas Navíos y les cortaron los cables, y á lo que entiende este confesante fue porque estando desamarrados, con el viento saliesen del Puerto y tomallos para que despues por rescate dellos le diesen al Capitan Ingles que decian estava preso en Lima, que á lo que haoido decir se llamava el Capitan Juan Oxnem : y el viento calmó y los Navíos se estuvieron quedos, y no haviendo hallado en ellos oro ni plata acudieron al Navío que havia venido de Panamá con la lancha y pelearon con los del Navío, y no le pudieron tomar, y mataron un Ingles llamado Thomas, y el capitan Francisco visto que se havian defendido se fue á su Navío y disparó una pieza contra el Navío de Panamá y le pasó por entrambos costados sin matar á nadie, y visto aquello los del Navío se fueron á tierra con el batel, y le dexaron solo, y embio tras el batel para tomarle, y no pudo sino á un hombre que se hecho á la mar que le parece era mestizo y le metió en su Navío y tomó el Navío de Panamá que havia quedado solo, y luego huvo mucha grita en tierra, y repicaron las campanas, diciendo : Franceses : y esta grita se comenzó de un batel que iva á avisar, y llegandose á bordo vieron las piezas que temieron, y haciendose atras dixeron : FRANCESES : y toda aquella noche estuvieron en calma aunque la corriente les hecho fuera del Puerto, y esotro dia vieron salir del Callao tras ellos dos ó tres Navíos y una lancha, y viendo esto el Capitan FRANCISCO, mandó pasar á su Navío la gente que havia metido en el de Panamá para si hoviesen de pelear, y dexó en el dicho Navío de Panamá al Marinero que traxo de Chile que se llamava Juan Griego, y al Flamenco que tomó en Arica y al mestizo del Callao, y con esto se fue su derrota y sin tomar otro Puerto fueron á Payta donde tomaron un barco que

[1] Debe ser *Lancha*.

allí estava surto, y dexó el barco y llevo un hombre del para que le avisarse de los baxos que havia, y llegando al Cabo de San Francisco hallaron otro barco en que iban unos Frayles, y tambien le tomó echando la gente en tierra que estava cerca con el batel excepto al Señor del Navío y al Escrivano que era su sobrino y á unos Negros, y haviendo tomado el oro que hallaron, y diciendo el Escrivano que no havia mas, dixeron los Negros que si, y el Capitan Francisco hizo colgar al Escrivano de una Polea por la garganta, para que dixese si havia mas oro, y dixo que no lo havia y que mentian los Negros y asi no hallaron mas y dexo al Escrivano y llevó el Navío tras si hasta que vió el Navío de San [1] Juan de Anton el qual descubrio como de tres leguas, y para le tomar porque no se recatase hizo que no le seguia, y para que no anduviese su Navío colgó del muchos cabos y colchones que iban arrastrando y baxando las velas llevando la lancha encubierta en el costado del Navío y á la nochecer se vino hacia el San Juan de Antona y se hablaron, y diciendo los Españoles que estaban en el Navío del Capitan Francisco, por su mandado, que era el Navío de Miguel Angel, dixo San Juan de Antona que no podia ser porque el le havia dexado bacio en el Callao, y les dixo que amainasen [2] en nombre del Rey, y el Capitan Francisco les dixo: que amainasen ellos en nombre de la Reyna de Inglaterra, y les tiró una pieza con que les llevo la Mezana, é hirieron de un flechazo á San Juan de Antona, y amainaron y les tomaron el Navío con mucha plata y le llevaron consigo tres dias hasta que succediendo calma pasaron la plata al Navío de Francisco, y dexaron al de San Juan de Anton,[1] y la gente del y la demas que prendieron en el camino desde Payta, y continuando su derrota fueron á la Isla del cano, y allí surgió y dió lado [2] al Navío para le limpiar; y estando allí pasó un barco que venia de Nicaragua cargado de Maiz y Zarzaparrilla y le tomó con la Lancha, aunque pelearon un poco con la lancha, y dexando la gente de este barco en la lancha para en que se fuesen, les tomaron el barco, y un Piloto de los que en el ivan que heran tres ó quatro, haviendo estado 8 ó 9 dias en la dicha Isla se partieron y en el golfo del Papagayo antes de llegar á él encontraron un Navío de Mexico en que iva Don Francisco de Zarate y del tomaron ciertos paños y vizcocho, y porque el Navío era ruin quiso el Capitan Francisco ahorcar al Piloto porque avia en el á un cavallero como Don Francisco, y los dias que allí le tuvo, el Capitan Francisco le

[1] Unas veces dice *Anton* y otras *Antona*.
[2] Dar lado por dar a la vanda.

regaló á su mesa, y les dexo ir con el Navío y gente y metió en él al Piloto del otro Navío que havia tomado antes, y deste Navío de Don Francisco tomó un Marinero que se llamava Juan Pasqual, y de allí se fueron al Puerto le Guatulco donde hallaron un Navío, y en el barco que llevava hizo saltar gente en tierra y prendió á un Juez que allí estava en tierra, y á un clerigo y otros, y los trageron al Navío; y haviendo tomado agua y leña y algunos paños del dicho Navío y un Negro soltaron la gente y con ellos al Piloto Portugues Silvestre que prendió antes de llegar al Estrecho y se fueron, y de allí tomaron el rumbo de Norueste y Nor norueste, y anduvieron mil leguas hasta altura de quarenta y quatro grados, siempre á la bolina y despues bolvieron vientos y se fue á las Californias y descubrio tierra en quarenta y ocho grados, y allí saltó en tierra é hicieron ranchos, y estuvieron mes y medio aderezando el Navío y los mantenimientos que tenian heran mexillones y Lobos, y en este tiempo vinieron allí muchas veces Indios, y viendo los Ingleses lloravan y se sacavan sangre con las unas, de la cara como que les hacian reverencia y adoravan: y por señas el capitan Francisco les dixo, que no hiciesen aquello porque ellos no eran Dios; y siempre estuvieron de paz sin les hacer daño, aunque no les dieron comida, y es gente de la color de estos Indios, bien dispuestos y traen sus arcos y flechas, y andan desnudos, y es tierra templada mas fria que caliente, muy buena tierra á la vista, y aqui aderezó el Navío suyo grande y dexó el de Nicaragua que havia tomado, y se fue, quedando los Indios tristes, á lo que parecia, y de aqui fue solo con el dicho Navío enderezando la derrota hacia los malucos, y por ocasion de las corrientes que le estorvaron, volvió su derrota hacia la China antes de llegar á la linea grado y medio, y fueron de allí á la Isla de los Ladrones que estan en nueve grados, y allí vinieron muchos Indios con Pescado, y lo dieron á trueco de cuentas y de otras cosillas, y salieron estos Indios con canoas muy bien hechas y sus remos cortos, y remavan muy bien, y venian desnudos y traian sus dardos y piedras; y las cuentas y cosas que les davan en rescate se las tomavan los unos á los otros, y se quedava con ello el que mas podia, y sobre ello reñian siempre, y se fueron á una Isla grande llamada Bosney, y aqui tomaron leña y agua y fueron hacia los Malucos, y en el camino encontraron un Navío al qual pidieron bastimentos diciendo que eran Ingleses y que dellos tenian necesidad que se los vendiesen ó que se los tomarian, y los del dicho Navío no se los quisieron dar, diciendoles que eran Luteranos, y los siguieron aquel dia y noche y parte de otro dia sin los poder alcanzar, y se metieron en unos baxios donde

no ozó entrar el Capitan Francisco, y así los dexo y se fue, y nunca entendieron que gente fuese, si eran Portugueses ó de otra Nacion, y de allí fueron á otra Isla, y tomo della dos ó tres Indios para que le dixesen el camino de los Malucos, y los llevaron consigo hasta que llegaron allá, y en una Isla un mestizo Portugues les prometio que les llevaria donde les diesen bastimentos y queriendo yr con el llegó al Navío un Moro Cavallero en su traxe, con una cadena que parecia de oro al cuello y mas llaves puestas en una cadenilla de Plata y haviendo preguntado por el Capitan y savido que queria hir con el Portugues para que le diese los bastimentos, le dixo el Moro que no fuesen con el Portugues que eran gente engañosa, sino que se fuesen con él á donde estava su Rey y les darian lo que oviesen menester, y asi se fueron con el á una Isla llamada Terrenate donde estava el Rey y allí hablaron con el Rey el qual con unas Galeras que usan allá le hizo pasar el Navío á otro Puerto donde havia una fortaleza, y les dieron bastimentos y especias clavo á trueco de lienzos y otras cosas, y no les dieron oro ni plata: y el Rey moro ofrecio al Capitan Francisco la Isla porque dixeron los Ingleses que su Rey era hermano del Rey de España y ellos parientes de los Españoles: y aunque el Rey le rogó que saliese en tierra á verse con el y embió en rehenes á un hermano suyo, los Ingleses no dexaron salir al Capitan Francisco sino embiole otros Ingleses principales y le ofrecio que si tuviese necesidad del, le vendria á ayudar y servir, y con esto se fueron de aquella tierra. Y llegando aqui por ser tarde dada la hora cesó la Audiencia, y dixo que aquel Rey decia mucho bien de Magallanes y de los Españoles, y que si fuesen por aquella tierra los servirian y se la darian; y con esto fue mandado llevar á su carcel—Pasó antemi, Geronimo de Eugui, Secretario.

El Rey de Terrenate hablaba muy bien de Magallanes y de los Espanoles.

En la Ciudad de Los Reyes Nueve Dias

del mes de Enero de mil é quinientos y ochenta y siete años, el Señor Inquisidor Licenciado Gutierrez de Vlloa estando en su Audiencia de la tarde mandó traer á ella de las dichas carcelas al dicho Juan Drac, y siendo presente le fue dicho que diga verdad so cargo del juramento que tiene fecho, y prosiga en lo que iba diciendo esta mañana.

Audiencia.

Dixo que salidos de la tierra de la Isla de Terrenate, fueron entre muchas Islas de una parte y otra, á una Isla que llamaron de Cangrejos porque hallaron muchos en tierra, y allí crian sin entrar

en la mar, y allí tambien hallaron muchas Langostas tambien de tierra, hera carne muy sabrosa de comer, y aqui estuvieron un mes, y no havia agua en esta Isla, y de ella se proveian de otra Isla que allí cerca havia poblada no save de que gente, que no los vieron de cerca, y era Isla grande : y en la dicha Isla de Cangrejos dexaron una Negra y dos Negros, que la Negra tomaron del Navío de Don Francisco de Zarate, y los dos Negros tomaron en Payta y en Gratulco : y de allí caminaron por entre muchas Islas y en unos baxos encalló el Navío y estuvo encallado veinte oras, y alixaron todo lo que no era plata y salió el Navío, y despues entre muchas Islas y baxios fueron navegando hasta una Isla muy poblada de Indios á la qual los dichos Indios llamavan Baratina, y allí tomaron muchas frutas de la tierra, y los Indios eran muchos y de la manera destos de acá, y gente que mostravan tenerse mucha amistad los unos con los otros, y aqui estuvieron ocho dias, y está la dicha Isla en cinco grados á la parte del Sur : y de allí fueron saliendo de entre las Islas y caminaron hasta siete grados á las espaldas de la Isla de Xava Mayor y allí salieron dos Reyes y otra mucha gente y les dieron algunos bastimentos en trueco de algunas mercaderias, y mostraron tener contento de la venida de los Ingleses, y estos Indios eran de color mas blanco que los Indios de acá, y eran gente vestido de unas camisas, y en espacio de un mes que estuvieron alli vinieron hasta nueve Reyes y todos entraron en el Navío uno á uno y dos á dos, y holgavan mucho con la musica y banquetes que les davan los Ingleses, y de allí sin tocar tierra vinieron hasta el Cavo de Buena Esperanza en treinta y cinco grados á la banda del Sur, y no surgió en tierra porque no hallo Puerto ni el viento le dio lugar para ello, y pasó adelante doblando el cabo y llegó al cerro de Leon en Guinea que es mill leguas de Buena Esperanza y está en siete grados de la vanda del Norte, y allí tomaron agua, y desde allí sin tocar en ninguna otra parte fueron á Inglaterra y tomaron el mesmo Puerto de Plemu de donde havian salido tres años havia, y le parece que llegaron allí por el mes de Octubre del año siguiente que estuvieron en esta costa, y llegados á Plemu tomó lengua de unos Pescadores de como estava la Reyna, y supo que tenia salud, y que en Plemu havia mucha pestilencia y no saltó en tierra, y al Navío le fue á ver su Muger, y el Alcalde del Pueblo, y despachó de allí un correo á la Reyna que estava en Londres sesenta leguas de allí, dandole aviso de su venida, y escrivió á otros personages de la corte los quales le avisaron como la Reyna estava desgraciada con el, porque por la via del Perú y de España havia savido ya del robo que havia hecho, y el Embaxador de

España estava allí que decian que pedia lo que havia tomado, y con esto se salió del Puerto de Plemu con el Navío, y tras una Isla aguardó hasta que la Reyna le embió á decir que fuese á la corte, y llevase algunas muestras de sus travajos, y que no se temiese de nada, y con esto se fue á la corte por tierra llevando ciertos caballos cargados de oro y plata, y lo demás dexó en guarda en Plemu en casa de un hombre principal de allí: y este confesante no fue con el aquella vez, que se quedó en Plemu; y la Reyna mandó que repartiese quarenta mil pesos entre la gente del Navío, y que todo lo demás lo llevase á la corte, y asi se hizo; y no save este confesante si el dicho Capitan Francisco dexó algo dello en su casa, y quando lo llevó fue en el Navío mesmo, porque la Reyna quizo ver el Navío; y llegado á Londres metieron la plata en una Torre y sacaron el Navío en tierra y dixo la Reyna que le havia de hacer una casa donde estuviese guardado por memoria, y que al Capitan Francisco le llamo Ser Francisco que es lo mismo que Don, y le recivió bien con mucha honra, y huvo dia que hablo con la Reyna nueve veces, que decian las gentes que nadie havia gozado de tanta honra; y esta vez fue este confesante a la corte con el dicho Capitan, y en espacio de un año que este confesante estuvo en Inglaterra, unas veces se decia que la Reyna queria volver la hacienda al Rey de España, y otras que havia de embiar la persona del Capitan Francisco, y otras diferentes cosas, y nunca se efectuó nada: y á este confesante solo le dieron unos bestidos. Y estando allí en Londres un cavallero de mar trató con ciertos mercaderes de hacer un viage á la China, y asentar allí una fatoria, y porque los mercaderes davan comision igual á otro, no quiso ir: y otro caballero llamado Eduarte Fonton se ofrecio á hacer el viage, y porque no tenia esperiencia de las cosas de la mar los mercaderes pidieron al consejo y el consejo al Capitan Francisco que les diese algunas personas de la que havian ido con el [1] el viaje, y el Capitan Francisco les dió el Maestre de su Navío que se llamava Thomas Gult, y al contramaestre llamado Thomas Blacola que quiere decir collar negro, y á este confesante, y tambien se ofrecio de su voluntad venir en el dicho viaje un sobrino de Juan Haquines llamado Guillen Aquines que tambien fue el dicho viaje con el Capitan Francisco; y concertado el negocio salieron del Puerto de Anton quatro Navíos, dos grandes y dos pequeños de que iba por General el dicho Eduart Fonton, y por Almirante Lucuart,—

Concierto para el 2o. viaje.

[1] Aqui falta *en*.

y de uno de los Navíos pequeños que seria de quarenta Toneladas era capitan este confesante, y del otro no se acuerda del nombre del capitan, y la capitana era de quinientos toneladas, y llevava cincuenta tiros de hierro colado, y la Almirante treinta y seis, y los dos Navíos pequeños treinta y seis piezas; y de Anton vinieron á Plemu y salieron á principio de Junio del año de 1582 y tocaron en las Canarias y en la tercera y no pudieron tomar agua porque estava la mar alta, y siguieron su viaje hacia el cavo de buena Esperanza, y porque en la Linea hallaron los vientos contrarios, no pudieron pasar, y volvieron al cerro de Leon, y allí estuvieron un mes, y tomaron agua y leña, y compraron ciertos bastimentos y negros de unos Portugueses que allí estavan, y les dieron en trueco paños, y uno de los Navíos pequeños que llevavan que era algo viejo, y con los otros tres pasaron adelante y pasaron la linea, y hallaron vientos y corrientes contrarios que estorvaron proseguir el viaje por aquel rumbo, y asi vinieron á la costa del Brasil á un Puerto llamado Don Rodrigo á donde hicieron agua y leña con propósito de buscar el cabo de Buena-Esperanza, y estando allí en el Puerto de Don Rodrigo pasó un barco y el General embió á este confesante en su Navío con el Almirante y el Capitan Nicolas Pan para que tomasen aquel barco y se lo traxesen, y este confesante fue y lo tomó haviendole hecho amainar, y hallo en él á Fray Juan de Riba de Neyra y á otros cinco Frayles del orden de Sant Francisco, y á Don Francisco de Vera que ahora esta en el Paraguay, y los traxeron al General el qual le preguntó por algun Puerto á donde pudiesen tomar bastimento para su largo viaje, y por la armada que habia ido al Estrecho, de la qual tuvieron noticia en Inglaterra porque no querian encontrarse con ella sino seguir su viaje, y le respondieron que la armada estava en el Estrecho, y havia quatro meses que pasó por allí, y que en quanto á bastimentos que no le hallarian hasta el Rio de la Plata que estava ducientas leguas adelante ó Sant Vicente que es ducientas leguas mas atras; y regalaron á los Frayles los dias que allí los detuvieron, y les dexaron ir libremente en su Navío, y al Don Francisco, tomando del un Ingles que llevavan para que les mostrase el Rio de la Plata, y un Portugues que de su voluntad se quiso quedar é ir en uno de los Navíos; y porque Fray Juan de Ribadeneira les dixo que en el Rio de la Plata en Buenos Ayres havia un pueblo de Españoles que tenian muchos bastimentos y necesidad de ropa para vestirze, fueron alla todos tres Navíos, y al medio camino haviendo el General preguntado al Marinero Ingles si podria entrar en el Rio de la Plata

Expedicion de Sarmiento al Estrecho.

el respondio unas veces que si, y otras que tenia muchos baxios, el General no se quizo fiar del, y llamando á consejo propuso que pues los mercaderes de Inglaterra no cumplieron con el en darle bastimentos por dos años como estava concertado, que el tampoco no tenia obligacion de cumplir, y que queria volverze al Brasil, y haviendo en esto diversos pareceres, este confesante se determinó con la gente de su Navío que eran diez y siete personas y un muchacho de ir al Rio de la Plata, y entrar por ser Navío más pequeño para tomar bastimentos y seguir su viaje, y asi fue al Rio de la Plata dexando al Capitan General y al Almirante, y llegando este confesante al Rio de la plata con su Navío suvio Rio arriba con el como veinte leguas, y temiendo los baxos que le havian dicho havia hacia Buenos-Ayres, quisieron meterse en un Rio que allí estava, y yendo allá dieron en una peña que estava cubierta con el agua, y de aquella peña en otra y otras, y aunque el Navío hera fuerte se rompio, y aquella noche y otro dia con el batel salieron las personas sacando algunas armas y los bestidos todos mojados; y llegando aqui por ser tarde dada la ora cesó la Audiencia, y el Reo fue mandado volver á su carcel—Pasó antemi, Geronimo de Eugui, Secretario.

En la Ciudad de Los Reyes Diez Dias del mes de Enero de mil é quinientos y ochenta y siete años, el Señor Inquisidor Licenciado Antonio Gutierrez de Vlloa, estando en la Audiencia de la mañana mandó traer á ella de las carceles al dicho Juan Drac, y siendo presente le fue dicho que prosiga en el discurso que va diciendo, y so cargo del juramento que tiene hecho diga verdad.

Audiencia.

Dixo: que haviendo saltado en tierra como salieron mojados hicieron fuego para enjugar los bestidos, y al humo acudieron como cien Indios, y traian por armas unas cuerdas de braza y media, y al un cabo de la cuerda atada una bola de piedra como el puño, y al otro cabo de la cuerda una pluma para guiar, y por señas les dixeron que se fuesen con ellos que no les harian mal, y haviendo andado como media legua la tierra adentro, uno de los Marineros trahia una hacha de cortar leña, y se la quitó un Indio, y el Marinero que era el Lombardero vino á quejarse al Ricart maestre, que es el que vino preso en compañia de este confesante, y le dixo que le havian quitado los Indios la hacha, y tambien le querian quitar los vestidos, y el dicho Ricart fue al Indio que havia tomado la hacha, y echando mano á la Espada le dio un espaldarazo de lleno,

por lo qual los Indios se enojaron y dixeron á los Ingleses que se sentasen allí ; y pareciendoles á los Ingleses que era mejor defenderse que dexarse prender y matar, se pusieron en defensa para volverse al batel, y los Indios los fueron siguiendo y peleando, é hirieron muchos de los Ingleses con aquellas bolas, y este confesante con un Arcabuz hirio á dos Indios, y los demas Indios llegaron primero al Batel y le quitaron los remos que no dexaron sino uno, y los Ingleses se entraron en el Batel ecepto dos que quedavan muertos y el muchacho que quedava herido y preso, y haviendo entrado en el Batel como todos ivan heridos y maltratados se dexaron caer á una banda y trastornaron el batel, y allí en el agua entraron los Indios y tomaron á los Ingleses por los cabellos y les dieron muchos palos en las cabezas hasta que los aturdieron y los llevaron presos desnudandoles, aunque á algunos dexaron con los zaraguelles, y despues sacaron los Indios el batel en tierra y lo quemaron para sacarle los clavos, y á los Ingleses que estavan muy heridos los mataron ; de esta manera, que vinieron muchas mugeres y cantavan y bailavan al derredor de los muchos ranchos donde estavan los Ingleses presos, que cada uno tenian en un rancho de por si, y quando llegaron al rancho donde estavan aquellos que havian de matar los sacaron á una plaza que los ranchos hacian, y estando hincados de rodillas, y puestas las manos, no save este confesante si los Indios los mandaron poner de aquella manera, ó los Ingleses lo hicieron de suyo, baylavan las mujeres al derredor, y un Indio viejo dio á los dichos Ingleses con un palo en las cabezas que los derribo, y luego las mugeres les dieron con unos garrotes que traian por las cabezas hasta que los mataron y los dexaron allí en el campo, y mudaron los ranchos en otra parte, y en treze meses que estuvo este confesante y todos los demas Ingleses captivos, entre estos dichos Indios murieron de enfermedad cinco, y anduvieron con ellos de unas partes á otras sirviéndose los Indios de los Ingleses, y en este tiempo se huyo el Lombardero, y al cavo de onze dias volvio á los mismos Indios andando perdido, y despues se huyó Ricart y fue á dar con otros Indios pescadores que le recogieron ; y despues se huyo este confesante y otros dos compañeros, y en catorce dias que anduvieron por la playa del Rio con mucha necesidad y hambre llegaron á los Pescadores, y sin saverlo hallaron allí á Ricart y á otro dos Españoles, que el uno havia doze años que estava allí captivo entre los Indios, y se hallava bien entre ellos y le regalavan, y el otro era de los que fueron en la Armada á Chile, que por salir á tierra á buscar frutas le havian captivado, y haviendo estado allí como mes y medio fueron los Indios Rio arriba y el

Ricart pudo tomar una canoa en la qual el y este confesante y el dicho Tomas Ingles se huyeron y atravesaron el Rio con mucho peligro que estuvieron muchas veces en punto de anegarze, y tenia el Rio por allí de travesia veinte leguas las quales anduvieron en un dia y una noche porque la canoa andava mucho con una vela de un pellejo que llevava, y pasados de la otra parte fueron caminando hasta que toparon un camino con rastro de caballos, y le siguieron hasta unas chacaras [1] donde hallaron cogido ya trigo y maiz y frisoles, y en la una dellas hallaron tres Indios criados de los Españoles que regalaron á este confesante y á sus compañeros, y los llevaron al Pueblo de Buenos Ayres que estava de allí quatro leguas, y antes que llegasen, porque ya havian dado noticia dellos los Indios de las chacaras, les embiaron los vecinos del Pueblo bestidos con que se vistieron y llegados los recivieron y repartieron en sus cases, y les hicieron buen tratamiento, y este confesante temiendo, no declaró que era sobrino del capitan Francisco, sino que hera un soldado, hasta que despues vino un Navío del Brasil en el qual venia el Ingles Marinero que havian tomado del barco de Fray Juan de Ribadeneyra en [2] el qual estava casado en el Paraguay en el Pueblo de la Asumpcion y se llama Juan Perez, y conoció á este confesante y declaró ser sobrino del capitan Francisco, y dio razon como era de los Ingleses que tomaron el barco del dicho Fray Juan de Ribadeneyra, y estavan allí tambien dos de los Frayles que yvan con el dicho Rivadeneyra y este confesante estuvo allí en Buenos Ayres en casa de Don Ximenez veinte dias y llegó Alonso de Vera que hera Capitan y lo sacó de allí para llevarlos á la Asumpcion, y fueron con el todos tres, y allí hallaron al General Juan de Torres Navarrese, y el Administrador Ecclico que allí estava mandó que no hablasen con este confesante ni los demas Ingleses hasta que el les hablase, y les tomó la confesion preguntandoles los Articulos de la Fe, y si creian todo lo que pertenece y manda la Santa Madre Iglesia de Roma, y este confesante dixo que si, y les dio licencia para que pudiesen oyr Misa, y reclamando la gente que aquello no se hiciese, pues que este confesants habia venido con el Capitan Francisco ; y asi el dicho Administrador puso á este confesante y al Richart en una hermita mandandole que no comunicase con nadie sino con el hermitaño que era natural de Segovia que se llamava Juan de Espinosa, y con un Ingles que servia á la hermita que era conquistador del Paraguay, y estuvieron

[1] Chacaras, Casas de Campo ó Quintas.

[2] Sobra este *en*.

en la dicha hermita de esta manera mas de un año, aunque el Richart salia algunas veces á dar la Industria de un Navío que allí mandava hacer el General, y solo comunicó este confesante en este tiempo con el dicho hermitaño, y el Ingles que se llamava Juan de Rute, el qual havia quarenta años que estava en la tierra, y no savia ya hablar Ingles. Y llegando aqui por ser tarde dada la hora cesó la Audiencia, y el Rio fue mandado volver á su carcel—Pasó ante-mi, Geronimo de Eugui, Secretario.

Hallase copia del tiempo de este discurso en el Archivo Genl. de Indias de Sevilla, entre los Papeles trahidos de Simcas. Leg. l°. de Descripc^{s}. y Poblac^{s}.—Confrontose en 6 de Mayo de 1793.—Martin Fern^{z}. de Navarrete.

APPENDIX II

T. 26. D. No. 22. TRANSLATION.

YEAR 1587

STORY AND ACCOUNT OF THE CASE OF CAPTAIN JOHN DRAKE, AN ENGLISHMAN

IN the city of Los Reyes, Thursday, the eighth day of the month of January, 1587, the Inquisitor Licentiate Antonio Gutierrez de Ulloa, sitting in his court in the morning, ordered to be brought to it from the secret prisons of the Holy Office here a man who had been brought a prisoner to them, who appeared and swore in due form of law to speak the truth, both in that court and in all other courts which might be held with him, until the final conclusion of that case, and stated that his name was John Drake (Joan Drac) a native of Tavistock in England in the county of Devon, two and twenty or three and twenty years of age, holding no other employment than that which he had exercised when going to sea with his first cousin Captain Francis Drake, an Englishman, and that people generally call the deponent a nephew of the said Captain Francis, and that he entered these prisons five or six days ago and declared his genealogy in the following form.

Account given by John Drake (Juan Drak) an Englishman, being a prisoner at Lima, of the voyage made by his cousin Francis Drake to the Southern Sea by the Straits of Magellan in the year 1580 until his return to England: and of another voyage made by General Edward Fenton (Edwart Fonton) of the same nation to the coasts of Brazil and the Rio de la Plata in the year 1582.

FATHER AND MOTHER

Robert Drake (Roberto Drac) and Anna Drake (Ana Drach) natives of Tavistock, that his said Father is dead and that he left his Mother alive, and that his Father was a gentleman (cavallero) and lived on his farm in the said place.

Paternal Grandparents

John Drake (Joan Drac) and his Grandmother Margari, both dead, and that they lived a mile from Tavistock and also lived on their farm, and that they were well-born (gente noble).

Maternal Grandparents

Luxmo (? for Luxmore) and that he does not remember the name of his Grandmother, who died when the deponent was a child, and that his said Grandfather is also dead, and that they were natives of Tavistock (spelt Taueistoc in this case) or of that neighbourhood.

Uncles, Brothers of his Father

John Drake, and another John Drake, and Edmond Drake (Juan Drac y otro Juan Drac y Edmon Drac), and the younger of the said John Drakes is alive and the others are dead, and that they were married, and that the said Captain Francis Drake is the son of the said Edmond Drake, and that he (the deponent) had two or three aunts, and that he does not remember their names beyond this, that one of them was called Anna (Ana) and that they are dead, and that the said Captain Francis Drake has another brother, who always accompanies him, named Thomas Drake, who must be about thirty years of age and is unmarried, and the said Captain Francis is married in London to a lady named Mary (Maria) and they live in a house belonging to them called Buckland (boclan), a little more than two leagues from Plemo (*sic*),[1] and that he understands that the said Mary is a native of London, and that they have no children, and that they have been married for more than seventeen years.

Uncles, Brothers of his Mother

Peter Luxmore (Pedro Luxmo), who is dead and who was never married and had no children, and that he died when a soldier in Ireland.

His Own Brothers and Sisters

Dorothy (Darte), who was a girl when he left her, and that he had another brother and sister, children, named John and Elizabeth (Isabel), and that they are dead.

[1] Thus in the original: without doubt for Plymouth.

Wife and Children

He declared that he is not married and has no children.

When asked he declared that he is a Christian, baptised, and that he does not remember if he has been confirmed, and that he confessed in this kingdom in Paraguay to Friar Francisco de Torres, of the Order of St. Francis, and that he also confessed to another monk, a Dominican, whose name he does not remember, and that on the one occasion he confessed in Santa Fé and on the other in Asumpcion, and that he did not communicate on either of these occasions, and that before then he communicated, he does not know how often, when he went to sea, and that the manner in which the communion was made was that one who is called a priest (sacerdote), who must belong to the Protestants, which is the same thing as that which is called here a Lutheran, takes a piece of bread and divides it across many times and makes small pieces of it, with which he performs certain ceremonies and repeats words which, he believes, are from the Gospel, and gives to each one of those who communicate one of these small pieces of bread, saying : Take this in remembrance of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, as well as other words which he does not remember, and afterwards he gives them a little of the wine, saying to them : Take and drink this which is the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee, and other words which he does not remember ; and that in this way the deponent communicated on the said ship, and that on the ship on which the deponent arrived there was no priest, and that they met on the Captain's ship to communicate, and that he does not remember having seen his companion Richard communicate, who was first seaman on the Captain's ship (primero marinero de la Capitana) and who afterwards became Master of the ship in which the deponent arrived, and that he does not remember having communicated in England, because no communion is made there until people are eighteen or twenty years old, and that when they communicated on the said ship the said priest ordered them to retire to some secret place and there to confess to God in whatever they might have offended against the Ten Commandments : if they had stolen, &c., &c., and that they should repent of it and that God pardoned them, and that the deponent acted accordingly two or three times, and that he does not remember whether he ever communicated in this way when sailing in the ship of Captain Francis.

He was told to kneel down and make the sign of the cross and to repeat the prayers of the Church : he made the sign of the

cross when on his knees and repeated the Pater Noster and Ave Maria, Credo and Salve Regina in good vernacular Spanish, and repeated the Ten Commandments of the Law of God and the five Commandments of our Holy Mother the Church and the seven Sacraments, also in good vernacular Spanish, although in a halting and hesitating way, and said that he did not know Latin.

When asked for the story of his life, he said that he did not know whether he was born in Tavistock or at the distance of a mile from there in the house of his parents, and that when six months old he was taken to the house of his Grandmother Margaret (Margari), and that he was brought up there until he was eight years old, and that after that he remained in the house of his said mother about a year and a half, and that after that when ten years old his cousin, the said Captain Francis, took him with him, and that he continued going with the latter and served him as page and made with him a voyage to Ireland, and that afterwards, when the deponent was fourteen or fifteen years old, he went on a voyage with the said Captain Francis; they sailed from England from the Port of Plymouth with four ships and a small pinnace of seventeen tons, and the said Captain Francis was their commander (General) and the Captains of the two men-of-war (navios de Armada) were John Winter (Joan Huinter) who was the Admiral,[1] and John Thomas, Captain, and that the other ship was for stores and did not carry a captain beyond that there was a chief officer in her whose name was John Gesta (Chester): and there were no soldiers in the pinnace. And the crews of the said ships, soldiers and sailors, numbered a hundred and forty men, and the Flagship [2] (la Capitana) carried eighteen pieces of artillery, and the Vice-Flagship [3] (el Almirante) sixteen, and the other [4] man-of-war carried sixteen, and the store ship carried five pieces and the pinnace carried some culverins (?) (bases) [5] as well as all sorts of arms and four or five different sorts of fireworks, some of these being balls to throw by hand provided with nails in order to fix themselves wherever they fell, arrows to set sails on fire, and to discharge [6] into ships in order to burn them, and fire balls (piezas de fuego) and fireworks of other kinds, of the composition

Voyage of Captain Francis, 1573–5.

[1] In English, Vice-Admiral, second in command.

[2] The *Pelican*.

[3] The *Elizabeth*.

[4] The *Marygold*.

[5] 'Bases' are breech-loading pieces of secondary armament used for arming boats, etc.

[6] Hinchar. Thus in the original. Perhaps echar.

of which the deponent is ignorant, beyond that they were made of powder and that they made some of them before sailing from England and that others were made by the gunners (Lombarderos) in the ship, and that the arquebuses were the weapons of which they made the most use. The expedition was organised by the said Captain Francis, but he does not know by whose order. They left Plymouth at the end of December and the deponent went in the Flagship, serving as page to the said Captain Francis, and the deponent believes that when they left England there were not two men in the expedition who knew where they were going: the deponent himself did not know. The first land which they made (reconocieron) was a small island close to Barbary called Gomodoro: they touched there and built a small pinnace, which the Spaniards call a launch, out of the timber already prepared which they had brought from England. They took nine days to build it, at the end of which they embarked and sailed to Cape Verde, to an island called the Island of Mayo. There they took in water and some goats which they found. The island was inhabited by Portuguese, and they remained there a day or two, and then, without touching at any other port, they made for Rio de la Plata. On the way they fell in with a Portuguese ship which was becalmed, and they took it without any defence being made. There were thirty or forty men in her, passengers, merchants and seamen, and they took the ship and the cargo from them, as well as the pilot, who was a Portuguese named Silvestre, and in order that the Portuguese might go away, the launch was given to them, and Captain Francis with the Portuguese pilot and others went on board the Portuguese ship and sailed in her as far as the river of La Plata and anchored there by Cape Santa Maria on the mainland. They remained there three days taking in water and wood: there was nothing else there because the place was uninhabited, and they then came to a bay called the Bay of Wolves,[1] some hundred leagues before the Straits, and there they took to pieces the store ship they had with them and took part of the wood for firing on account of the great cold. Captain Francis gave the place the name of the Bay of Wolves because of the number of wolves[2] there, and they killed and ate many of them during the month which they remained there. They took

The name of this Silvestre was Nuno de Silva: he was left at the port of Guatulco and there taken by the Inquisitors of New Spain. He was made to do public penance because, from evidence brought against him and on his own con-

[1] Called Port Desire in the English accounts.

[2] They were seals—sea-wolves.

water from a spring which passed between two hills, coming out of a lake which was about a mile from there in which there was a great quantity of different kinds of ducks. And one day they saw some sixty Indians, naked except that some of them wore a short shirt, apparently made of feathers. They had bows and arrows and came to where the English were and talked with them, and they sang and danced all day and all night long and they neither gave, nor offered anything to the English. They were given some wolves' flesh and ate it almost raw: in order to take it they turned their arms and hands as far as they could behind them, and in this manner took what was given them. They came back again for two or three days and at night made a fire on a hill. They were of medium stature, without beards and with long hair over their shoulders, and nothing of what they said could be understood. One day three Indians came up to them, and while Captain Francis was off his guard one of them snatched his cap from his head and ran away. An Englishman wished to fire on him, but the captain told him not to kill a man for the sake of a cap, but to beat him if they caught him. The Indian turned and came back near them, and an Irishman made a grasp at him in order to take him and seized hold of a covering of skins which he wore, and a piece of the covering remained in his hands. The Indian made signs to inquire why this had been done, and he was given an answer by the same means that it was because he had taken away the cap; upon which the Indian turned the point of an arrow against his own legs until he had drawn blood, the Englishmen understanding that he acted in this manner in order to make amends for what he had done. And Captain Francis sailed in his own ship from the River of La Plata, and the Portuguese pilot was also on board the vessel, and they sailed in her from the Bay of Wolves.

fession he had communicated after the manner of the English Lutherans. He excused himself on the ground of force and denied that he had done so intentionally.

On reaching this point, as the hour was late, the Court rose and the prisoner was sent back to his prison.

Before me, GERONIMO DE EUGUI, Secretary.

In the city of Los Reyes, on the eighth day of the month of January, 1587, the Inquisitor Licentiate Antonio Gutierrez de Ulloa, sitting in his court in the afternoon, ordered to be brought to it from the said prisons the said John Drake, who appeared and was told that being on his oath he should speak the truth and continue the story of his life which he had been relating that morning.

He stated that from the Bay of Wolves, which lies in forty-eight degrees of latitude, they sailed to the Bay of San Julian, which is in forty-nine degrees, and, as appears from the map, was thus called by Magellan. It is an uninhabited bay and dangerous at the entrance on account of the shallows, but inside it is very good. From what the deponent has since heard say when they spoke about it, they remained in that port a month and a half. And Captain Francis and others went down the bay, which was large, in a boat in search of water, but did not find any. They saw three young men, giants, two of whom carried bows and arrows and the third, who was a lad, had no arms. They conversed with them by signs and arranged that an Englishman should shoot with the bow which they carried: the giants seemed to be astonished that a small man should shoot so far. The giants also shot, and another giant, an old man, came up and spoke to them as if very angry, and set a small dog which was with him to bite Captain Francis.[1] The bow string broke and the giants approached and inflicted on one of the Englishmen a wound with an arrow which entered at the shoulder and came out at one of his arms. Another man, a Fleming, received a wound in the chest and fell dead on the spot, while the one who was first hit received a second wound in the chest from which he subsequently died. Captain Francis fired a shot with an arquebus at one of the giants, whom they saw fall dead, upon which they retired to the ship. From there they subsequently saw three or four giants together, and at other times two of them together.

While they were in that bay Captain Francis ordered the decapitation of an English gentleman named Thomas Doughty because he incited the men to mutiny. They left the Portuguese vessel in the bay, after taking part of her to pieces for firewood, and the Portuguese pilot went on board the captain's ship. Thus they sailed with three ships, and without stopping they coasted as far as the Straits, which are in fifty-two degrees latitude. There are three small islands at the entrance, and they anchored off one of them and called it Isabel.[2] There were many ducks [3] which did not fly, but which ran away on the ground as fast as they could when the men pursued them. These ducks breed underground in holes and, in the seven days which the expedition remained there, a great slaughter of them was made. From thence they continued their voyage, and some nine or ten leagues farther, about half-way

[1] The original says clearly 'ahotaba,' apparently for 'azuzaba' or 'incitaba.'

[2] Elizabeth Island.

[3] Penguins.

through the Straits, they found another island where they put in because the wind, which was in the North, did not allow them to proceed farther, and in that place Captain Francis and they remained fifteen days trying to pass. At the end of that time the wind changed to the South, which was favourable to them, and they passed (the cape). In those days they saw fires on both sides of the Straits, and there were different opinions as to whether the land on that side of the straits which is called 'incognita' is an island or the mainland. Further on they found an island in the middle of the Straits, so that on both sides of it there was a space of half a league and the channels were very deep, for though they let out the sounding-line they could not touch the bottom. They anchored in a small bay near that island in the terra incognita and took in water and wood; they then continued to navigate the channel, but did not find any other island between that point and the South Sea. From that point onwards the Straits must be about three leagues across in the narrowest part and six leagues in the widest. In the island in the middle of the Straits they found two canoes and took one of them, on which some Indians, who were small and naked, came off from the land and offered Captain Francis some seals' flesh. They returned the canoe to the Indians, but did not take the flesh, as it was not good. All three ships then sailed out into the South Sea. The land along the Straits from the middle as far as the North Sea is all low-lying and flat in most places, and the rest of it from the middle towards the South Sea is very high and mountainous, subject to high winds and storms, and all this country is very cold. They sailed out into the South Sea some fifty leagues, where they met with great storms, and flying before them they came back in sight of the land round the Straits. The next morning one of the ships, the one commanded by John Thomas, did not appear, though all three ships had been together the evening before, and they never knew whether she was lost or what became of her. The storms lasted for some days, when the crew of the other ship, the Vice-flagship, declared that they would not follow the General; they entered the Straits and were not seen any more.

With only his own ship, Captain Francis passed from that part of the Straits which on the Southern side are in 53 degrees and on the Northern in 52 or 52½ degrees towards the terra incognita and took port in 54 degrees behind an island; the high winds drove them from there and they anchored in another bay in an island, where they took in water and wood. There were many plants there

which they cooked and ate, and as Captain Francis had heard that one of these plants was medicinal, he had the juice extracted from the leaves and gave it in wine to the men who were ill. Almost all the latter had swollen legs and gums, and all recovered from the illness except two, who subsequently died.

While they were at anchor in that port a great storm struck them and broke a cable, so that they lost it as well as an anchor. They proceeded to 56 degrees, where they found an island, a very good place, where they anchored and took in water and wood and some plants which they knew. There they found some canoes, but no people with them. Returning to 55 degrees they found an island quite covered with ducks,[1] with the flesh of which they provisioned themselves. Then, with a strong wind in their favour, they came without touching land anywhere to the Island of La Mocha in Chile, which is in 38 degrees. As they met with bad weather before reaching it, and saw no land for many days, they suspected until they saw the island of La Mocha that they had passed between the islands of the Straits and had returned to the North Sea. They anchored under the shelter of the island, and, wishing to get water, they sent two men with barrels. While the men were engaged in filling the barrels the Indians attempted to capture the party, which fled at once and put to sea in a boat; the Indians overtook them and wounded all those who were in the boat with many arrows, although the latter did not penetrate very deeply, and they wounded Captain Francis, who was in the boat, both in the head and the face. Three or four of the boat's crew died, and they never knew what became of the two men who remained on land.

They left this place, and, proceeding farther, found some Indians, whom they asked if they had seen any ships, with the idea that the Indians might have seen one of their own. The Indians replied that behind them in the port of Santiago there was a ship, so they sailed back in that direction. The crew of the other ship, seeing them enter the port, supposed that they must be Spaniards and prepared some refreshment and presents for them. When they reached the ship they captured her, as well as the gold and other property on board and two seamen who were in her. Captain Francis took the gold and other property out of her and transferred them to his own ship, and subsequently cast off the Spanish ship without crew in the neighbourhood of Lima with her sails set. One of the seamen referred to was put on shore at Arica and the other was landed here at Callao.

[1] Penguins.

From Santiago they came to Coquimbo and took in water and wood. There the Spaniards killed one of the Englishmen with a shot from an arquebus while he was on land taking water.

From Coquimbo they sailed to another port, the name of which he does not remember, and there, inside the ship captured at Santiago, they built a launch out of the wood which they had brought already prepared from England. They spent a month building her, and put her when finished in the water. Thus, with the two ships and the launch, they arrived at Morro Moreno, where they took some fish from the Indians. From there they came to some Indian villages twenty leagues from Arica, and landed. The people on shore, not thinking that they were foreigners, waited for them, so they captured two Spaniards, some sheep of the country, and some ingots. They took one of the Spaniards with them in order to show them the port of Arica. They entered Arica, where they found two ships, which they captured, with some forty ingots and some wine. They wished to land, but as it was probable that the people had hidden their property (hacienda), and that as the magistrate (corregidor) remained on the watch for them on horseback, there might in the end be some loss of life, they thought that it was better not to do so. Captain Francis followed this opinion, and put on shore one of the men whom they had captured in Santiago and the other of those captured near Arica, who were Corsicans (?). One of the two ships captured was left there while the other was burnt by an English sailor against Captain Francis's wish.

From Arica they came to Repicripa (? Arequipa), where there was a ship. They heard that she had been loaded with a great many ingots, which had been taken out of her on that very same day, so they found nothing in her. They took the ship with them and abandoned her at sea with her sails set, as well as the ship taken at Santiago. The vessels were good sailers and they wished to prevent pursuit being made in them.

At this point, as the hour was late, the Court rose and the prisoner was sent back to prison. An order was given to the Alcalde to remove the fetters which he wore when brought in a prisoner, and which had not been removed. And the said John Drake was ordered to keep silence in the prison, and not to call out or make any noise or shouting which could be heard outside the prison under pain of severe punishment. He promised accordingly.

Before me, GERONIMO DE EUGUI, Secretary.

In the city of Los Reyes, the ninth day of the month of January 1587, the Inquisitor Licentiate Antonio Gutierrez de Ulloa, sitting in his court in the morning, ordered to be brought to it from the prisons the said John Drake, who appeared and was told that on the oath he had taken he should speak the truth and continue his narration from the time they sailed from the port of Arequipa.

He stated that when they had abandoned the two ships with their sails set on the day previous to the evening on which they came to Callao, they fell in with a barque with goods and passengers which had just sailed from there. They left her, as they saw that there was neither gold nor silver on board, but they took out of her a Portuguese sailor whom they understood to be the pilot. Captain Francis put him on board his own galleon with the object, the deponent understands, of taking them into the port of Callao. As they were passing between the mainland and the island there they found very little water and thought that they had gone aground, and Captain Francis, thinking that the Portuguese sailor had done this maliciously, threatened to cut his head off. They then made towards the island, and thus came into the port. Another ship came in at the same time, and both anchored close together. The other ship was asked where she came from, and the reply was from Panama. Captain Francis made the Spaniards who were on board his ship say that they were from Chile ; he then ordered twenty or thirty men into the launch, and himself took the boat with six or seven others. They then went to the other ships and cut their cables, the object being, the deponent understands, that the wind should carry the ships out of port when they were unmoored, so that they might be captured and employed to ransom an English captain who was said to be a prisoner in Lima, whose name, from what the deponent had heard, was John Oxnem (Oxenham). But the wind fell, and the ships remained becalmed, so, as they found neither gold nor silver in them, they brought the launch alongside the vessel that had come from Panama and attacked those on board. But they could not take her, and an Englishman named Thomas was killed. Captain Francis, seeing that the defence was successful, went to his own ship and fired one of his guns : the shot went through both sides of the ship from Panama without killing anyone, on which those on board, leaving their vessel, made for the land in a boat. Captain Francis sent a boat in pursuit, but they could only capture one man, who threw himself into the sea ; he appeared to be a half-breed. Captain Francis put him on his own

ship and took possession of the ship from Panama, which had been abandoned by the crew.

Presently there was a great deal of shouting on land: the church bells were rung, while cries were raised of 'The French.' The shouting was first raised from a boat which came to reconnoitre, and coming alongside of their ship and seeing the guns on it, made off at once with cries of 'The French.'

All that night they lay becalmed, although the current took them out of the port. The next day they saw two or three ships and a launch coming out of Callao behind them; when Captain Francis saw this, he ordered the men whom he had put on board the ship from Panama to come to his own ship, as there might be a fight at close quarters. He left in the ship from Panama the seaman whom he had brought from Chile, whose name was Juan Griego, as well as the Fleming who had been captured at Arica, and the half-breed from Callao. And on this he continued his voyage.

Without touching at any other port they sailed to Payta, where they captured a vessel that lay at anchor. They left her, but took with them a man who was on board in order that he should point out the shallows to them; and, coming to Cape San Francisco, they found another ship in which were some monks. They took her, but put the people on to the nearest land in a boat, except the owner of the ship, the secretary, who was the owner's nephew, and some negroes. They took the gold that they found, and the secretary said that there was no more: the negroes said that there was; so Captain Francis had him seized up from a pulley by the neck to make him say if there was any more gold. He declared that there was none, and that the negroes were lying. They found no more, so they left the secretary alone and took the ships behind them until they saw the ship of San Juan de Anton, which they sighted at some three leagues' distance. In order to capture her, as she was not on her guard, Captain Francis made as if he were not following her, and to prevent his ship advancing quickly he hung cordage (cabos) and mattresses overboard, which were dragged along behind them; the sails were lowered and the launch taken on board and concealed inside their vessel. At nightfall the San Juan de Anton came towards them and spoke to them. By order of Captain Francis the Spaniards who were with him said that they were the ship of Miguel Angel. The San Juan de Anton replied that this could not be, since they had just left her empty at Callao, and called on them to strike their sails in the King's name. Then

Captain Francis called to them to strike their sails in the name of the Queen of England, and fired a shot which carried away her mizen. A volley of arrows was then fired at the San Juan de Anton, which surrendered. They captured the vessel, with a great quantity of silver, and took her with them for three days, when a calm fell and the silver was transferred to Captain Francis's ship. The San Juan de Anton was then left: on board were the people belonging to her and the other people who had been taken during the voyage from Payta.

Continuing their course, they came to the Island of Cano, where they anchored in order to careen the vessel to clean her (?).[1] While they were there a ship passed, coming from Nicaragua laden with maize and sarsaparilla: they captured her with the launch, although some resistance was made. They left the people of the vessel in the launch in order that they might go away, but they took the vessel and the pilot belonging to the crew, which numbered three or four.

After passing eight or more days at this island, and while in the Gulf of Papagayo, before reaching that place, they fell in with a ship from Mexico in which was Don Francisco de Zarate; they took out of her some cloth and biscuit, and because the ship was of small value Captain Francis wished to hang the pilot. Because there was a nobleman like Don Francisco on board, Captain Francis received him at his table during the time which he detained him, and then allowed him and his people to go with their vessel, and put on board the pilot of the other vessel which he had previously taken. They took out of Don Francisco's vessel a seaman whose name was Juan Pasqual. They then sailed to the port of Guaturco (*sic*), where they found a ship. By means of the small vessel he had with him he put some of the people on the land, where he captured a judge, a priest and others and took them off to his ship. They supplied themselves with water and wood, and took some cloth from the vessel as well as a negro: they then set the people at liberty, together with the Portuguese pilot Silvestre whom they had captured before getting to the Straits.

From there they sailed in a N.W. and N.N.W. direction and covered a thousand leagues as far as 44 degrees, always on the bowline, then the wind changed, so they made for the Californias and found land in 48 degrees. They disembarked and made huts, remaining there a month and a half to repair the ship. Their food consisted of cockles (? mexillones) and wolves'[2] flesh. While they

[1] 'Dar lada' for 'dar la vanda.'

[2] Seals' flesh.

were there the Indians often came, and when they saw the English they wept and drew blood with their nails from their faces as if they were doing reverence and worshipping them. Captain Francis explained to them by signs that they should not do this, as the English were not gods. The Indians remained peaceful without doing them any harm, although they gave them no food. They are a race of the colour of these Indians (? here in Lima), well disposed ; they carry bows and arrows and go naked. The country is temperate, cold rather than hot : a very rich country to the eye.

They repaired their large ship here, and left the one from Nicaragua which they had captured ; they then went away, leaving the Indians apparently sorrowful. Thus they sailed with only one ship in the direction of the Moluccas, but on account of the currents which opposed them they altered their course towards China before reaching one and a half degrees of latitude. They proceeded to the Island of Los Ladrones, which is in nine degrees. There many Indians came to them with fish, and gave it to them in exchange for beads (cuentas) and other trifles. The Indians embarked in canoes which were very well made, with short oars with which they rowed very well; they were naked and carried darts and stones. They took from each other the beads and things which were given to them in payment : the strongest remained in possession while the quarrelling went on the whole time.

They sailed to a large island called Bosney, where they took in water and wood, and then made for the Moluccas. On the voyage they met a ship and asked for provisions, saying that they were English, that they had the greatest need of the provisions, and that they must take them if the others would not sell them. The people in the ship refused to give them any, on the ground that the English were Lutherans. They followed the ship for that day and night and part of the next day without obtaining any provisions, after that they got to some shallow water where Captain Francis did not dare to enter. On this they left the other ship and went away : they never knew what sort of people were on her, whether Portuguese or from some other country.

They then sailed to another island and took from it two or three Indians to direct them to the Moluccas, keeping these men with them until they reached there. In one island a Portuguese half-breed promised to take them to a place where provisions might be procured. A Moorish gentleman (? Moro Cavallero), who wished to travel in the ship, came to it in his costume, with a chain, apparently of gold, round his neck and some keys on a small chain of silver.

He asked for the captain, and learning that the latter wished to go with the Portuguese to obtain provisions, told him that he ought not to do so as the Portuguese were deceitful people; if they would come with him to the place where his king was they would get what they required. They went with him to an island called Terrenate, where the king was, and had an interview with him. The king sent some galleys, such as are used there, to escort their ship to another port where there was a fortress. They were given provisions and cloves (especias clavo) in exchange for linen and other things (lienzos): they were given neither gold nor silver.

The Moorish king offered the island to Captain Francis, because the English said that their king was brother of the king of Spain and that they were relations of the Spaniards. The king asked Captain Francis to land in order that they should have a meeting, and sent his own brother as a hostage, but the English would not allow Captain Francis to land. He accordingly sent them other Englishmen from among the chief men and offered, should the necessity for it arise, to come to help and serve him. After this they left that country.

On this, as the hour was late, the court rose. John Drake stated that the King spoke very well of Magellan and the Spaniards, and that if the latter went there the people would serve them and do as they wished. On this the order was given to take him back to prison.

The King of Terrenate speaks very well of Magellan and the Spaniards.

Before me, GERONIMO DE EUGUI, Secretary.

In the city of Los Reyes, on the ninth day of the month of January, 1587, the Inquisitor Licentiate Antonio Gutierrez de Ulloa, sitting in his court in the afternoon, ordered to be brought to it from the prisons the said John Drake, who appeared and was told to speak the truth on the oath which he had made, and to continue what he had been relating that morning.

He stated that after leaving the island of Terrenate they passed between many islands on either side, and came to an island which they called the island of crabs (Isla de Cangrejos), since there were very many crabs on the land, where they breed without entering the sea. There were also many lobsters on land, the flesh of which was very good to eat. They remained there a month, and as there was no water in that island, they procured some from an island close by which was large and inhabited, but he did not know with what sort of people, as they did not see them from near. On the island of crabs they left a negress and two negroes: they had taken

the negress from the ship of Don Francisco de Zarate and the two negroes in Payta and Guatulco respectively.

From there they continued their voyage between many islands, and the ship ran aground in some shallows and remained aground for twenty hours. They lightened her of everything in her except the gold and the silver, upon which the ship was got off. After navigating between many islands and shallows they reached an island thickly populated with Indians, who called it Baratina. There they took in a great deal of fruit : the Indians were numerous and very like those here (at Lima), and seemed to be very friendly with each other.

They remained here eight days, the island being in five degrees south, and from there they continued their course, coming out from between the islands until they came to seven degrees at the back (á las espaldas) of the Island of Great Java. There two kings, accompanied by a great many people, came out and gave them some provisions in exchange for merchandise, and showed satisfaction at the arrival of the English. These Indians were of a much lighter colour than the Indians here, and were dressed in shirts.

During the month that they remained there as many as nine kings came to them, and all came on board the ship one by one and two by two and were much amused by the music and feasting which the English provided for them.

They then sailed without touching land towards the Cape of Good Hope, which lies in thirty-five degrees south ; they did not anchor off the land as they found no port, neither did the wind give them an opportunity of doing so. They doubled the Cape and arrived at Cerro de Leon in Guinea, which is a thousand leagues from the Cape of Good Hope and lies in seven degrees north. They took in water, and continued their voyage to England without touching anywhere else. They reached Plymouth, whence they had started three years before. It seemed to him that they reached it in the October following their departure. At Plymouth they inquired of some fishermen how the Queen was, and learnt that she was in good health, but that there was a great deal of plague at Plymouth. Captain Francis did not disembark, but his wife came to see him on the ship, as well as the Mayor of the town. From Plymouth he sent a courier to the Queen, who was in London sixty leagues from there, to inform her of his return. He also wrote to other personages of the Court, who had let him know that the Queen was angry with him, because she had heard by way of Peru and Spain of the plunder which he had taken ; they had also told him that the Spanish

Ambassador was at Court and was asking for the return of what he had taken. On this he left Plymouth with his ship, and waited behind an island until the Queen sent to say that he should come to Court with some specimens of his labours (*sic*) and have no fear of anything. With this he went to Court by land with some horses laden with gold and silver. He left the rest in safe custody in Plymouth in the house of one of the chief men there. The deponent did not go with him on that occasion, but remained in Plymouth. The Queen ordered that forty thousand crowns (pesos) should be distributed among the ship's crew, and that all the rest should be brought to the Court, and this was done. The deponent does not know if Captain Francis left any of it in his house. They brought it in the ship itself because the Queen wished to see the latter. When they reached London the silver was placed in a tower. They drew the ship on to the land, and the Queen said that a house should be built in which the vessel might be preserved as a memento. The Queen called Captain Francis ' Sir,' which is the same as ' Don,' and received him well with much honour : one day he spoke as many as nine times with the Queen, and people said that no one had ever enjoyed so much honour. This time the deponent went to the Court with the Captain, and during the year which the deponent remained in England it was said at one time that the Queen wished to return the property to the King of Spain, and at other times that she was to send the person of Captain Francis, and other different things, but nothing was ever done. The deponent himself was only given some clothes.

While he was in London a gentleman who was a seaman [1] (? caballero de mar) negotiated with some merchants for making a voyage to China and founding a factory, but as the merchants were for giving a similar commission to another man, he refused to go. Another gentleman, named Edward Fenton, offered to make the voyage, but as he had no experience in maritime affairs, the merchants asked the Council and the Council asked Captain Francis to give them some of the people who had been with him on his voyage. Captain Francis gave them the master of his ship, whose name was Thomas Gult, [2] and the mate (? contramaestre), whose name was Thomas Blacola, which means black collar, as well as the deponent himself. A nephew of John Hawkins (Juan Haquines) whose name was William (Guillen), who was with Captain Francis on his voyage, also volunteered to go.

[1] Frobisher. [2] Hood.

When the business was settled they sailed from the port of Anton [1] with four ships, two large and two small. The General was the said Edward Fenton, the Admiral was Lucuart,[2] and the deponent was captain of one of the small vessels, which must have been of about forty tons. He does not remember the name of the Captain of the other small vessel. The commander's ship (capitana) was of five hundred tons, and carried fifty pieces (tiros) of cast iron; the Admiral's ship carried thirty-six pieces, and the other two small vessels thirty-six pieces.

From Anton [1] they came to Plymouth, and started early in June of the year 1582: they touched at the Canaries and at Terceira, but could not take in water there as the sea was running high. They continued their voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, but could not pass the line, as they met with contrary winds. They therefore returned to Cerro de Leon (Sierra Leone), where they remained a month, took in water and wood and bought some provisions and negroes from Portuguese who were there. In exchange they gave some cloth and one of their small ships, which was rather old. Continuing the voyage with the other three ships they passed the line, but found contrary winds and currents which prevented their holding on their course in that direction. Thus they came to the coast of Brazil, to a port called Don Rodrigo, where they took in water and wood with the intention of seeking the Cape of Good Hope. A small vessel passed before them while they were in the harbour of Don Rodrigo, and the General sent the deponent on his ship with the Admiral and Captain Nicolas Pan to take her and bring her in. The deponent went and took her after making her furl her sails (amainar). They found on board of her Fray Juan de Riba de Neyra and five other monks of the Order of St. Francis, as well as Don Francisco de Vera, who is now in Paraguay, and brought them to the General.

The General asked them about a port where he could get provisions for his long journey, and about the expedition that had gone to the Straits, respecting which he had had information from England, because he did not wish to fall in with it but to continue his voyage. The monks answered that the expedition was now in the Straits: it had passed by there four months before. As far as provisions were concerned, they would not find any until Rio de la Plata, which was two hundred leagues before them, or San Vicente, which was two hundred leagues behind them. They entertained the monks

Expedition of Sarmiento to the Straits.

[1] Southampton. [2] Luke Ward.

during the days that they kept them, and then allowed them to go at liberty to their ship, as well as Don Francisco, but they took from them an Englishman who was with them in order to show them the river of La Plata, and a Portuguese who of his own free will wished to remain and go in one of their ships. As Fray Juan de Riba de Neyra told them that at the river of La Plata in Buenos Ayres there was a settlement of Spaniards with plenty of provisions, but who needed what was required to clothe themselves, all the three ships proceeded in that direction. When about half-way on the voyage, the General asked the English sailor whether they could get into the river of La Plata, and was told sometimes that they could and at other times that there were many shallows. The General did not like to trust himself to the man, and calling a council proposed that as the English merchants had not carried out the agreement to give him provisions for two years, as had been settled, he was equally under no obligation to carry out the agreement : he therefore wished to return to Brazil. There were different opinions, and the deponent, with the people in his ship, who were seventeen persons and a boy, decided to proceed to the river of La Plata and to go in, since their ship was smaller than the others, and to take provisions for continuing the voyage.

Thus they went to the river of La Plata, leaving the Captain, that is to say the General, and the Admiral, and when the deponent reached the river on his ship they went up the river about twenty leagues on her, and fearing the shallows, which they were told extended as far as Buenos Ayres, they tried to get into a river that was there ; in doing so they ran on a rock which was covered with water, and then passed from one rock to another, so that though the ship was strong she was wrecked. That night and on the following day the people got away from her in the boat, taking some arms and clothes which were quite soaked.

At this point, as the hour was late, the Court rose and the prisoner was sent back to the prison.

Before me, GERONIMO DE EUGUI, Secretary.

In the City of Los Reyes, on the tenth day of the month of January, 1587, the Inquisitor Licentiate Antonio Gutierres de Ulloa, sitting in his court in the morning, ordered to be brought to it from the prisons the said John Drake, who appeared and was told to continue the narration which he was making and to speak the truth on the oath which he had taken.

He stated that they landed, and that as they were soaked when they left their vessel, they made a fire to dry their clothes ; on seeing the smoke about a hundred Indians came up to them. As arms they carried cords of about a fathom and a half in length : tied to one end of the cord was a ball made of stone about the size of the fist, and at the other end of the cord was a feather to guide it. The Indians explained by signs that the English should come with them and that no harm should happen to them. They went about half a league inland, when an Indian took away a hatchet for cutting wood which one of the seamen carried. The latter, who was the gunner (Lombardero), went to Richard[1] the master, the same man that was taken prisoner with the deponent, telling him that the Indians had taken his hatchet and that they had also tried to take his clothes. Richard went up to the Indian who had taken the hatchet and, drawing his sword, gave him a blow with the flat of it straight on the shoulder. This angered the Indians, who told the English to sit down. It seemed to the English that it was better to defend themselves than to allow themselves to be taken and killed, so they defended themselves in order to return to the boat. The Indians followed them, attacking and wounding many with their balls which have just been described. The deponent wounded two Indians with an arquebus. The remaining Indians reached the boat first and seized the oars, only leaving one. The English embarked in the boat except two who had been killed, and the boy who had been wounded and taken prisoner.

When they got into the boat they all fell on one side of it, as they were wounded and injured ; the boat was upset, the Indians rushed into the water, seizing them by the hair and giving them blows on the head until they were stunned. They then took them prisoners and stripped them, leaving some of them with their breeches. The Indians then drew the boat on land and burnt it in order to get the nails, and killed the English who were badly wounded. They did so in the following way. Many women came and sang and danced round the huts where the English were prisoners, each one being kept in a hut to himself. When they came to the huts in which were those who had to be killed, they took them to a square formed by the huts. There the English remained on their knees with their hands together (puestas)—the deponent does not know whether the Indians made them place themselves in this position, or whether the English did so of their own accord

[1] Richard Fairweather, *als.* Bonanza, *als.* Ferrel.

—while the women danced round. Then an old Indian struck the Englishmen on the head with a club, felling them to the ground, on which the women struck them on the head with sticks which they carried until they had killed them. They left them there on the spot, and moved their huts to another part. In the thirteen months that the deponent and all the other English captives remained among these Indians, five died of sickness. They went from one place to another with the Indians, serving them. At that time the gunner escaped, but lost himself and came back to the same Indians at the end of eleven days. Then Richard escaped and reached some other Indians—fishermen—who received him. Then the deponent and two of his companions escaped, and after passing fourteen days on the shore of the river, suffering much from want and hunger, they reached the fishermen and found Richard and two Spaniards without knowing (previously) that they were there. One of the latter had been a prisoner of the Indians for twelve years, and was well treated and cared for by them. The other belonged to the expedition to Chile, and had been captured on landing to look for fruit.

When they had been there a month and a half the Indians went up the river. Richard managed to take a canoe in which he, the deponent, and the Englishman Thomas escaped and crossed the river at great danger, as they were many times on the point of drowning. He considers that the passage across the river there was twenty leagues, a distance which they accomplished in a day and a night, since the canoe made good way with a sail made of skin.

After reaching the other side they came across a road with traces of horses, which they followed until they reached some farmhouses where they found wheat, maize and French beans stored. In one of them they found three Indians, servants of the Spaniards, who entertained the deponent and his companions and took them to the city of Buenos Ayres, which was four leagues distant from there. The Indians in the farmhouse had given information about them before they reached the city, so the inhabitants sent them clothes to dress in, receiving them and quartering them in their houses. They were well treated, and as the deponent was afraid he did not say that he was the nephew of Captain Francis, but that he was a soldier, until a ship came from Brazil in which was the English sailor whom they had taken from the vessel of Fray Juan de Riba de Neyra, who was married in Paraguay in the town of Asuncion, and whose name was Juan Perez. The latter recognised the deponent, and said that he was the

nephew of Captain Francis, also relating that the deponent was one of the Englishmen who captured the vessel of Fray Juan de Riba de Neyra. Two of the monks who were with the said Riba de Neyra were also there. In Buenos Ayres the deponent lodged in the house of Don Ximenes for twenty days, and Alonso de Vera, who was captain, arrived and took him away in order to convey him to Asuncion. All three of them went with him, and they found there General Juan de Torres, of Navarre. The Administrator Ecclico, who was there, ordered that no one should speak to the deponent nor to the other Englishmen until he himself had done so. There they confessed to him, after being questioned as to the articles of the Faith, and whether they believed all that belongs to our Holy Mother the Church of Rome and is commanded by her. The deponent said yes, and was given permission to hear Mass. The people raised objection to this on the ground that the deponent had come with Captain Francis, and the said Administrator placed the deponent and Richard in a hermitage, ordering him to speak to no one except the hermit, who was a native of Segovia named Juan de Espinosa, and to an Englishman who served the hermitage who was one of the conquerors (conquistadores) of Paraguay. In this way they remained in the hermitage for more than a year, though Richard went out sometimes to work at a ship which the General was having built.

During this time the deponent communicated only with the hermit and with the Englishman, whose name was Juan de Rute, who had been forty years in the country and could not speak English.

At this point, as the hour was late, the Court rose and the prisoner was sent back to his prison.

Before me, GERONIMO DE EUGUI, Secretary.

A copy of this narration, made at the time, is in the Archivo General de Indias at Seville, among the papers brought from Simancas, Legajo (bundle) 1 of Descripciones y Poblaciones. Collated on the 6th of May, 1793.—Martin Fernandez de Navarrete.

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